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“Sanctuary”

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, 1912

Within the portals of mine heart
Is reared a humble shrine;
From Traffic's mart set far apart—
The sacred altar—Thine.

Before the shrine a taper slim
Clear gleameth day by day;
Oft brighter trimmed, and kept by him
Who in that spot doth stay.

With mystic rite and solemn spell,
Its priest, with loving care
Doth passion quell, and guard the cell,
That Love may linger there.

BATES STUDENT

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The New Year faces us with a challenge, which nerves us to snap the fetters of the past, and spring into line, ready for work and service. It promises us real success, but only on certain conditions. If we would gain in mental vigor, concentration of effort in our studies is demanded. If we would win character, we must be willing to forego many pleasurable, but worthless, indulgences. If we would realize the rewards of service, we are challenged to choose the wiser of two paths. Choose the path of ease and personal comfort; then give in to the tendency toward laziness and inertia, and be assured of defeat at the end of 1912. Choose difficulty, toil, and struggle; then determine to make a heroic fight, and be assured of genuine success in the nearer attainment of life's purpose by January 1, 1913.

"Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it.

'Tis God's gift."

Howard Abner Welch, 1912

A DELAYED LECTURE

ALBERT A. RAND, '12

The Professor of Ancient Languages at Fairview College was seated before his desk in the tiny room that served as a study and library. His face was stern and unrelenting. On the other side of this same desk stood his daughter, late a graduate of Fairview High School. Her face was clear and defiant. On the window sill, looking out into the street, sat Tige, the cat. His face had no expression, whatever.

The professor was angry—doubly so. He was angry, in the first place, because he was correcting examination papers; that usually made him angry—with himself, at least. He was angry, in the second place, because his daughter, his own daughter, dared to defy him in his sacred precinct. Accordingly, his face was very stern, as he looked into those clear blue eyes before him.

"Father," the girl declared, "he has asked me to marry him, and I intend to do so."

"You shall not marry Duncan, whether he has asked you or not; and, furthermore, the next time he calls, you will refuse to see him. Bruce Duncan is not the kind of fellow I care to admit into my home. I am extremely surprised, Margery, to see you behaving in this way. It is not at all like you. You need say nothing further. We will consider the matter settled."

Checking her reply with a wave of his hand, the professor rose to go, but the look in the girl's eyes, had her father noticed it, would have convinced him that she, by no means, considered the matter settled. She said no more, however, having learned that silence was golden on such occasions.

Years before, when Fairview College was much smaller, Austin Raynalds had come to the city, with his young bride, and had begun his work as Professor of Ancient Languages. In time he became known as an authority on many matters of importance, and his opinions were eagerly sought after. But Time had laid his finger heavily upon the old gentleman. After the death of his wife, he plunged more deeply into the records of the past, and, leaving the present to run its own course, spending as much time as he did in his library and classroom, he was not very familiar

with his affairs at home, a situation which might reasonably be expected. After his wife's death, a sister had made her home with him, and to her he entrusted the care of his daughter. The girl was, even then, left largely to her own devices, and was usually permitted to have her own way. Under these conditions the child had developed into a young lady. She had also developed into a young lady with a decided will of her own, a fact which her father, to his sorrow, had discovered.

Within the last few months, however, the Professor had been a little more interested than usual in his daughter's affairs; he had noticed with disapproval her growing intimacy with Bruce Duncan, a senior in the college. Duncan was, decidedly, a fast young man. The son of a Chicago banker, he had wealth at his control, and used it. He studied little, attended his classes less, and, but for the influence and position of his father, would have been expelled long before. As it was, he remained; studied spasmodically; purchased an automobile; and lived about as he pleased. He had met Miss Raynalds at a reception, and had taken an immediate fancy to her. The acquaintance was continued; Duncan called often at the house, until the professor decided that the affair had progressed far enough. Consequently, the old man had called his daughter to the office, and demanded that she refuse Duncan the house. It was then that he received a genuine surprise, for the girl not only refused to do as her father commanded, but declared her intention to marry Duncan at the earliest opportunity. Professor Raynalds was perplexed. He was utterly at a loss what to do, and ended by doing what he generally did whenever he had a difficult problem—he laid the matter aside until he should have leisure to consider it more carefully.

As soon as the door had closed behind her father, Margery Raynalds seated herself at the desk, took pen and paper, and began to write. The note was brief and to the point. It read:

"Dear Bruce: Come over at once. I am alone for an hour and must see you on a matter of importance.

Yours,

MARGERY."

She placed the letter in an envelope, directed it, and, stepping to the door, summoned a boy who was playing in the next yard.

He needed no instructions, but took the missive and ran down the street toward the college. This was not the first time that the boy next door had been entrusted with a similar errand, and he was accustomed to exhibit the dimes and quarters to the children at school, who would listen open-mouthed while he boastingly told how he had earned them, "Carryin' love letters for Miss Raynalds."

During the next week Margery saw little of her father, for he was very busy preparing a lecture to be delivered before the Men's Club in the city, twenty-five miles away. All trivial matters were laid aside and temporarily forgotten in the more important task ahead. Margery was, then, in a measure, left to herself, and her affairs were put in the background as far as the Professor was concerned. Bruce Duncan called often and stayed late, but no one interfered. Margery certainly had no intention of obeying her father, in this matter, at least.

The night of the lecture arrived, and Professor Raynalds left his home to take the early evening train for the city. At that precise moment, all the Bruce Duncans in the world could not have succeeded in diverting his mind from the matter at hand. The Professor had a wonderful faculty of so concentrating his mind upon the subject under consideration that he was entirely oblivious of everything about him. It was at such times that his friends referred to him as absent-minded.

In such a frame of mind, he walked along until he reached the station. The train soon came and he climbed aboard. In a few minutes the twinkling lights of the station disappeared, as the cars sped away in the darkness. The next stop was at a junction, ten miles distant. At that point it was necessary to change cars for the city. When the train came to a stop, the Professor alighted from the car, and was soon left alone. His mind was turning back to his lecture again, when he became aware of steps behind him, and, turning, he saw the station agent approaching casually.

"Was ye goin' anywhere special?" he inquired indifferently. The Professor resented this attempt at familiarity and turned his back upon the official.

"'Cause if ye was," continued that undaunted individual, "y'd better start along, fer it looks like rain an' I'm goin' ter lock up."

"Indeed, sir, and may I inquire what business it is of yours where I am going? I do wish, however, that the train would hurry up."

"Train? Thar hain't no more trains to-night. Last one went at five-thirty."

"No more trains to-night! What—why—!"

"New schedule. Went into effect to-day. Seven-fifteen taken off. Next train for Pottsville six A.M."

"But, see here." The Professor's dignity was forgotten now. "I must get to the city to-night. I am the professor of a—"

"Don't care if yer th' old Harry; thar hain't no more trains to-night, 'n' I'm goin' home. Good-night, mister."

The man turned a corner and disappeared. The platform was deserted save for the one solitary figure pacing back and forth. The Professor's mood was a dangerous one; he cursed the railroad company for taking off the train; he cursed himself for not knowing that the train had been taken off; and he cursed the departed station master for his lack of courtesy. Taken altogether, he was a dangerous man to approach. He was ten miles from home, fifteen miles from his destination, and his lecture was due in thirty-five minutes.

In the midst of his gloomy meditations, he heard a loud "honk," and a big touring car swung around the corner a moment later. As it approached the station, an idea came into the Professor's head—a daring idea. Here was an auto going to the city, and why not— He stepped directly in front of the oncoming machine and lifted his hand. When the chauffeur had succeeded in stopping the car, the old man stood in the full glare of the blazing lamps. There was a smothered oath, followed by a quick exclamation.

"As I live—the Professor," ejaculated a deep voice. Mr. Reynolds, stepping around to the side, recognized with astonishment the figure of Bruce Duncan, and, beside him, shrinking timidly in a corner of the big seat—Margery. There was a moment of astonished silence, then—the deluge.

"Young woman, explain this if you can," was the stern command of her parent.

"Why, father, it means—why—you know—I—you—he—"

"Exactly. I, you, and he. This is not a grammar recitation, Margery. Mr. Duncan, perhaps you can justify your presence here."

"Certainly, sir. I have just bought a new touring car, and I wanted your daughter to judge its merits with me."

"Hm! It was a coincidence, I suppose, that you should choose, as the time for this trial, the very night that I was to be away. Mr. Duncan, this affair terminates your connection with Fairview College."

"Why, sir, you and I agree perfectly. That was just my plan exactly. This was to be the star act, the *grande finale*, eh, Margery?" He looked at the girl by his side. She blushed, but did not speak. Duncan continued, respectfully, "But, sir, if I am not presuming too much, I should like to inquire how you happen to be here at this forsaken place, with a storm coming on?"

The Professor drew himself up haughtily.

"That, sir," he replied, "is entirely my own affair, and is not the subject under discussion. What I want to know is, what are you planning to do with my daughter?"

"Presently, sir, we will consider that question. But just now I would like to ask if you are preparing to spend the night here, for we really must not delay longer. Margery's health, you know, is delicate."

"Young man, your insults to me this evening will not go unnoticed, I assure you. I have no intention of remaining here to-night. To be exact, I shall go to the city in this automobile, and, if you are wise, you will take me there without further parleying. Your conduct is disgraceful in the extreme."

"Indeed, sir, it grieves me to inform you that I cannot agree with you on that. You see, as this trip was arranged, provision was made for two passengers only, and, really, on such short notice—"

"What!" roared the Professor. "You refuse to take me; you defy me—*me*—do you know who I am, sir?"

"Perfectly. You are Margery's father, and, if nothing prevents, you will presently be mine, also."

The old man was fairly beside himself with rage. He leaped

toward the seat, but Bruce, suddenly starting the machine, threw him off.

"Father," began Margery, "please be reasonable. We are—"

"Silence, girl," thundered her father. "You shall answer for this night's outrage. You, who dared defy me in my private office; you—" The car began to move.

"Good night, Professor," called the mocking voice of Bruce Duncan. "I hope your lecture will be a success."

Professor Raynalds was a tactful man. He realized that Bruce fully intended to leave him there alone, and so commenced on another tack. With difficulty he brought his voice down to a pleading tone and called:

"Duncan, Mr. Duncan, surely you won't go away and leave an old man to suffer in the cold and rain."

The auto stopped and backed slowly. Margery spoke hurriedly to Duncan, who then addressed the Professor.

"Professor Raynalds, there is one condition on which you may ride with us. You probably know that your daughter and I have come here to-night for the purpose of getting married. We are going to get married anyway, but it would be pleasanter for us if we could have your consent. If you will give us your consent and blessing, I will get you in the city in time for your appointment, or as near to it as possible. If you will not do that, we must, I regret to say, go on and leave you to meditate and to study the beauties of nature, of which you are so fond. What do you say to that?"

"Sir," roared the Professor. "Do you mean to insult me? Approve of your marriage with my daughter! Never! Give you my blessing! Why, you young upstart, you—"

"Oh, well, as you please about that," and the car went forward slowly. The old man stood motionless in the street, his hatless head turned toward the disappearing automobile, his fists tightly clenched. He would not give in, no, never! The car went on and on—though slowly. Suddenly the fists unclenched, the head bowed. They were going to be married anyway, anyway. Why not—. He thought of the vast audience who were at that moment gathering, waiting for him, and he sighed. A single drop, the precursor of the coming storm, splashed on his bald head and

rolled slowly over his face. He stretched out his arms and took a step forward. The occupants of the vanishing car heard a faint shout, far behind them. The auto was at once stopped.

"Bruce," came the quavering tones. "Bruce, wait—wait a minute. I—I'm coming."

Bruce softly kissed the girl at his side and then reversed the motor.

"All right—father," he called back.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

THOMAS H. STACY, D.D., '76

What shall I be?

A lawyer, doctor, minister?

A teacher wise? Of industry

A knight? A holder of the land?

Or shall I dare to sail the sea?

What shall I be?

O be a man!

A man is more than title grand;

A man is more than president

Or king; for office held unmanned

Brings only shame and discontent.

O be a man!

The world needs men;

Men that cannot be bought or sold;

And men who honor God and self

Too much to wrong their fellow-men,

Or give their soul for sordid pelf;

The world needs men!

Then be a man!

You can be that, though not a prince

Or admiral. 'Twill satisfy

You in the end. Though fame dwells far

Away, life's real success lives nigh:

Then be a man!

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL STRUGGLE

GRACE JARVIS CONNER, '13

A man was walking once in a garden when he found a cocoon suspended from the limb of a tree. The thickly meshed silk of the chrysalis was broken along one side, and within it the man could see the captive moth laboring for its freedom. The opening in the cocoon was very small, and for a time the man passively watched the struggle that appeared so hopeless. Then he took his knife, and with careful fingers, enlarged the fissure. The beautiful great moth crept from its narrow prison and unfolded its gorgeous wings. Watching while they dried softly in the warm sunlight and took on faint, glorious tints, the man waited for the moment when the moth should rise in flight and float away among the leaves and flowers for its brief life of happiness. Yet he waited in vain; the great moth never flew. For that struggle within the cocoon, which had seemed so hopeless and unavailing, would have forced the juices from the moth's body into his wings and given to them the strength and power of flight. Nothing that the man was able to do could work this change within the body of the insect, for the struggle of the moth itself was all that could bring it to pass. The man, when he broke the fibres of the firm cocoon, did not realize what that individual effort meant to the laboring moth.

In the life of every man, also, there are present difficulties which only personal struggle can overthrow; not merely physical troubles, but mental problems as well. Into his life come troubles, from exterior sources or as a result of his own mind and habits, that no one can help him to surmount. It is his own ability to master the conditions in and around him, his ability to struggle alone, that gives him the power to rise and keep a high place. A minister may pray for a drunkard, and the man will remain a drunkard to the end in spite of prayers; there will be no change unless the man himself faces the difficulty and struggles with a steady, unwavering toil against his own sin.

Personal struggle is not a labor that occupies an hour, or even a year, of a man's life and then is over, lost, or won. It is a struggle that is never over as long as the personality re-

mains. However a man may be situated by character and circumstance, he may never safely leave the strife, for if he is not struggling ahead, he will be drifting passively backward. Nothing except the inanimate things of earth stand forever still; in the seasons of resurrection and life, the grass of the field, the flower of the lane, the tree of the forest, are either budding into bright promise or bringing their fruits to ripe maturity; they are never at a standstill while the season of animation is about them. If a man's mind is not expanding, it must be contracting. When a scholar lays aside his studies and ceases to add to the store of knowledge in his mind, he forgets and loses every day some of the treasure that he had hoarded away. As soon as the musician neglects his instrument, he deteriorates and soon loses his mastery over his art. The mind that does not continue to acquire, cannot continue to develop. The man who is not striving for that which is right and good, must be turning, voluntarily or indifferently, toward that which is unrighteous and evil.

In his life man struggles against the obstacles that stand in the way of his progress, and he struggles for the unattained things that mean to him advancement and strength. He strives against environment and hereditary or self-acquired curses. In his struggle against environment, against the vices of poverty or the temptations of wealth, he may be aided by circumstances and the help of associates, and yet on his own personality depends the degree of success which he attains. But his struggle against heredity and habit lies with himself alone. His salvation depends upon his own conduct and resolution, and help from without may result only as it did in the case of the moth, in weakening and crippling him forever. If a man abandons himself to vice and corruption, there is no earthly power that can save him, unless within himself comes a longing for nobler ways of life. Outward influences may move and inspire him, but they will avail nothing if the inspiration dies and the man is not stirred to deep and sincere effort. The man who strives to gain back lost self-respect and who relies on the aid of another man to help him attain it, cannot but fail in his desire and only lose his self-respect the deeper in the mire of his own shame. A man's self-respect cannot be won and restored to him by any other person

than himself. The crisis in the time of a man's moral temptation rests with the individual. If he wins in that time of temptation, he strengthens his personality and becomes so much the more a living force and power; if he fails, he loses individuality, and his ability to cope with himself and the forces about him that oppose and lower him. The man who struggles thus against temptations in every form and who struggles for the sweetest, purest things in life, though he may seem despised and scorned, a very weakling along men, yet wins among his fellow-beings a victory than which none is greater.

Two thousand years ago, in Behlehem of Judea, a child was born. His parents were humble, uneducated, and poor. He spent his youthful years toiling in a carpenter's shop. The century and the country in which he was born were degraded and evil to an extreme. The influence of Rome, with her wealth and her extravagance, her political and social corruption, was widely spread over the Rome-conquered world. The Cæsars ruled with merciless sword, and peace and purity in the world were lost, but the child of Judean birth grew to manhood apart from the vices of his fellow-men. He lived an upright life, in spirit and body pure. Temptations came to Him, not once in His life, but many, many times—temptations to sin against Himself and against God; temptations to gain wealth and fame and power over the kingdoms of the earth. But in His growth from youth to manhood, He had come to know the secret of His mission among men, and He knew that the power and strength of His influence lay with Himself alone. Only God could help Him, and in the hour of greatest trial even the voice of the Father was still, while the Christ endured His agony and won the salvation of the world upon the cross. While He lived, sinless and blameless in the midst of the world's impurities, He was scorned and despised by men. Only a mere handful of followers believed in Him and walked in the life which He showed them, and they could not help Him when His hours of temptation were upon Him. Around Him pressed a multitude of His enemies, full of hatred and fear and passion, striving to persuade Him to yield to sin and to glorify Himself in their eyes, holding temptation ever before Him. Christ did not win the victories over the sins that passed

before Him, without a struggle. Every temptation was overcome, only after bitter human strife against it, and His life was never free from temptation. In the garden of Gethsemane, He endured His last great agony of spirit and mastered the temptation to resist death. He had probably known all the temptations that come to man, and had conquered them as no other has ever done. And what did it mean? In Rome, Cæsar lay in the midst of luxury, uncounted wealth at his command, thousands of soldiers obedient to his word, and whole nations subdued and humiliated before him; and he laughed the gentle Christ and his work to scorn. In the world, both before and since that gentle life, great leaders have risen who ruled with sword and might, and united nations have struggled in an effort to bring change and peace. But has ever the work of man or nation equalled the work that Jesus wrought in His contest against temptation and sin? Was there ever a battle fought, ever a field strewn with dead, that had as widespread and enduring an influence as Christ's personal, unaided victories in His struggles? Is it hypocrisy and sentimentalism to say that His triumph was the greatest the world has ever known? We know that Christ was a sinless man. Living in the midst of earth's evils, He yet kept Himself pure and true. But the effect of that toil and agony was not on Himself alone, for countless millions since have been swayed by His years of righteousness and unswerving truth.

We cannot hope ever to be as Christ was, pure and white of soul, but we can grow more like Him with every hour of our unintermitting struggle against the temptations about us. We may toil through years of sorrow and scorn, until the labor is heavy within us, till our hearts are near breaking and the struggle seems all in vain; the many may scorn us and despise our gentle lives; but the few who love and know us, and the God who helps and leads us, are our reward for all those bitter years. We can never tell for what crises of life we are strengthening and nerving ourselves, but though the crisis never come, the character, the individuality is there, strong and true. We look to Christ and follow only Him, for in Him God has shown us the true value of personal struggle.

Editorial- STUDENT

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This first issue of THE BATES STUDENT presents to the editorial board the best opportunity to state the plan of action for the coming year. The monthly magazine will probably continue in nearly the present form, unless, by some favorable turn of fortune, we find it possible to start a weekly. The plan is to issue a weekly, very similar to those of other small colleges, and once a month issue a magazine number, combining the literary matter with the locals, alumni notes, and exchanges. It is thought by those interested that this is the wisest plan, for it permits no rivalry between the weekly and monthly papers. On the contrary, the success of one ensures the success of the other. The interests of the college demand a weekly. The need is recognized, and the management awaits only the favorable opportunity and the assurance of financial support on the part of students and alumni. The Board is ready to receive any communications regarding the matter from members of the Alumni.

The STUDENT is able to make an announcement at the beginning of the year, which is of very great importance to the college as a whole, and to the men individually. Arthur Glenn Cushman, A.B., has been secured as General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Cushman is a graduate of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, Class of 1908. In college he was particularly interested in debating and oratory. For two years he served as Y. M. C. A. General Secretary in Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, and during the year 1910-11, he was the State Secretary of Student work in Iowa, having oversight of thirty-two institutions—preparatory schools, colleges, and universities. Mr. Cushman is well fitted for his work, and hopes to make the Y. M. C. A. a live, active organization. Every man who is in sympathy with the fundamental principles of the Association is expected to join. The Y. M. C. A. will be made, as far as it is possible, a mutual service organization. Its aim will be to find work for every man, and men for every kind of religious work, that is, to give every man in college an opportunity to do some social, gratuitous service. A social service bureau has already been organized, and the bureau, besides the work it has in the college itself, will endeavor to co-operate with and assist the Social Service Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The employment bureau, still in its infancy, has proved its right to existence by its work. An effort is being made to increase the number of men enrolled in Bible Study. The effort is being made, first, through co-operation with the Sunday Schools of the two cities, and then, by study groups in the college itself. Mr. Cushman is a man worth knowing, and it will be for the interests of every man in college to cultivate his acquaintance and friendship.

BATTLE-PRAYER

I would not seek escape from the dark hour
Of sternest battle—only, I ask power.
I make no selfish prayer unscarred to be
By any wound—but I ask victory.

—MIRIAM E. OATMAN, in *Oberlin Monthly*.



Local



Campus Notes President George C. Chase left town on the afternoon of the eleventh, in the interests of the college.

On Sunday, December 10, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham addressed the Men's League of the Pine Street Congregational Church. He spoke upon the subject, "Work for Our Boys."

Dean Woodhull spoke to the young ladies, December 13, upon "Christmas Spirit."

Mr. Samuel F. Harms gave the young ladies a talk, January 10, on "The Need of Missions, and the Need of Mission Study."

The students and friends of Bates College are looking forward to a lecture by Booker T. Washington, to be given on the evening of January 26, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. This will be a rare opportunity to hear a remarkable man, and we should not miss the lecture.

Gertrude Cox, who, because of poor health, dropped from 1911, has entered 1912.

Lenora Webber, '12, is passing the winter in Florida.

Beatrice Jones, '13, who for some time has been ill with rheumatic fever, is again attending classes.

Dora Ferguson, '14, has been obliged, on account of illness at home, to leave college temporarily.

Rachel Irish, formerly of 1914, has returned to college, taking up her work with the class of 1915.

Charles N. Stanhope, '12, on account of nervousness and a bad attack of la grippe, has gone home for a while.

Owing to the serious illness of his father, Franklin Manter, '13, is at home.

Dr. Edith S. Davis spoke in chapel, January 12, upon "Scientific Temperance."

Wednesday evening, January 3, Prof. W. I. Thomas, of the Chicago University, addressed a large audience in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Prof. Thomas' subject was

"Woman and the Race." He evidently believes in the equal participation of the two sexes in the strain of life, as thus he says woman will develop the most.

In Libbey Forum, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham gave an explanatory reading of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." Mr. Oldham gave an outline and a brief description of the play, as he saw it presented in New York. He touched upon Maeterlinck's philosophy of life, which, briefly, is that life can become cheap and common only as far as we make it so.

In the Y. M. C. A. meeting, Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, Mr. Harms addressed the men on the subject, "College Loyalty." He presented the subject in an original and thoroughly interesting way.

Musical Concert The people of Lewiston enjoyed a rare treat in the concert given by the Bates Musical Clubs, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, December 11. The audience was appreciative of the quality of the selections, and showed their delight in hearty applause. Bates people are much gratified with the excellence of the Musical Clubs; they are the best that have ever represented the college.

Musical Club Trip December 13, The Mandolin, Banjo, and Glee Clubs started upon an extended trip through Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Of the twenty-five men who took the trip many belong to two of the clubs or to three. Concerts were given at Portland, Me.; Rochester, N. H.; Merrimac, Mass.; Amesbury, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Plainville, Mass.; Medford, Mass.; Stoneham, Mass.; and Woburn, Mass.

The trip was highly successful, the clubs meeting with enthusiastic audiences at each stopping-place. It is seldom that as talented a group of students may be found representing a college. There is no better musical organization in the colleges of New England than that which represents Bates this year.

Much of the credit for the success of this trip is due to the skillful management of Leonard S. Smith, '12.

**Bowdoin-Bates
Concert**

It is hoped and expected that this year we shall again have a joint concert with the Bowdoin Clubs. Those who attended last year's concert will be looking forward with pleasure to another this year.

**Jordan Scientific
Society**

At the meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society, December 12, Mr. Arthur E. Morse, graduate assistant in the physics department, gave an illustrated talk to the Society on "Tanning." His descriptions and explanations were clear and instructive. The Society was much interested by his lecture. Carl T. Rhoades, '12, gave a paper, "Resources of Alaska."

The Society met in Hedge Laboratory, Jan. 8. A paper upon "The Evolution of the Gasolene Engine," was read by Enoch Adams, '13. Mr. Adams showed considerable knowledge of the history and construction of the modern gasolene-engine. Clair E. Turner, '12, also read a paper, "Horses, their Origin and Development." Mr. Turner gave a concise and clear account of the development of the horse.

Prof. C. C. Hutchins, of Bowdoin, is expected to address the society on the evening of February 12.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Saturday, **Class Day Speakers** January 6, the Class Day speakers were elected. The Class Day exercises are to be held June 25. The election was as follows: Chaplain, Howard A. Welch, North Attleboro, Mass.; orator, Clair E. Turner, Harmony; historian, Mary E. Audley, Gorham, N. H.; addresss to undergraduates, Albert W. Buck, Orland; poet, Abigail M. Kincaid, South Portland; address to halls and campus, Clair V. Chesley, Auburn; prophecy for women, Donna L. Yeaton, Belgrade; class ode, Claramay Purington, West Bowdoin; prophecy for men, Fred H. Kierstead, Merrimac, Mass.; farewell address, Harry W. Rowe, Pittsfield; pipe oration, F. Alexander Nevers, Houlton; marshal, Walter E. Lane, Litchfield; Class Day Com-

mittee, Edward H. Fuller, Auburn; Leonard S. Smith, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; Ernest H. Brunquist, Hood River, Ore.; Minerva F. Dunlap, Bowdoinham; Mary E. Redman, Newport.

The Senior Class recently elected the staff for **The Mirror Staff** the class book, "*The Mirror*," for 1912. The staff is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Clarence Chatto, Sargentville; society editor, Wayne E. Davis, Rochester, N. H.; athletic editor, Wm. E. Lovell, West Springfield, Mass.; statisticians, Albert A. Rand, Bradford, Mass.; Harry W. Rowe, Pittsfield; Hazel E. Howard, Lewiston; and Josephine Stearns, Norway; business manager, Leonard S. Smith, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; printer's devil, Paul M. Yeaton, Belgrade; artists, Belle L. Twombley, Reed's Ferry, N. H., and Clair V. Chesley, Auburn.

**Post-Christmas
Party**

The members of the Senior Class enjoyed a post-Christmas party, held in the gymnasium of Rand Hall, January 6. An interesting program was prepared, in which many of the class participated. After the program, Carl Bly, disguised as a messenger-boy, announced the coming of Santa in the person of "Rus" Cole. Mr. Cole delivered the gifts that had been prepared for each member of the class. Much fun was caused by the appropriateness, or inappropriateness, of the gifts. After the presentation of the gifts, refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed. The members of the class felt that a profitable evening had been passed, when they separated.

The committee of arrangements was: E. H. Fuller, Chairman; L. S. Smith, W. E. Davis, M. E. Redman, and H. E. Howard.

Y. M. C. A. Notes A reception was given Mr. Cushman, Saturday, December 9, by the men of the college.

Mr. Cushman, as General Secretary, is taking an active part in building up the Y. M. C. A. and the men were desirous of showing their interest and appreciation. A short pro-

gram, in which the Mandolin Club participated, was given, after which refreshments were served and an informal social hour was enjoyed. Mr. Cushman has created a men's employment bureau, and endeavors to find work for all who apply to him. Thruout the two cities, Mr. Cushman is beginning "Men's Leagues" for Bible Study. The classes meet for a half-hour immediately after the church service. Wednesday evening, January 10, George C. Webber, of Auubrn, spoke to the Y. M. C. A. upon "Social Service." Mr Webber emphasized the importance of service among our fellow-men. He showed that Christians "should not be insulators, but carriers of the power direct from the dynamo, God," and that college men owe it to their country to help improve existing conditions.

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer
Is to meet 'er
In the moonlight alone.

—Ex.

A good way to find a girl out—is to call when she isn't in.

Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of Jury—"Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

—Ex.

Old Gent—"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back."

Editor—"Hadn't you better try a porous plaster?"

—Ex.

He—"Don't you think I'd make a good football player?"

She—"I'm afraid you'd be penalized for holding."

—Ex.



Upon the resumption of work, after the Christmas vacation, the newly-laid, out-door track was found heavily coated with ice. The steady, cold weather has been inauspicious for clearing this ice away. Coach Lathrop, however, has a large squad at work in the gymnasium and on the track, and he is getting the men into shape for the B. A. A. Meet and the work of next spring.

Work upon the baseball cage has been actively going on. Soon the baseball squad will be working, under the direction of Coach Purington.

This year an innovation was introduced in athletic lines. A mid-winter mass-meeting was held in Hathorn Hall, January 4, in the interests of track work. Coach Lathrop, who is again with us, was the man behind the meeting. Eddie Fuller's band entered the chapel playing "*Alma Mater*." A. W. Buck, president of the Athletic Association, gave a short introductory speech, and then produced the first speaker of the evening, Captain Vaughn S. Blanchard, who urged the men to come out for track. Next, there came "the roast beef of the menu," Coach Lathrop. Coach Lathrop spoke about the prospects and hopes for the season, the material available, and our weak points. He especially emphasized the necessity of maintaining high rank in studies.

Other speakers of the evening were Daniel S. Dexter, '13; William H. Whittum, ex-captain and ex-manager of the Bates track team; Dr. H. H. Britan, who spoke of the benefits derived from track-work; Mr. Waldo Andrews, '11; and Frank Adams, manager of the track team.

William Lovell, as cheer-leader, got plenty of "pep" from the fellows. The mass-meeting filled a need. There is little in track work to attract a fellow in winter. The mass-meeting came at the right time to stir up the sluggish, and to turn out a good number of candidates.



1873—Hon. George E. Smith, chairman of the Harbor and Land Commission of Boston, has recently been chosen as a member of the Board of Directors of the Port of Boston. The sum of \$9,000,000 has been appropriated by the state for the development of the port of Boston, mainly for the construction of new docks.

1876—At the third annual meeting of the New England Baptist Conference, held in Boston, December 5, Rev. Thomas H. Stacy of Concord, N. H., delivered an address on "What Is It?"

1877—A book entitled "The White Isles," written by Hon. Franklin F. Phillips of Cambridge, has recently been published.

Rev. J. A. Chase has moved his business headquarters from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Cambridge, Mass.

1878—F. H. Briggs is one of the directors of the First National Bank of Auburn, Me.

1882—In *The Editor and Publisher*, for December 23, Frank L. Blanchard of New York City has an interesting story.

1885—The Bridge Teachers' Agency, of which C. A. Scott is proprietor, has secured for graduates of Bates 335 positions, at salaries from \$2,300 down.

1887—Professor Herbert E. Cushman's book on the history of philosophy is used as a text-book in more than sixty colleges and universities of the United States and Canada.

1894—Rev. A. J. Marsh, of Auburn, who has been away from his church on leave of absence to recover his health, is much improved. It is expected that he will soon resume his duties as pastor.

1896—News has just come to the East of the death in California of Isaac P. Berryman of the Class of '96. Everyone in college in the nineties knew and loved "Pidg" Berryman. He came to Lewiston from Canada and fitted in the Latin School. In college he made his own way and did well in everything in which he interested himself. He was one of the mainstays in the

box for the baseball team through his whole course. None of us will ever forget the game he won from the University of Maine, played throughout in a driving rain, or the great game he won from the University of Vermont, when their team was one of the strongest in New England. After graduation he engaged in the real estate business in Boston until forced by illness to go to California. He made a brave fight for life for the sake of his wife and five small children. His memory is very dear to the men who knew him.

RICHARD B. STANLEY.

Dr. Ralph Thompson, of St. Louis, has been in Lisbon, called there by the serious illness of his mother.

1900—Rev. Richard Stanley Emrick, with his family, has arrived in this country on furlough. For nine years he has been working in the American Board Mission at Marden, Eastern Turkey. Mr. Emrick occupied the pulpit of Grace Church, South Framingham, on New Year's Sunday. It is hoped that he will address the Bates Christian Associations some time during his stay in this country.

Bessie Cole, of Guilford, spent a few days in Lewiston at Christmas time.

1901—Lincoln Roys is Superintendent of Schools of Port Jervis, N. Y.

1902—The Class of 1902 held a reunion and dinner in Boston, December 13, for the purpose of making plans for their tenth reunion at commencement next June.

1903—George E. Stebbins, Esq., and Miss Miriam Tenney, formerly of the Class of 1906, were married, December 31, at Southbridge, Mass. They will make their home in Swampscott, Mass.

1904—On November 30, Miss Mary Louise Haskell, of Portland, was married to Guy L. Weymouth of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth will be at home at Belmont, Mass., after February 1. Mr. Weymouth, a graduate from Bates, '04, is connected with the Boston firm of Stone and Webster.

The following is taken from a letter received by the STUDENT from Earl C. Lane, of Changsha, Hunan, China, bearing the date, November 27:

"Our city has been very quietly taken over by the revolutionists, who have since been sending thousands of recruits to the front at Wu Chang, where the outbreak started. The troubles in Sechwan were not started or controlled by the revolutionists."

Mr. Lane's contract being completed, he will return at once to Berkeley, Cal. He expects to pass the Christmas holidays with friends in Tokyo, and then to return via Honolulu.

Another Bates graduate, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, 1906, is at Foo Chow, Tokien Province, where there was much fighting.

1905—The engagement has been announced of Miss Alberta Louise Ford, of Abington, to Meredith C. Williams, Bates, '05, of Framingham, a teacher in the public schools of Haverhill.

1906—On December 2, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Allan, of Augusta, Maine. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allan are Bates graduates

Wayne C. Jordan, of Newport, N. H., and Miss Florence E. Rich, of Roxbury, Mass., were married, December 26. W. R. Redden, of the same class, was best man at the wedding.

1907—Rev. Harold I. Frost and Mrs. Frost (Mabel Schermerhorn, Bates, '08), reached Calcutta, November 16, after a visit of fifteen days in England. They are now located in Khargpur, where they will assist in the English church work. "Khargpur is said to be the finest railroad center in India. The houses have electric lights and fans, and there is a city water system, with excellent water. The streets are well made and are kept clean. They are lined with trees, which have a beautiful foliage at this time of year."

1908—Herbert G. McCool holds a position in the Wentworth Institute, Boston.

Miss Eva C. Wentworth, who is a teacher in Austin-Cate Academy, Strafford, N. H., while in Boston during the holiday vacation, fell, and received injuries, which have prevented her from resuming her work. Her condition is, however, much improved.

1909—The wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lancaster, of Washington, D. C., was held on Christmas night at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bartlett, of

Auburn. Mrs. Lancaster was formerly Miss Amy E. Bartlett, of the Class of 1909.

Percy H. Booker is teaching in the High School at Gardiner.

S. E. Cook is teacher of mathematics in Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont.

W. A. Crommett is principal of the High School, Shirley, Mass.

W. H. Martin is principal of the High School at Goffstown, N. H.

1910—Charles Harold Peasley is teaching in the science department in Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H. He spent the holidays in Lewiston.

Clarence Paul Quimby was in Lewiston during the holidays.

1911—Miss Drusilla Townsend is teaching in the Milo High School.

Miss Mary P. Wright, who has been teaching mathematics in the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, has been obliged to resign her position because of ill health.

Lewis W. Howard is working for the Uaialua Agricultural Company, Ltd., Uaialua, Oahu, T. H.

Walter E. Matthews, who has been principal of the Bowdoinham High School, has been obliged to resign his position because of illness. His position has been taken by Clarence W. Lombard.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Charlotte Jose, of Portland, to Roy Merrill Strout, of Steep Falls, has been recently announced.

Miss Rita M. Cox has been at her home in Lewiston for several weeks. The Institute at Lyndon Center, Vt., in which she is a teacher, has been closed.

Miss Pauline B. Chamberlain, Miss Emma Curtis, Lawrence W. Damon, Waldo Andrews, and Sidney H. Cox, have been recent visitors at Bates.

The date of the 27th annual banquet of the Bates Alumni and Alumnae of Boston and vicinity is February 9, at Young's Hotel, Boston. President Chase and Professor Stanton are to be present.



CHRISTMAS

A world-worn soul in choking night doth grope,—
 Sin's blinding blackness stifles,—but afar
 There gleams the slender lustre of a star,
 And 'neath it, swaddled, lodges new-born hope.

—JAMES A. CROTTY, in *The Holy Cross Purple*.

THE SUMMER SEA

The sea lies sleeping. Soft its bosom's rise
 And fall, as of a child, that, having cried
 And fretted out its weary day, now rests,
 The frowning face smoothed out; and now
 It smiles, as though an angel whispered "Peace."

—*Williams Literary Monthly*.

In the December number of *The Buff and Blue*, are articles well worth reading, concerning Christmas giving, those who stay behind at college during the Christmas recess, our Christmas neighbors, and the everlasting gift. These, together with two Christmas stories, give a distinctly Christmas tone to the magazine.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has its usual number of excellent stories and essays. "Stratagems and Foils" is a pleasing story of a little girl who, always longing to share in the affairs of "grown up" people, takes it upon herself to discourage the attentions of a young lawyer to her aunt by telling him of another man to whom, as she says, her aunt is engaged. She makes the humorous assertion, "Once when Aunt Caroline and Philip Post were first engaged—a long, long time ago" (this in a careless

tone), "there was another man who tried to make Aunt Caroline like him better than Philip—I finished him!"

The December number of the *Amherst Monthly* contains a good essay on "Socialism and Young Men." In concluding the essay the writer says: "Perhaps this is enough to show that Socialism is not so remote from the rational and practical after all. It isn't "queer" to be a Socialist. For a thoughtful young man going into the world to do something for the cause of fraternity, equality and justice, Socialism is the most natural thing in the world. It is new in this country; has not yet the dignity and prestige of numbers. But it is true in its appeal; and it demands young, intelligent, and earnest souls."

The *Amherst Monthly* also contains excellent comments on current books and drama. Such a department by careful treatment may be of value to any college magazine.

"Current Poetry in the Magazines," an essay in the *Boston University Beacon*, is well worth our notice.

Yale has graduated 26,313, of whom about 16,000 are now living.

A—"Over by the river the other day a man made a grave mistake."

B—"Who was that?"

A—"The sexton."

Date of the revival of learning—just before exams.

Too many "wells" make a dry time.

Statistics recently published in the "Tech" show that more than 200 students or graduates of 85 other college institutions entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology last fall.

The Michigan Athletic Association has a membership of 13,000 men.

The Texas A. C. M. football team claimed to have the heaviest team in the country; the line, including ends, averaged 205 pounds; the team as a whole averaged 202 pounds.

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FRIENDS

ROXANNA ELIZABETH SPILLER, '12

Fred Latour had been on the G. & A. for five years, the last three of them as an engineer. He pulled a regular freight from Barton to Gilmore, and had aspirations to something higher. Every day, as Maxwell, on the flyer, passed him, he wondered when he would have an express himself. Latour was known as a nervy runner, but not too careful. He was a genial fellow, well-liked, and popular with all who knew him, but, nevertheless, he was remarkably reserved in regard to himself. This had been brought about by a series of circumstances. Fred had been an only child; his father had died when the boy was still in his teens, leaving him to the care of his mother to whom he was the center of the universe. She was a quiet, reserved woman, austere, even, to all except her boy. He had been brought up in a small town, having almost no companions of his own age. He inherited his father's genial humor, but it was combined with his mother's reserve, and the latter quality was made stronger by his close association with her. Because of this natural reserve, Latour made very few close friends, although he had hosts of acquaintances. In fact, his only really intimate friend was a youngster, who was thoroughly devoted to the engineer.

Albert Sinclair had just entered High School; he had but three objects in life, to keep his school rank high enough so that he might play on the baseball team, to take care of his mother, and, eventually, to become just such an engineer as his friend, just such a one as his father. The father was working for a northern road, having been blacklisted on the G. & A. at the time

of a strike, a number of years previous. The boy had not seen his father since the latter had left home, but from his memory the lad had kept an exalted idea, both of his father and of his father's profession. These ideas had been furthered by his acquaintance with the young engineer. Bert haunted the yards whenever possible, in order to become better acquainted with his beloved engineer, and, in fact, almost made himself a nuisance at times, with his questions and investigations. It was because of this that Latour, who really loved the railroad, was drawn to the boy. The young engineer was frequently invited to the boy's home. An intimacy sprang up between the two, amounting almost to adoration on the boy's part, and to more than a brother's feeling on Latour's side.

Bert was already planning his life as an engineer, when the great strike came. There had been trouble between the company and the men before, and for a long time the difficulties had been growing more frequent and harder to settle. At length the crash came. Every union man on the G. & A. went out. It was a typical strike, no worse and no better than such demonstrations usually are. Some property was destroyed by the strikers, with the result that all but the oldest and best engineers who had struck merely because they were union men, were blacklisted. Fred Latour was among those who were not taken back. Whether or not he had actually destroyed property was not clearly proved, but in those days the company was not careful in regard to blacklists. Searching for another position, he wandered northward, working now for this road and now for that, but not remaining long with any. In the course of a few months he was working for the P. & W. He liked the road fairly well, and, consequently, did not wander on so soon as he had formed the habit of doing.

It was in an autumn when the P. & W. was doing a rushing business, extra freight being pushed through as often and as swiftly as possible. One afternoon MacLawin, the master mechanic, called Latour.

"I want you to take the Ten Fifty-five to Sandstone, wild," he said, "and come back as a double-header with Second Forty-five."

"What's my orders?" asked the engineer. "Do I go straight through?"

"If the Flyer is on time, you ought to meet the first section at Gloucester."

Latour accordingly prepared for the run; then he went to the office for his orders, which were, to leave Freemont at 6.10, to meet the Flyer at Gloucester, and from there to run straight to Sandstone, if he could reach there before 8.15, the time when First Forty-five, which was a few minutes late, would probably leave.

At precisely 6.10 Latour pulled out with the Ten-Fifty-five, wild. He sped along through the early November twilight, his blood throbbing in time with the pulsing engine beneath him. Darkness settled slowly over the yellow-brown fields and the dark plowed lands. In due time Gloucester was reached. The Flyer, five minutes late, flashed by, a fiery meteor rushing into the black night. Latour calculated that he would have time to reach Sandstone before 8.15, so he pulled out again. As he drew slowly by the station, the operator swung on with orders.

"Going to give me a clear track," asked the engineer, jokingly.

"Sure," replied the operator, as he sprang off.

The engine hurried on, eagerly. Swiftly they flew over the shining steel pathway, the headlight seeming to forge a path for itself in the darkness. There were no night operators at Vandalia and Rindgemere, the last two stations before Sandstone. As he flew past, the switch lights seemed to laugh at the engineer, and the single white light above the station gleamed like a mocking eye. About a mile east of Sandstone there was a covered bridge, standing in the middle of a curve, on both sides of which were thick woods. As Latour passed the crossing just before the bridge, he thought he heard a whistle. He peered from the cab window, but could see nothing. As the train rushed through the bridge and around the curve, the engineer caught sight of the headlight of another engine. Instantly he closed the throttle, threw on the air, and pulled back the reverse, but the two engines were so near that no human power could prevent them from meeting. The freight cars be-

hind the other train buckled, toppled, and fell over on the high bank beside the track; the cabs of the two locomotives were crushed and twisted as if by a Titan's hand; the wild hiss of escaping steam filled the air. Latour's fireman had jumped and was found half-way down the embankment, a broken leg doubled beneath him. Latour himself, by some freak of chance, was thrown to the opposite side high on the grassy turf at the top of the bank. The crew of the freight hurried up at once, but they reached the spot only in time to rescue the fireman of the freight. When they had pulled away the débris where the engineer lay, he was dead.

In a few hours all traces of the disaster were removed. It was proved that the train dispatcher, and not Latour, was to blame. So far as the latter was concerned, the incident was ended, although he could never forget the terrible scene.

Three days later, as he walked into his room, Latour was startled to see a figure by the window, but when he perceived that it was young Sinclair, the surprise turned to joy.

"Hullo, Bert," he cried, "mighty glad to see you, old fellow. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

The expression of sorrow in the boy's face stopped his eager questions.

"My father was killed up here the other night," said Sinclair. "I had to come. Didn't you know? He was running under the name of Upton."

Latour's face grew suddenly white. He had not known that John Upton was John Sinclair.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I knew about it; but I didn't know he was your father."

"I'm glad you're here," went on the boy, "it seems as if I couldn't have borne it among strangers. And—if you can,—I don't want to meet the man who did it. I couldn't stand that."

The engineer's hand shook as he turned to fumble with some papers on the table. But what was the use? The boy would find out anyway.

"But," he said, huskily, "I'm the man."

The boy's expression changed to one of stony horror. He walked slowly to the window and looked out over the railroad

yards at his feet, over the shifting trains, over the roofs of the city, to the dull, gray sky. Then, turning, he walked slowly, unsteadily, toward the door. The eyes of the engineer followed him in a mute appeal for mercy; but the boy walked on, across the hall, to the room where his father's body lay.

For many minutes the engineer remained in the same dejected attitude. Finally, he also walked, slowly, heavily, to the window, and stood looking out. The sight of a long express pulling in, roused him. He was due at the round house in a few minutes. From force of habit, he put on his cap and jumper, and left the house.

The events of that day are like a dimly remembered nightmare to him. Then, the only thing of which he was conscious was a dull, aching darkness weighing like lead upon his heart. At last the run was over. As he went back to the house, his face haggard and drawn, as from terrible physical suffering, an overwhelming sense of his own loss, and of the sorrow he had caused his friend, came over him. But it was a suffering beyond tears, or any ordinary expression of grief; it was a leaden weight, beating upon his heart and soul, shutting out every power of thought or reason.

As he stepped into his room once more, his half-dulled senses scarcely perceived the figure sitting by the window. The boy rose.

"Hullo, Fred," he said, striving painfully to force a cheerful note into his voice.

The engineer could only stare at the unexpected apparition. A strange fear seized the boy.

"You aren't going back on me now, are you?" he cried.

For an instant longer Latour made no reply. Then he half-whispered, a faint hope dawning in his eyes, "But—can you—forgive me?"

The boy's head went back bravely, but his voice trembled as he answered: "There is nothing to forgive; it was not your fault; father was an engineer and he would understand. Fred," his voice broke, "if we are really friends, nothing can separate us, can it?"

He made a half-step forward, holding out his hand. That of the engineer clasped it firmly.

THE VOICE OF THE SOUL

MARGUERITE EMMA LOUGE, '13

I hear a voice exceeding rare.
It fills the silence ev'rywhere;
It speaks to me in wondrous tone,
Until its thoughts become my own.

It lifts me close to realms above;
It fills my heart and soul with love;
It guides me on my heav'nward way,
And turns the darkness into day.

O still, small Voice, abide with me,
In life, in death, still speak to me!
O call me from beneath the sod,
And lead me upward to my God!

MAINE WEATHER

AMY LOUISE WEEKS, '13

Maine weather! One not acquainted with the joy of this prominent feature of Maine's charm would hardly think this subject particularly interesting or fruitful. But what a feeling of joy, not unmixed, however, with sorrow, passes through the mind of a person who has summered and wintered in Maine!

Perhaps the long, drowsy, smoky purple days of autumn may be the first to greet the new arrival. He glories in the harmony of the yellow-brown trees, or the radiance of the scarlet; he tramps the highroad, or dreams away the sultry afternoon on some gently rippling lake; he thinks, in his ignorance, that this is the much discussed Maine weather.

Then, one morning, he peeps from his window to see the ground fast whitening, and large, delicately cut snowflakes floating down. This is merely one more of the happy surprises.

"Bur-r-r What can be the matter with that furnace?" he asks himself, some mornings later, as he climbs shivering into his dark, icy room.

"Fine winter morning! Just a tinge of frost in the air," he hears outside his window.

"Well, rather," he comments inwardly and hugs the radiator.

It doesn't sound the least bit cheering when a neighbor kindly remarks, by way of encouragement, that it is only fifteen below, lots colder coming." He determines to start for sunny climes on the next train, but there seems to be an unconscious fascination in this new department of the Weather Bureau. It is cold, of course, but one could put on three or four extra sweaters.

The "cold snap" may continue for a fortnight or even longer, but suddenly, without the least warning, the weather changes its mind, a gentle, drizzling rain begins, the water in the streets runs in rivers, umbrellas jostle one another on the corner, and woe be-tide the man who is caught with one of those extra sweaters—and no rain coat.

"Nothing but a January thaw," is the gracious reply to the puzzled questioner, and he immediately decides that a "December freeze" is the thing most desired by the community in general.

The snow begins to depart, fairly runs away to hide its face in mud, as if ashamed to be seen in such fine, warm, spring weather, although it is only the first of March. Sleighs fast disappear and enterprising automobilists spatter through the deep mud, trailing oozy ruin in their wake. The old settlers shake their heads and murmur "more snow," but the new arrival laughs at their ill-timed croaking and decides to buy a new spring suit the next day.

Next day, every back yard appears a miniature fairyland. The boughs of the trees are bent low, old picket fences are pearly, glistening white, and a tiny diamond quivers on the tip of each bush twig. "New Arrival" humbly wades off down street with tears in his eyes, and a handkerchief in each hand, but while cursing his cold, he cannot but admire the beauty all about him.

The early spring predicted is rather tardy in showing its much desired face. Hot days and cold days fellow each other at irregular intervals. Summer hat and fur coat, muff and linen

suit hobnob in the ice-cream parlor. The new arrival is nearly ready to depart from the joys of this life when spring, the real, the long-looked-for, bursts upon him. The birds begin their conventions in the fast-budding trees; the painter and carpenter drum up trade; and the milliner looks expectant. Everything sings the glad tidings that spring is here.

Who can find fault with the Maine summer, that thing sought for from east and west, north and south. The pleasures of this God-sent season can never be described by mere words. Let the "doubting Thomas" try it. To be sure. Maine weather is varied, but he who knows it best would not change its unexpected treats for the placid sameness of any southern sea.

SUNDOWN

JAMES FRANK HILL, '14

The hard-fought field is lost; brave men lie low,
 Swords strew the ground and pikes, the pagan foe
 Howl o'er the dead like vultures o'er their prey,
 The night wind stirs the pines, and, far away,
 Ghosts of the slain arise in white mist-floe.

The white-plumed banks roll up, rise, and fall back
 To rise again, the stilled, cowed pack
 Watch, terrified, the column's slow
 Approach. Look! See! The afterglow
 Has cast a crimson halo o'er the rack.

BURR'S ILLUMINATION

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

With a "bang!" followed by a "Whirr!" ending in a shriek, as the brakes stopped the wheels, Burr Frostworth bounced out of the car, bluing the air with his opinion of a spark plug that would go wrong when a fellow was in a hurry.

Below and around him twinkling lights showed that night was settling down, and little by little they formed a familiar outline

which he had not seen for two years. The curse on the head of the old ferryman, who had misdirected him, was forgotten as Frostworth realized that he had come upon Bronson, his old college town.

Since early afternoon Burr had been trying to straighten out the tangle of unfamiliar roads, with the result that he now found himself miles from Ware, and the directors' meeting within only two minutes of the place he had fought against seeing again. Fate had removed him from the chance of buying some oil property, and now it could take him down into the city and find amusement for him.

A new plug set the engine sputtering triumphantly again, and soon Frostworth was coasting down the hill unmindful of pedestrians and other street ornaments. Supper, at a farmhouse some miles back, had satisfied his hunger. So the passing cafés had no temptations for him and he let the car take him where it would.

Now and then he overtook groups of animated and excited people, all hurrying in the direction of the college. From bits of their conversation he learned that the annual campus illumination was in progress and realized that of all days this was most inopportune for his visit.

Rapidly his mind travelled back two years to the time when he had last witnessed the *fête*, and when Snell, his old roommate, had been a member of the graduating class. An impulse to turn and flee from the scene of unpleasant memories seized him, but the longing for the old place was too strong, and he continued on his way.

Skilfully dodging and escaping other cars, he worked his way down the midway and came to a stop within a short distance of the raised platform.

Almost before he realized the fact, chairs, sofa pillows, and human beings had completely filled the ground about the car, and Burr found himself hemmed in from every direction.

Simultaneously with this perception, a stir was heard, as three people pushed their way into the mass and sat down perilously near the left mud guard of Frostworth's car.

He did not have to guess as to the identity of one of the three, for he well knew the distinctive outline Dorris Martin

made, in the feeble light. She was a rare type, and the only person who could come so near him to-night.

Feeling secure in the depth of the machine and the shadow of the trees, Frostworth made no move to change his position. It was indeed a kindly fate that had drawn them into each other's presence, though unknown to either, and Burr could not withdraw. There could be no harm in basking in the pleasure of being near her again, and so, settling down comfortably among the cushions, forgetful of the band playing on the pavilion, and the other people about him, he waited for the sound of her voice.

It was not she, however, who broke his stillness, for good Mrs. Martin asked if Burr Frostworth had not been, at one time, a member of the present graduating class.

Burr was rather surprised to hear the answer that came at once from the Professor, "Yes, Frostworth should be here to-night, and it is a sad thing that circumstances rule otherwise."

Mrs. Martin was quick in her retort, "I hardly see how you can accord any virtue to a fellow who had the baseness to do as that fellow did, to get his degree. Anyone who could steal examination papers could abscond with anything. I, for one, am glad the scapegoat is not here."

And so, thought Burr, the old Prof. lets me live, the Mrs. thinks me a scapegoat, but—well, the rest of the family will keep its opinion to itself, I hope.

In a lull of the orchestra, the Professor was speaking again, "I fear, my dear, that you draw your conclusions from off the surface, just as too many others do. Some of the possibilities in this case were not considered, and too little time was given to looking up both men."

"Was someone else concerned, Daddy?" Dorris quickly asked. "You said 'both,' you know."

"No, dearie, you misunderstood me," he replied, but she knew she had heard aright.

"I don't see why you people concern yourselves so much," was Mrs. Martin's contribution. "I venture to say that wherever he is, he leads a hand-to-mouth existence," and Burr smiled pityingly.

Again the Professor was speaking, not heeding his wife's

opinion. "Somehow I did like the fellow in spite of his daredevil spirit. I am sure he was the one who told Davidson that *aqua regia* would make a good mouth wash, but then, Davidson never knew anything, anyway."

"You're a wise old gazook," thought Burr, "but you might have put some of your admiration on my rank bills."

"I could hardly agree with the rest of the faculty in sending him away, but I suppose his own confession should have been enough to convict him," the Professor went on. "You remember, perhaps, the fellow Frostworth roomed with. He was graduated two years ago. The two fellows were alike in some external respects, but very different in others. It always seemed to me that Frostworth pitied his roommate and championed him. He needed a champion, for the fellow never seemed to have anything but a wishbone."

"You may also know," Mr. Martin continued, "that Frostworth's only living relative was a cousin to whom Snell was engaged. There was nobody depending on Burr, but everything for Snell's family hinged on whether he got his degree that year or not. His people were poor and the position the 'A.B.' assured him would make them comfortable for life."

"Didn't the two fellows do some regular work in the faculty building, Daddy?" Dorris questioned.

"They alternated janitor work and had keys to all the rooms," her father answered. "You know the rest of the story as well as I do."

"Well, then, don't bore me with it," her mother cut in. "Here you are, talking about a man without family, name, social position, or wealth, as though he were the greatest lion. I am glad he was removed before Dorris was entirely captivated by his coarse eccentricities."

"The papers were found in Frostworth's desk, weren't they, Daddy?" a sweet voice bored on.

"Yes," answered the Professor, "and what use a Sophomore had of a bunch of Senior examinations, wrapped around two old Sophomore papers, is more than I can guess. It leads me astray."

"More than one thing is straying to-night," commented Burr to the palm of his hand, as a big fellow shouldered himself into the Martin triangle and sat down between Dorris and her mother.

"Oh, Mr. Southy!" Dorris acknowledged, "Daddy and I were just speaking of Mr. Frostworth. You remember him, don't you? He used to be a member of this class."

"You mean the fellow who pinched the golden papers?" Southy drawled.

"It was Burr Frostworth of whom we were speaking," Dorris retorted in a tone which said, "If you can't talk decently, you had better think," and turned to her father.

"Come, come, Dorris," Mrs. Martin interjected, quite unmindful that she herself had introduced the subject. "We've had enough of this. Let's hear something interesting. Mr. Southy, are you still oiling the country?"

"If he does much longer," thought the man in the car, "he'll have to water his well."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Martin," Southy replied. "I can scarcely say that my oil flows so freely as that, and, now, since a turn of affairs this morning, I have become confined more closely to my old territory." Southy never lost an opportunity to pour an oily tale of his woes into Mrs. Martin's ear and the present one seemed most favorable.

"Pray tell us what has happened," encouraged this listener. Dorris and her father were engrossed in their own conversation.

Southy plunged at once into his trouble. "This evening I received a telegram from my foreman, saying I had been outbid today in some valuable oil property adjoining mine. This is the third time the same thing has happened to me during the past two months, and I am afraid I shall have to go West to give the matter my special attention." Just what his "special attention" would amount to, it might be difficult to say.

"If the fellow would come out in the open and fight on the square, I would soon do him up," the would-be-oil-magnate assured her. "I know who is plotting my ruin, but I am not quite ready to give him that information yet. When I do strike, I can easily say I am oiling the country."

"When *you* give any information, you will be oiling wheelbarrows at a dollar and a quarter a day," mused one of Southey's hearers. "You don't know nitro-glycerine from basting cotton."

"It must be great to be in such control!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed. "Doesn't it make you feel as though you were really doing things?"

With this encouragement Southy lost discretion and let himself lick at the dish of defeat he had set before his oil rival.

"Two weeks ago, I was West to look after affairs. I'd never had much faith in my foreman, for he never seemed to have more than a wishbone." Dorris and her father turned to listen.

"Somehow or other he had got hold of the plans of an invention that, he says, literally will boil the oil out of the ground," Southy ran on. "I didn't ask any questions, but I am pretty sure it is the same thing that the man, who outbid me to-day, gave up a short time ago because of lack of money."

"Isn't it a pretty serious thing to claim another's invention?" Dorris questioned. "I should hesitate about claiming it, I think."

"Oh, yes," Southy answered easily, "but the owner can't prove anything, and, besides that, isn't it a pretty serious thing to set fire to another man's well? He did that to me, and that is only one of the many underhanded things he's done to work my ruin."

"He set fire to an oil well and endangered lives as well as property!" Dorris exclaimed excitedly. The man in the car said to—nobody in hearing—"Some day, Baby Doll, you'll learn to be careful with matches in the oil country, and then you won't be starting a smudge that later will fire your own well."

Then, as the concert ended and people began to rise, Dorris turned to her father with, "Come Daddy. We've been mistaken. I hate such a man as that!"

"Hate away to your heart's content," said Burr, as he sprang out to light his lamps, "but I'll bet my pipe against Southy's signature that my oil will light you upstairs before long"—which may or may not have meant more than one thing.

A familiar exclamation made Dorris turn just in time to see a face, full in the glare of one of the lamps, as Burr strove to light another match in the breeze. Only a moment did the face remain in the light, but that was sufficient. She saw a sneer and a firm set jaw under snapping eyes that told her a good deal. Dumb with realization of what his presence meant, so near, where he surely must have heard everything, chagrined by her own words, she felt more than ever the valley between them. She would have called out, but no words came to her lips, and, astounded, she heard him swallowed up in the darkness. A moment she stood, looking into the blurr of twinkling lights from whence came the sound of his engine, diminishing in the distance. But she knew where the underhanded man stood.

(To be continued)

Editorial- STUDENT

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History is in the making. The history of Bates College is being made. Year by year the progress of the college is plainly marked in many ways. New buildings are being erected, the campus is being improved, the number of students increases yearly, and the number of loyal Bates men, who have left these halls of learning to represent her in the world, is also increasing. Newer and greater privileges are coming to the men and women who, in future years, will come to this institution to continue their education. Our progress means their advantage. Our efforts toward the betterment of the institution mean increased privileges for them. The recent appeal of President Chase to the students for help in furthering his plans, gives each Bates man or woman a great privilege. We can be building opportunities for those who come after us, and can have the satisfaction of knowing that we have had a share in a work that will endure.



Local



Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, and Ellen Libby, '14, have accepted positions as teachers for the present term of school.

Amy Weeks, '13, has been appointed instructor of a course of English Literature which has recently been opened to the girls of the Young Women's Home in Lewiston.

Rachael Sargent, '14, has been selected to fill the vacancy in the Latin department of Hebron Academy, caused by the illness of the regular instructor.

Charles N. Stanhope, '12, has returned to college, much improved in health.

Franklin Manter, '13, has also returned.

C. I. Anderson has been elected Freshman member of the Student Council.

Donald Howe, '15, has been obliged to leave college for the remainder of the year, due to the sickness of his father.

E. L. Saxton was recently elected president of the Class of 1915.

Faculty Notes President Chase returned Wednesday, January 24, from a short trip to Boston and New York. He was not with us for long, however, for he left Lewiston again, January 30.

Owing to the recent small-pox scare in the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, Miss Birdseye, Instructor in Bacteriology, has given several very interesting lectures on the small-pox germ and experimental inoculation.

Dr. H. H. Britan recently spoke at a meeting of the Boys' Work Group, on the topic "The Religious Concepts of a Boy."

Sunday, January 21, Dr. Tubbs spoke to the College Men's Class, at the Pine Street Congregational Church, on "The College Man and the Bible." Dr. Tubbs is to lead the class for the remainder of the year.

The librarian reports that Dr. Britan's book, "The Philosophy of Music" is very popular among the patrons of the Lewiston Public Library.

The Monday Evening Mission Class, of Senior girls, is now conducted by Mr. Cushman.

**Bates-Bowdoin
Joint Concert**

The joint concert of the Bates Musical Clubs with the Bowdoin Clubs has been arranged to take place here in Lewiston. The exact date has not been settled upon, but probably the concert will take place on the evening of March 8. This concert will be one of the best opportunities ever known in New England to hear the unusually excellent musical clubs of two colleges giving a joint program. As far as can be ascertained, Bates and Bowdoin are the only two colleges in the country to give a union concert. Those who attend will surely feel well repaid.

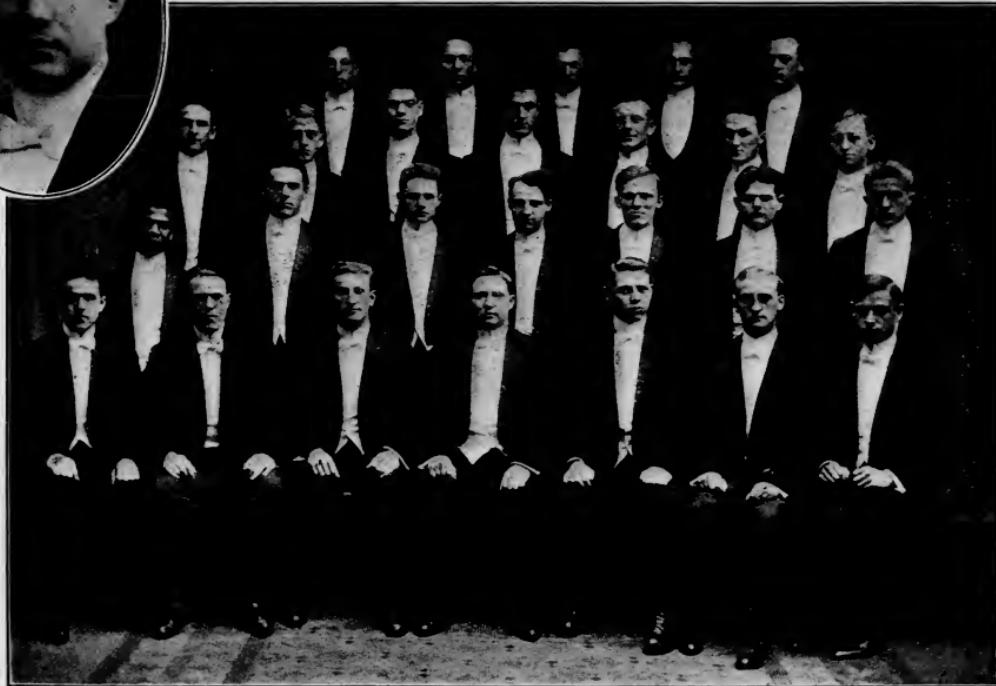
Day of Prayer

The Day of Prayer for Colleges and Schools was appropriately observed. Each class held a prayer meeting at nine-fifteen in the morning. At ten o'clock Rev. E. T. Bell, associate secretary of the Congregational Foreign Mission Board, delivered an address to the students and visitors in the Chapel of Hathorn Hall. He made a strong appeal for all to live the life of service, to become "International citizens," aiding in the uplift of the world.

In the afternoon the Y. M. C. A. held a brief service, led by President Chatto.

Dr. H. P. Woodin spoke at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., January twenty-fourth, on the topic, "Why a Day of Prayer in the Colleges?"

Mission Study classes are being organized to take the place of the Bible Study of last term. The two divisions of Freshmen girls will be in charge of Miss Rideout, '12, and Miss Purington, '12. Teachers for the other classes have not yet been chosen.



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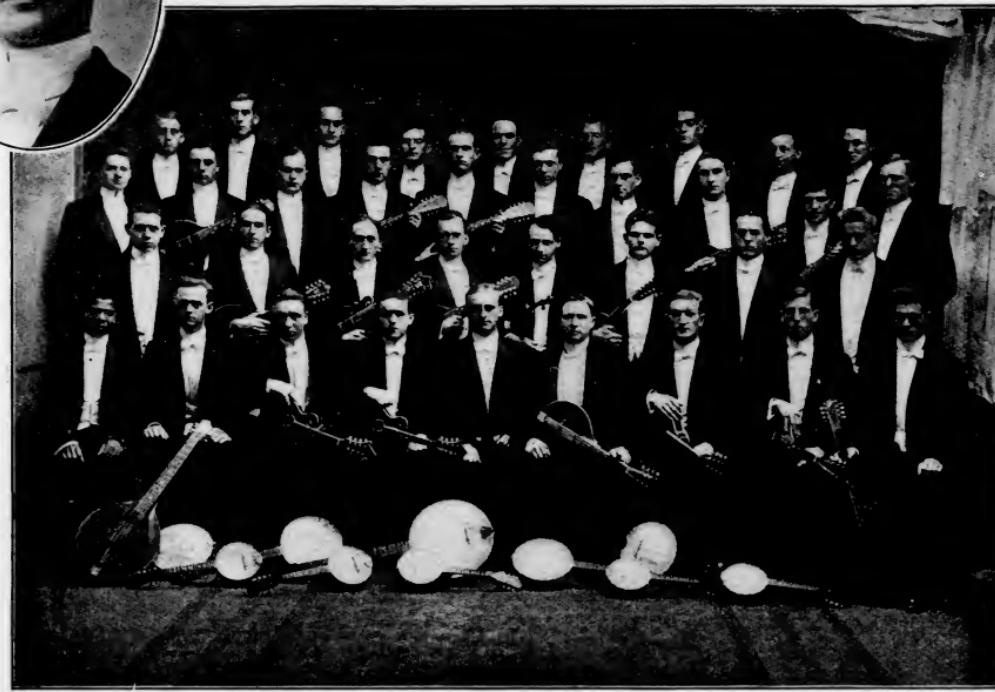
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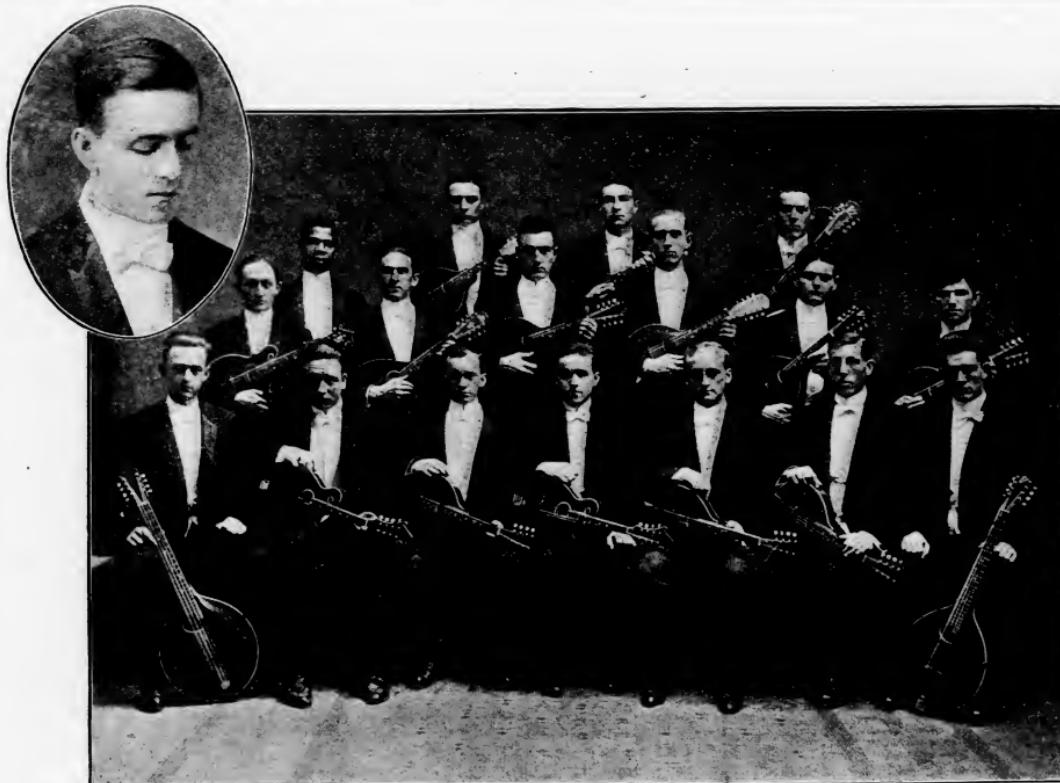
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BATES MUSICAL CLUBS

L. S. Smith, '12, Manager



MANDOLIN CLUB

Geo. E. Brunner, '12, Leader

Y. W. C. A. Entertainment

Saturday evening, January 20, an entertainment and social was given in Fiske Room, Rand Hall, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The Program consisted of selections by the orchestra, a violin solo by Miss Birdseye, and a farce entitled, "The Modern Sewing Society," by thirteen young ladies in appropriate costumes. After the entertainment, a social hour was enjoyed in playing games. Home-made candy was for sale, and the proceeds materially increased the amount secured for the Silver Bay Conference.

The Girls' Glee Club has been entirely reorganized this year. The number of members has been reduced to twenty. Mr. N. L. Mower of Auburn, has been appointed musical director. The girls are doing excellent work under the leadership of Ada Rounds, '12, with Edith Macomber, '13, as assistant.

The Girls' Mandolin Club is under the direction of Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, with Ruth Morey, '14, as assistant. Much of the material is new, but the girls are practising diligently, and there is every indication that the joint concert in the spring will be one of the best in the history of the clubs.

Jordan Scientific Trip

On the afternoon of January 18, the Jordan Scientific Society, with Mr. Warren Watson, graduate assistant in Chemistry, enjoyed a trip through some of the industrial works of Lewiston. The men left Hedge Laboratory at one P.M. and walked to the bleachery. Here they were shown through all the departments, the processes of which Mr. Watson explained. From the bleachery, the Society proceeded to the Androscoggin Cotton Mill and were conducted through this. They went next to the city gas works, and from there to a shovel handle factory. More practical knowledge of these industries was thus gained than could have been secured in any other way.

At the next meeting of the society Mr. Watson gave a résumé of the trip, and explained points which before had not been made clear.

Girls' Student Government

The officers of the Girls' Student Council for the present year are: President, Evangeline Redman, '12; Vice-President, Donna Yeaton, '12; Secretary, Claramay Purington, '12; Treasurer, Bessie Hart, also of 1912. The Girls' Student Government at Bates has always been made up of boards of government from each of the dormitories, all under the head of the Student Council; but this year one more board has been added. At the suggestion of Dean Woodhull, an association of all the girls living at home has been formed with Jessie Alley, '12, President; Margaret Dickson, '13, Vice-President; Marion Sanborn, '14, Secretary; Executive Committee, Hazel Howard, '12, Grace Conner, '13, Clara Chapman, '14.

New College Chapel

All the friends of Bates were glad to learn of the gift of \$50,000 to the college for a chapel.

The college has long felt the need of a more commodious building. President Chase was unable to be at the annual banquet of the Stanton Club, but sent a letter from which the following extract is taken:

"Last night I sent to our College Treasurer the \$50,000 required for the erection of a college chapel. The building is to be of granite and the experienced and well-known architects that are to plan the structure and oversee its erection, Messrs. Coolidge and Carlson of Boston, are a guarantee that it will be worthy of its sacred purpose. The name of the giver is by earnest request withheld for the present. Let us thank God and take courage to go on in securing funds to secure us our much needed gymnasium and a substantial addition to our endowment."

The Sophomore Prize Debates

The Sophomore prize debates were held January 20-30. Following are the questions and the winners of each question:

I. *Resolved*, A constitutional amendment should be secured providing for the election of senators by direct vote of the people.

Won by Flora Marion Lougee, Lewiston.

II. *Resolved*, For the State of Maine high license under a system of local option is preferable to prohibition.

Won by James Roy Packard, Monmouth.

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II. *Resolved*, For the State of Maine high license under a system of local option is preferable to prohibition.

Won by James Roy Packard, Monmouth.

III. *Resolved*, The principle of the indeterminate sentence and parole should be applied in the treatment of all convicted criminals in Maine.

The prize was divided between Elsie Elizabeth Judkins, Kingston, N H., and Etta May Rowell, Concord, N. H.

IV. *Resolved*, Laborers in the United States should be insured against unemployment.

Won by Herbert W. Hamilton, Brockton, Mass.

V. *Resolved*, Arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes in the United States should be made compulsory.

Won by Helen Jane Downs, Riverhead, N. Y.

VI. *Resolved*, A material reduction in immigration into the United States is desirable.

Won by George Charles Marsden, Auburn.

The judges of the debates were Rev. Charles H. Temple, Professor Chase, Mr. Oldham, Messrs. Cushman, Rowe, Wayne Davis, and Grindle.

The committee of arrangements was as follows: Charles E. Hadley, chairman; Karl D. Lee, and Edna W. Pierce.

Emeritus Professor J. Y. Stanton presided.

The six best debaters of the class were chosen as follows: Helen Jane Downs, Riverhead, N. Y.; Flora Marion Lougee, Lewiston; George Charles Marsden, Auburn; James Roy Packard, Monmouth; Donald Barrows Partridge, Norway Lake; and Arthur Elwood Tarbell, Lisbon. Nicholas Andronis, Springfield, Mass., and William George Tackaberry, Lewiston, were chosen as alternates.

Wednesday evening, January 24, the Kanz **Salmagundi Party** Klan, an organization composed of fifteen young ladies from the Sophomore class, entertained guests in the Gymnasium, Rand Hall, at a Salmagundi party. Progressive games were played and prizes were offered to those obtaining the highest score by winning the most games for the evening. The first prize for girls was awarded to Miss Neal. The first prize for boys was won by Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Mathews secured the booby prize. Those present were Misses Fowler, Blethen, Neal, Smalley, Sturtevant, George, Pease, Tib-

betts, Mowry, Chase, Pierce, Sylvester, Sanborn, and Dunham; and Messrs. Parker, Keaney, Lee, Manter, Partridge, Morgridge, Tabor, Hamilton, Eldridge, Cox, Leavitt, Tomblen, Small, and Mathews. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Roberts, and Mr. Harms.

**George Colby
Chase Lecture**

Friday evening, January 26, Dr. Booker T. Washington addressed a large and appreciative audience in the Pine Street Congregational Church. This was an unusual opportunity of hearing one of the leading Americans of to-day talk about the great work which is being done towards solving one of the most serious of the many problems before the American people. Dr. Washington gave some details of his own life, a few words on the condition of the Negro race in America, and then spoke of the great need among his people in the South. He made clear what a man might do, by giving examples of his own success under difficulties.

**Intercollegiate
Debates**

Definite arrangements have been made with Colgate University for a debate to take place in Lewiston sometime in May. There will

also be a debate with Clark College, to be held in Worcester, during May.

**New
Apparatus**

A new set of assaying furnaces and a steam bath have recently been added to the equipment of the Chemistry Laboratory.

The girls of the Freshman class enjoyed a **Freshman Party** social evening at the gymnasium, Saturday, January 27. Much fun was caused by the odd costumes of several of the young ladies. The evening was spent in marching and in playing games. Refreshments of punch and fancy crackers were served. Dean Woodhull was a guest of the class for the evening.

Library at Rand Hall

A library has been started at Rand Hall for the girls to use in their leisure hours. Fifty volumes have already been given. An Encyclopedia, an Unabridged Dictionary, a Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, volumes of Longfellow, Tennyson and Browning, new novels, standard fiction, essays and descriptions of travel are all greatly desired. Will friends who have books to give please send them to the Library Committee, Rand Hall, Bates College.

Waseca Concert

The men's Musical Clubs on January 18, gave a concert at the Waseca Club's Ladies' Night. The clubs were well received by an appreciative audience. The unavoidable absence of the leader, Fred H. Kierstead, '12, and of the violinist, Hubert Davis, '12, was regrettable, but for all that, the concert was a success.

New Books

Psychology of Education James Welton; Introduction to Psychology, R. M. Yerkes; Builders of United Italy, R. S. Holland; Historical Research, J. M. Vincent; Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road, H. A. Bruce; Reading References for English History, H. L. Cannon; Cambridge Modern History, v. 1-6, 8-9; Growth of English Industry and Commerce, William Cunningham; The Coming of the Friars, Augustus Jessopp; Martin Luther, the Man and his Work, A. C. McGiffert; Readings in American Federal Government, P. S. Reinsch; Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East; Philosophy of History, S. S. Heberd; purchased from the Bates Fund.

Forest Physiography, Isaiah Bowman; Manual of Determinative Mineralogy, G. J. Brush; Earth Sculpture, James Geikie; Text-book of Geology, ed. 4, Archibald Geikie; Text-book of Mineralogy, E. S. Dana; History of European Thought in the 19th Century, 2 v. J. T. Merz; Evolution of Plants, D. H. Scott; Text-book of Palaeontology, 2 v. K. A. von Zittel; from the Geological Department.

Christian Thought to the Reformation, H. B. Workman; Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection, 2 v. E. A. W. Budge; Oriental Religions and Roman Paganism, Franz Cumont; Introduction to the Life of Christ, W. B. Hill; Biblical Geography and History, C. F. Kent; Religion of Israel, Alfred Loisy; Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization, Angelo Mosso; Problem of Freedom, G. H. Palmer, Christian Faith and the New Psychology, D. A. Murray; Studies in Chinese Religion, E. H. Parker; Arts and Crafts in Ancient Egypt, W. M. F. Petrie; Talmud, New Edition, edited and translated by M. L. Rodkinson, 10 volumes; from the Divinity Library.

Florence, Charles Yriarte; Leonardo da Vinci, Adolf Rosenberg; Botticelli, Ernest Steinmann; Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics, H. R. Marshall; purchased by the Library.

New England Society Orations, 2 volumes, presented by the New England Society of the City of New York; What to Eat and Why, George C. Smith, presented by the author; The Pilgrims, F. A. Noble, presented by the author.

After September 1, 1912, all students at Yale will be required to room in dormitories.

The Aeronautical Society of Williams, is considering the purchase of an aeroplane. The sport is rapidly coming to the front at different colleges.

Friends of co-education will be interested in the statement of Miss Angie C. Chapin, acting dean of Wellesley College. She says that college girls get married late in life, and since they know their own wants, they do not get married rashly. The girl who is old enough to come out of college, has passed the frivolous age and knows herself. When such a girl marries a man of her own age, it bids fair to be a union in which the temperament and aims of both parties will be conducive to an unbroken relationship. The divorce mill, therefore, whose continual grinding brings disgrace to our country, gets little grist among the girls who are college graduates.



B. A. A. Meet The Bates track team, under Manager Frank C. Adams, '13, was represented by seven men at the Boston Athletic Association meet held

February 10, in Mechanics Building, Boston. The men who went were Captain V. S. Blanchard, '12, 45-yard high hurdles; G. H. Gove, '13, shot-put; W. R. Kempton, '13, high jump; and the relay team running in the following order: Captain C. A. Dennis, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; W. A. Baker, '14; W. P. Deering, '13.

Captain Blanchard, running for the B. A. A., won second place in his first trial in the 45-yard high hurdle race. In his semi-finals he handily captured first place, with a time of 6 1-5 seconds. However, in his final heat he was caught asleep on the mark, and was left behind at the report of the pistol.

The relay team was defeated by Colby, whose men running in order were: Good, Reynolds, Small, and Bowen. Good barely passed Dennis on the last corner. Thompson, in attempting to pass on his last corner, stumbled and lost several yards. This lead was so increased in the next relay, that it was impossible for Deering to make up the distance.

Baseball practice for the Freshmen started January 18. A goodly number of candidates are working daily in the cage, and there is promising material evident. Under the instruction of Coach Purington and Captain Griffin, a fast team should be developed.

Of late years the interest in track athletics has been increasing. Bates has steadily mounted in ability and results attained. Other colleges are now recognizing this. Within the present management, the University of Maine has suggested an Inter-

collegiate cross-country run between the four Maine colleges, to take place next fall; Brown University, of Providence, R. I., has been written concerning a cross country run between Brown, Bowdoin, University of Maine, and Bates; Holy Cross has expressed a desire for a dual meet with Bates this spring; and Trinity College, of Hartford, Conn., has also written concerning a dual meet. Here is opportunity enough to broaden our inter-collegiate relations, and at the same time to give our men valuable training for the Maine Intercollegiate Meet and the New England meet, in which we compete annually.

It has been rumored that we were to have a dual meet with Bowdoin. Bowdoin at present has not as strong a track team as is usual there, and so would not prove a hard enough proposition for us. It is not by easy winning that a fast team is developed. The grinding, continual struggles are those that tell in the end. We will hope for a dual meet that will give us our hands full, that will help put us into shape for the more important meets of the season.

In New York City there has been organized an intercollegiate bureau of occupations, which is in reality a superior sort of employment agency. This is the outgrowth of an effort made by the members of the New York alumnae organizations of eight leading women's colleges, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. It deals only with the higher grades of specialized service, and aims not only to secure congenial occupations for exceptionally equipped women, but to supply employers with a more intelligent and responsible class of workers, in this way creating a demand for the specialized service which can be secured only from women who have been well educated and mentally trained. It opens a new field to college girls, besides teaching. The moving spirit of the venture, Miss Mary Van Kleeck, a Smith graduate, is president of the bureau; Mrs. Charlotte J. Farnsworth of Wellesley, an authority on vocational and social training for women, is vice-president; Miss Ethel Stebbins of Cornell, is secretary; and Miss Antoinette Putman-Cramer of Smith, is treasurer.



1873.—At the meeting of the National Education Association in St. Louis, Feb. 27-29, there will be a report of the Committee on the Culture Element and Economy of Time in Education. President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, is chairman of this committee.

1877.—Franklin F. Phillips has presented to the Chemical Laboratory an excellent Troemmer balance, especially adapted to work in assaying which is to be taken up as a new course this semester. This generous gift is highly appreciated.

1880.—Rev. Francis Little Hayes has accepted the pastorate of the California Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago.

1882.—Frank L. Blanchard has prepared a valuable series of "Lectures on Advertising," which he will deliver before merchants' associations, boards of trade, industrial organizations, clubs, schools, and colleges.

1883.—Rev. William H. Barber is pastor of the Methodist church in Glassport, Pa.

1886.—Professor William H. Hartshorn was a guest at the Stanton Club banquet, held at the Congress Square Hotel, Portland, February 2d.

1893.—Professor G. M. Chase was the principal speaker at the meeting of the Bates Round Table, held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Pomeroy, Feb. 1st. Professor Chase's subject was "The Golden Age in Legend and Literature."

1894.—We quote from the *Morning Journal Courier* of New Haven, Conn., issue of Jan. 22: "At the Grand Avenue Congregational Church last evening a large congregation assembled to listen to a very interesting and instructive address by Mr. Sherman I. Graves, principal of the Strong district, on the slogan, 'Remember the Child.' This has been adopted as the slogan for the district, by Principal Graves."

The following is an extract from the address. "Education today is overdone. Subject after subject, has been added, regard-

less of the real need of the child. The expert in his subject has overworked, or attempted to overwork child mind, and child mind rebels against the treatment. The word 'educate' has almost come to mean 'learn.' I am going to discourage the use of the word 'educate' and substitute a better, which is 'nurture,' meaning to train up with a fostering care like that of a mother. The fostering care of the intelligent mother is a true standard for the teacher in the school."

1898.—Rev. Thomas S. Bruce, head of a school for colored people in Suffolk, Virginia, was in Lewiston at the time of the lecture by Dr. Booker T. Washington and spoke briefly before Dr. Washington began his address. Mr. Bruce is working with great self-denial. He has not received a salary for ten years.

1899.—Rev. A. B. Hyde of Bangor, addressed the Sebec and Exeter Conference at Milo, on January 20.

1901—Rev. Elwyn K. Jordan has accepted a very desirable position as Special Y. M. C. A. Secretary for a district of five towns along the Hudson River, in Dutchess County, N. Y. His headquarters are at Poughkeepsie.

1905.—George G. Sampson, who received the Master's degree at Clark University last June, in the Department of Political and Social Science, is studying in the graduate school of Political Science at Columbia University. During the past three years he has been teaching in Smith High School, Worcester, Mass.

1906.—The *Lewiston Journal*, of January 29, quotes the following written by the state secretary of county work in New Hampshire, referring to the work of Wayne C. Jordan.

"One year of county work in New Hampshire has demonstrated its value as a leading force in the community. Our first county has, by its work, converted the skeptics. With a budget of \$2400, eight points were organized, with a total enrollment of two hundred and fifty fellows. All are enrolled in Bible Study and thirty have joined the church.

"Besides this, five hundred boys and young men have been engaged in the activities of the Association. In the words of a leading citizen of the county town: 'The Association has done more for the young men and boys of this town in the last year than all the local organizations have done in five years.'"

1907.—Robert L. Heminway, who is in business at Rochester, N. Y., recently made a short visit to the college—the first since his graduation. He hopes to attend the fifth reunion of 1907 next Commencement.

Guy V. Aldrich, State Secretary for the Student Department of the Iowa Y. M. C. A. work, is having excellent success in his work. In a very successful campaign at Pennsylvania College, he was one of the two leaders.

1908.—Daniel R. Hodgdon is Head of the Department of Sciences, City High School, Passaic, N. J.

Leroy B. Fraser is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering.

John S. Carver is principal of the Limestone, Maine, High School.

1909.—John T. Wadsworth is a student in the Georgetown University Law School, Washington, D. C.

1910.—The engagement of Stanley E. Howard and Ethel Mae Chapman has been announced.

1911.—Charles R. Clason is a student in the Georgetown University Law School, Washington, D. C.

Mary Waldron was in Lewiston in January.

BOOK REVIEW

The White Isles. By Franklin F. Phillips, a graduate of Bates, Class of '76. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

This is a pleasing story, whose scene is laid on the Maine coast. The story centers mainly about two boys, Perth Clayton and Michael Dunleavy, and most of the incidents of the story are concerned with their struggles for an education. The story deals with the life of the country people, and an ingeniously interwoven thread of the narrative presents a plan for the betterment of the conditions of country life. The fortunes of the priest, Father Neilson, are followed by the reader with keen interest. His simple, helpful, self-sacrificing life inspires the highest degree of respect for the man, and the pathetic ending of his career accords with the spirit of his entire life. In marked contrast with this, the two boys are so successful in their efforts that their story ends very pleasingly.



Exchanges

The January number of the *Brunonian* shows excellent variety in its contents. "The Female of the Species" is a story of strong emotion and is strongly written. It treats of a sculptor who, inspired by his love for a beautiful woman, puts his whole soul into the shaping of a marble image which is the very personification of Beauty and Purity. He is suddenly brought to realize that his ideal is as faithless and evil as he has believed her true and pure. In a wild, overwhelming rage he changes his marble image into a fiendish personification of Evil and Hate. The work is his masterpiece. It takes such a powerful hold upon him that his ideals are shattered and his character ruined, and as the story ends we find him in Africa living with the lowest savages. The story is injured by the too tragic ending. The reader feels that the writer has exaggerated the effect of the shattering of the artist's ideals and has reduced his hero to too low a condition.

The *Sibyl*, Elmira College, has one interesting story, "The Lady of the Dimple." The magazine has too few stories and essays in proportion to the size of the magazine.

"The Traitor," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, is a very successful story. The writer describes the situation in vivid terms and does not overdraw the tragic element. "Reveille" in the same magazine is an amusing sketch.

The *Sepiad* might be improved by the addition of one or two good lively stories. A few poems also would be a valuable addition to the contents of the magazine.

NIGHT'S WORLD

The breath of flowers is in the night—
 Who knows what gracious blooms lie hid
 Close in the forest's heart all light
 With moon-streaks pale, or yet amid
 The moon-flushed meadows wide?

Canst feel the hidden life of things?
 The sleeping things that flit or fly;
 The many moths with folded wings
 That on protecting tree-trunks lie?
 The fear-swift squirrel asleep?

Night's world lives in the dark and grows,
 Vines push their tendrils on along
 And up; flowers reach; the quick stream flows;
 Birds' throats stir with the unborn song;
 —Night dreams to-morrow's joys!

—JULIA COOLEY in *Vassar Miscellany*.

SHADOW AND SONG

How soft and still the shadows are!
 How dear the old, old songs
 At shadow time, when lights are low
 And myriad memory throngs
 Come drifting in from out the past.
 With faces blest of love and light,
 That shone for me a while ago.

Ah, eyes that weep all through the night,
 And breast that throbs within me now,
 Be still, and wait, and love, and trust
 That somehow, in the shadow time,
 Beyond the day of wearied life,
 You'll sing again the old, old songs,
 And mingle with the old love throngs.

—WILLIAM L. STIDGER in *Brunonian*.

TO A WILD ROSE

Oh, thou sweet gift of the gods to men!
 Divine smile fettered to this world of sighs!
 Though only roadside dust as incense rise
 At thy sweet shrine, again and yet again.

Thou flingest to the beauty-famished world
A fragrant alms. When bright Aurora wakes
And fain would find a token, in the brakes
She casts a kiss—and lo! a rose unfurled.

—DURAND HALSEY VAN DOCEN.
Williams Literary Monthly, November, 1911.

SHADOWS

Mooncast, upon the smooth, paved road the shadows lie,
Leaves interlaced with leaves, sprayed by the branchéd elms,
Stillness in motion suspended,
Whispers in silence caught,
With shadows the day is ended,
Phantoms of that day's thought.

—ELIZABETH HUGHES HOLLOWAY, 1913.
Vassar Miscellany, November, 1911.

Bowdoin has entered a three-cornered debating league of which the other members will be Wesleyan and New York University.

The honor of having the largest "co-ed" enrollment among co-educational institutions, is claimed by the University of Nebraska with 1785 women students.

The Glee Club of the U. of Wisconsin took a trip along the Pacific coast during the Christmas vacation. The trip was made in a private car at the cost of about \$6,000.

The institution of a chapel at the University of Wisconsin is advocated as a solution of some of the problems with which the university has to deal. The chapel service is urged because it is believed that it would instill dignity into the life of the student body. Over-emphasis is now laid upon dramatics and military drill and tactics, and the classroom work is acknowledged poor. Some vital source of inspiration is needed to overcome their inefficiency in oratory, debating, and athletics.

There and There

A STUDY IN WORDS

You cannot cure hams with a hammer.
You cannot weigh grams with a grammar;
Mend socks with a socket;
Build docks with a docket;
Or gather up clams with a clamor.

You cannot pick locks with a pickle;
You can't cure the sick with a sickle;
Pluck figs with a figment;
Drive pigs with a pigment;
Or make your watch tick with a tickle.

You can't make a mate of your mater;
You can't get a crate from a crater;
Catch moles with a molar;
Makes rolls with a roller;
But waits may be caused by a waiter.

You cannot raise crops with a cropper;
You can't shave your chops with a chopper;
Break nags with a nagger;
Shoot stags with a stagger;
Or pop to a girl with a popper.

—*Clipping.*

It is said that men are capable of loving two or three simultaneously, but that women love tandem, even though they change teams often.

Heard in chemistry last year.

“That was a bang-up experiment—the one Miss W— was doing when the apparatus blew up.”

Sixty-one students were sent to this country the past year by the government of China. They have not gone as formerly chiefly to Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but to different colleges. There are sixteen at the University of Michigan, thirteen at the University of Wisconsin, eight at the University of Illinois, five at the Colorado School of Mines, five at Cornell, three at Purdue, three at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, two at the University of California, two at Harvard and one at each of the following: Michigan College of Mines, University of Virginia, Columbia and Johns Hopkins University.

"Are you going to college or simply to classes?"—*The Collegian*.



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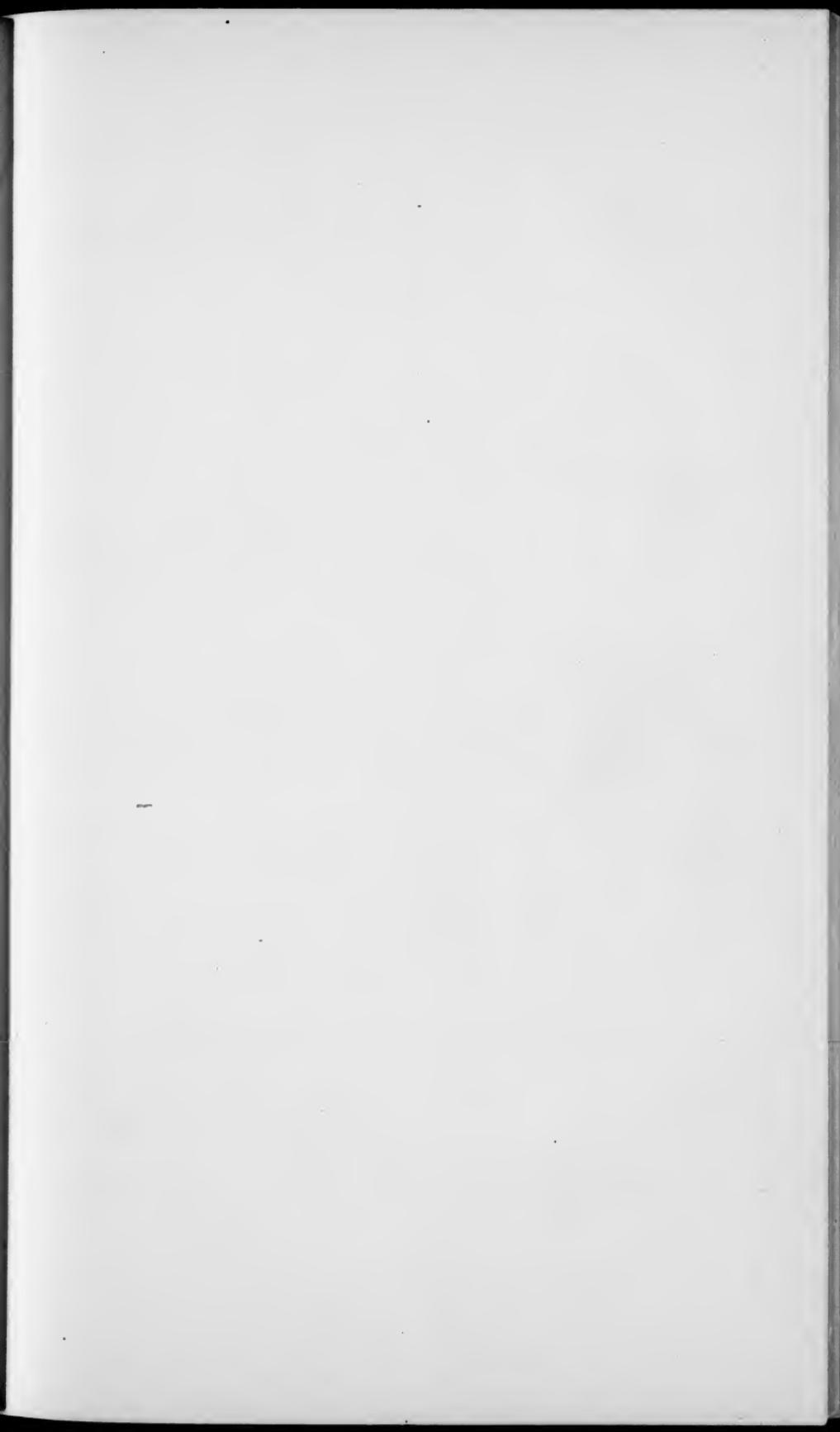
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LEWISTON, MAINE



The Storm

JUNE ATKINSON, '12

The sun grows dim; the sky is overcast;
Dull mutt'rings break upon the startled ear;
A deep, weird gloom pervades the atmosphere;
Brown leaves, blown o'er the meadow, scurry fast;
The air is rife with rumblings, hoarse; the vast
Winds wrestle with the tempest, while the mere
Moans loud; fierce hurls the lightning his sharp spear,
Then, lo! the sun bursts forth, the storm is past.
So, often in the calmness of a life
Do bitter, chill misgivings stir the heart
And clouds of passion blacken overhead,
Till all the wild emotions are in strife;
But hope beams forth to soften sorrow's dart;
The seething tumult of the soul has fled.

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Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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LEWISTON, ME., MARCH, 1912

No. 3

Entered at the Post Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter

THE TWO VOICES

ALETHA ROLLINS, '13

It was a dismal, dreary day in the latter part of October. The sky was overcast and gray, low-hanging clouds threatened an autumn storm. The leafless trees along the shabby village street stretched their gaunt arms against the dull sky and mournfully swayed as the wind howled thru them with a melancholy, long-drawn wail. Along Skinner Street the dust and dead leaves whirled in eddying clouds. The whirling dust did not conceal from the curious villagers, who passed by, a fluttering lavender ribbon and a green wreath, hung on the door of Esau Hawkins' little one-story cottage.

For sixty year this little cottage and its occupant had been objects of curiosity in the village, and the crepe hanging on the door did not lessen their interest. There was no question as to who was dead, for only one person had lived in this cottage in the memory of the inhabitants. That person was Old Esau Hawkins. Of course the "Old" wasn't really a part of his name, but no one could remember when Esau had not been old in appearance as well as in name. So, "Old Esau" he was to everyone, but the "Old" implied more than age to most of the villagers. The ill-mannered children thought it a good taunting prefix and they called out after him,

"Old Esau Hawkins
Don't wear no stockins'."

Indeed, Old Esau didn't wear any stockings, and only a part of a pair of shoes. Winter and summer, year after year, he slouched about in sandals that looked worn enough to have been the cast-off property of some ancient Egyptian.

The mature people of the village regarded Old Esau with various sentiments. Some of the more superstitious regarded the shaggy-bearded old man as a veritable wizard, and told strange tales about his prowling about the woods at night, collecting magic herbs. Old Esau seldom went out during the day, and this fact, of course, contributed to the mystery.

Many and many a time he had been seen walking slowly and stealthily round his house in the dead of night, uttering a queer, half-audible chant which was generally considered to be a nocturnal conversation with the spirits. Other strange, uncanny stories had been narrated about the black cats that came from all parts of the village at certain new moons and held midnight concerts on the old man's roof, and about strange lights that twinkled about the yard like fairy lanterns. Some declared that they had heard the old man talking and singing inside his house when they could see him walking outside. If you had asked these good people for any proofs of these strange happenings, they would doubtless have been at a loss to give them to you, but, nevertheless, they firmly believed them. At all events, the taunting children dared not taunt at night, nor did they dare to pass the house, except on the opposite side of the street. Less superstitious people declared that Old Esau was merely an eccentric old miser, although where he could get money to hoard, since he had never been known to work in sixty years, was an open question.

One thing, however, was known to be true—that he liked to sing and that he did sing almost continuously. He amused himself in this innocent way since he had no company, except an old woman, who occasionally came from another village to see him, who, by the way, was more or less an object of curiosity herself. Day after day Esau's cracked old voice could be heard singing various old songs and hymns, but most frequently it was

"Love of Jesus all divine
Fill this longing heart of mine."

There was at times in the old voice sincerity and feeling that was pathetic, but usually the voice sounded forth monotonously with a careless, lifeless, metallic ring to it.

Now Old Esau was dead and the mystery of his life unsolved. Although his house had been free from company during his life, it certainly was not deserted on the afternoon of his funeral. The village people gathered, sad to say, mostly from pure curiosity. Each one entered with an awed feeling that grew upon him as he looked at the corpse of the friendless old man lying in its coffin. For the first time the people experienced a feeling other than curiosity toward Old Esau. They pitied him now because of his former loneliness, but what fascinated them all was the mystery of his life. Solemnly the minister spoke:

"We know little of the life of this man who has just passed to a land we know not of, but we feel certain that according to his own belief he has lived worthily and well. Often have I heard him singing the sweet old hymns of the church, and especially did he like to sing the hymn beginning, 'Love of Jesus—' The familiar cracked old voice of the man lying in the coffin took up the words, 'Love of Jesus all divine,' and finished the hymn.

The minister's hands which were holding the Bible dropped to his sides, and his face became as white as that of the corpse before him. A deathly silence took possession of the people, while a startled "Heaven keep us" broke from the lips of an old deacon. All eyes were turned upon the dead man's face, but he lay motionless with unspeaking lips. Still the quavering voice went on. The assembly drew back in horror. Could it be Old Esau's spirit singing at his funeral? Wide-eyed the people gazed and yet another shiver of horror ran over them when a curtain behind the coffin trembled and drew slightly back. An involuntary groan came from them as they gazed in fascinated stupor at the waving curtain. Three times it drew partly back and fell again with an uncanny motion that struck terror to their hearts. The minister dropped on his knees and began to pray. After an almost interminable time, as it seemed to the waiting assembly, the curtain drew aside and disclosed in a corner a graphophone and beside it—the mysterious woman from the neighboring village. In a few words she explained the episode as a whim of the half-crazy old man who had made her promise to carry it out for him. One by one the people departed, satisfied that the mystery of Old Esau Hawkins was solved.

MEMORY

FLORENCE A. RIDEOUT, 1912

When slow the ling'ring daylight fades away,
And rosy tints grow softly pale and dim,
When twilight sheds o'er all its pearly gray,
And night steals up o'er distant mountain rim,
The spell of other days, the soft gloom flings
Around me close—and memory low sings.

A still, cool, winding lane o'erhung with trees;
An orchard fragrant with the flow'rs of June;
A sunny meadow green; a warm, sweet breeze
That through the tree-tops croons a drowsy tune,
And 'mid my dreaming gently seems to wing
The tender chords for memory to sing;

A laughing brook that, sparkling, tinkles clear,
And feath'ry sprays of maiden-hair so frail,
At sunset chains of fairy gems appear,
All set in gold and hid in fairy dale,—
Thus, dreaming, all the dainty woodland things,
I see again—while Memory low sings.

But now the soft, gray robe of summer night
Hides all my sunny dreams with darkness faint—
Yet bathes anew with quiv'ring, silver light
The long, dim barn and farmhouse, old and quaint,
And from the wood the whip-poor-will clear rings
His sad refrain—as Memory low sings.

That happy, loving group I see once more,
And one that now we long in vain to see.
Ah! teach me, Jesus, from the days of yore.
Like him we loved, more pure, more strong to be,
Till those each one to time shall gently bring—
And Memory will no more need to sing.

"THE CITY OF FAR-OFF DREAMS"

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

It was as yet early in the day; the sky overhead was a deep turquoise blue, flecked by little fleecy cloudlets. Along a broad, well-kept highway, which wound in and out among cool groves of towering coniferous trees, and at times passed by fresh-looking country villas, surrounded by well-clipped hedges, a young man was striding vigorously. As he tramped along, now singing snatches of song, now whistling in joyful mimicry of the song-birds, singing their matins in the overhanging boughs, he glanced round about and above him, and the spirit of the new-born day stole into his heart and made him glad.

By and by he came unto a spot where a broad byway, emerging from a deep forest, joined the highway along which he was journeying. He sat down upon a mossy bank to rest him for a little space, and to watch a pair of squirrels, which were frisking about in the overhanging branches, and chattering gaily to each other concerning the coming nut-crop.

So absorbed was he in observing their antics, that he was not aware of the approach of another man, also of youthful years, who emerged from the byway and came toward the spot where he was sitting. This man, even as the first, came on with rapid, vigorous strides; but he kept his gaze fixed upon the ground, and glanced furtively along the road, as if he were searching for something. When now he had come to the spot where the first was tarrying, he caught sight of him, and paused, with a little involuntary gesture of surprise. He perceived the other's abstraction and made as if to pass him by; but after having taken several steps, he paused, and, turning suddenly about, accosted him who sat by the wayside.

"Good morrow, sir; whither art thou bound?" said he. The other, startled thus abruptly from his reverie, roused himself and spake as follows: "Friend, I am set out in quest of a city, wherein all are brothers; are equal; a city wherein one may live, love, and toil for his fellow-men, and they for him; but, in sooth, I know not by what name it may be called. Hast thou, in thy comings and goings, heard aught of it?"

"Nay," answered the second, the new-comer, "I have not heard rumor it; but I, too, am journeying in quest of a certain city. I have heard it called the 'City of Far-Off Dreams.' I have been told that it is a place wherein lie riches and high estate, to be gained by him who striveth for them; also is power and fame, granted to the toiler. Perchance it is the same city of which thou hast but now spoken."

"I know not," replied the first, "I have never heard it so mentioned; but let us together go in quest of it. As thou sayest, it may be the city for which we are both seeking."

And they both set out again in quest of the far-famed "City of Far-off Dreams." As they trudged along, they commented upon the surrounding country. Said the first:

"Those pine forests are beautiful and green, and inviting to the weary traveler. How straight stand the trees, like sentinels at their posts."

Said the second: "Much gold would the owner have, if he were only wise enough to sell his woodland for lumber."

And again, as they were passing a large pasture wherein were many head of cattle, they spoke. Said the first:

"How picturesque the cattle look, as they wander here and there, cropping the tender grass, or stand knee-deep in the cool, swift-running rivulet."

"It is a valuable herd—much money will the cattle bring, when they have fallen before the ax of the butcher," quoth the second.

And thus they fared onward, now chatting, and now absorbed, each one in his own thoughts. Anon the way became narrow and steep; rough rocks and loose pebbles strewed it, and here and there it was crossed by deep ditches where the early spring freshet had washed away the loose-lying sands. The country about them became dreary, desert-like, boulder-strewn. Overhead, the sun, now approaching the zenith, enveloped in a coppery haze, shot its fierce rays down upon them, as they toiled onward, now stumbling over a loose stone, now over-stepping a deep washout in the road-bed. The second comer became querulous; he complained of the heat, and of the discomforts which he was experiencing, and cursed the roughness of the way. But

the first laughed, whistled, and sang, and said that after all it was good to be alive.

At length they came out upon an eminence from which they beheld, afar off, a city lying in the lap of a fertile valley. The atmosphere above it was clear and untainted by any murky smoke-fumes from towering factory and mill stacks. The little cottages nestled down, outlined in clear white against the green grass of the rich bottom land. They descended the long slope, and hastened onward, toward it; for each said in his heart: "Perchance it is my 'City of Far-Off Dreams' of which I am in quest."

As they were thus hastening along, they chanced upon an old man, who was slowly making his way, leaning for support upon an oaken staff.

The first accosted him as follows:

"Good Morrow, my friend. Canst thou tell to me the name of yonder city?"

But the second, abruptly interrupting the first, eagerly made question of the venerable man:

"Sir, is there aught of wealth or power to be gained therein?"

The old man paused, and, leaning heavily upon his oaken staff, slowly replied:

"God's greeting to ye, fair sirs! Our city hath no name, but yet we who dwell therein are happy with our lot, and are glad, among us to call its name, 'Content.' For there the loaf and wine are shared equally with the wayfarer, whoever he may be, or whatever be his condition." And turning to the second questioner: "There be no riches to be gained therein, but only the riches of hope, of peace, and of love."

So they thanked the old man, and went their way, each thinking deeply in his heart; and thus they came nigh to the outskirts of the city. When now, at length, they were nigh unto the place, the first turned unto the second and spoke in the following wise:

"Carest thou to enter the city, friend?"

But the second, raising not his glance from the ground, made answer: "In sooth, sir, this cannot be the city in quest of which I am journeying; there be neither riches nor power to be gained therein."

And so they parted. The first entered within, loved, laughed, and was happy in the service of his fellows; but the second passed around outside the city, and fared further in his quest for the city wherein lay wealth and power—the “City of His Far-Off Dreams.” And I often wonder which of these two found the city. I am sometimes perplexed; but I think in my heart that it was he who loved, laughed, sang, and served his fellows!

BURR'S ILLUMINATION

(Continued from the February number)

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

A snake slowly uncoiled itself, raised its head a few inches into the burning air, and then, with an eye half-blinded by the glare of the sun, began its way to a hole near by, in the depths of which was coolness that no person found. Now and then a “Thousand Legs” came out of his hole, half way, and then, finding it hotter out-of-doors, quickly disappeared into the hot sand again. A “Sand Flea,” toiling laboriously, at last gave up his determination and burrowed his bigness out of sight into the ground.

As the last foot of snake disappeared into the sand, a short, piercing shriek, repeated twice, broke the stillness. The effect was electrical. Six feet, nine inches, of human being unwound itself from the shade of the little station, and, hitching up its belt, came out to the edge of the platform to send a deluge of tobacco juice at the oncoming train.

A stopping train might easily arouse excitement. San Martine in the Guadalupe foothills was scarcely more than a watering station and, even then, engines seemed to prefer the water at Gomez, twelve miles farther east, so that few people, generally speaking, knew that San Martine was on the map.

Miles away the engine was fairly flying over the sand-strewn rails, drawing its train of cars after it with little regard for their

safety. The man on the platform saw the distance lessen until the engine grew larger and larger, finally stopped, towering above the station, and panted with impatience to be off again. Two or three "bangs," another scream from the engine, a slam from a vestibule door, and two trunks and three people had been deposited on the platform.

A rapid survey of the little station, the miles of hot sand from which mirage floated upward, and the mountains rising in the distance, was not reassuring to the newcomers. Dorris Martin turned to find herself quite as interestedly surveyed by the tall, awkward Westerner. Her first impression made her wish the fast disappearing train could be made to come back after her, and then she began to wonder why she had let herself be dragged into such a country even if her dearest chum, Evelyn Southy, had made elaborate plans for a month's stay on her brother's oil farm.

The reception committee came forward, one hand full of hat, the other extended in true Western cordiality. Six Feet Nine Inches began negotiations with Professor Martin.

"I take it you're the three that's goin' up to Southy's?"

Upon being assured that he had the right conception of the situation, he started toward the rear of the station from whence he presently emerged with a pair of mules and a rattling buckboard.

"Southy couldn't come down himself and this here's the only kind of a hossless carriage I can steer," he apologized.

"If Cecil thinks we're going to ride up in that rig, he's much mistaken," stormed Evelyn. "That's a pretty way to receive us. You go up and tell him to come down with a civilized wagon. We'll stay here in the station until he comes."

"Of course, Miss, it's just as you say, but it's a good eight miles, and he's pretty busy these days," and then as she turned away, added meekly, "I'll take the trunks."

As the buckboard rattled away in the hot dust, Evelyn led her guests into the station where the heat was even greater than in the full sun. Gradually, she began to realize that her brother had not shown any particular enthusiasm about her coming out in the first place, and anger, for a moment, made her forgetful of Dorris and her father.

She turned toward them to offer some sort of apology in his behalf, but a welcome sound of a stuttering motor from without saved her the speech, and the three hurried eagerly out upon the platform. A disappointment sat in the auto for, instead of Southy, a stranger, in serviced plainsman's clothes, was applying the brakes. To Dorris, the machine seemed to have a familiar outline, but then—of course, there were many of the same type.

Before any mention could be made of hiring the services of the providential stranger, he offered them respectfully, and soon the little station was alone again. The artificial breeze dispersed the sun's heat, and the people in the car soon forgot that they had been sweltering but a few minutes before.

The road suddenly began to rise and wind away into the hills, following along a ridge, on each side of which was nothing but bare ledge and scrub foliage. It was a barren waste of rock and sand piled together in great disorder.

Dorris startled herself and the others with an involuntary exclamation, "What a lonely place for a man to spend his life in."

"Yes, of course, it is strangely lonesome for us," Evelyn replied, "but then, you know Cecil does not intend to spend the rest of his life in this place. The country is prettier up beyond."

A few minutes more brought to their view a tableland and in the distance they could make out the towers and tanks of oil works. As they drew nearer, the confusion of it all began to take on some form, and they could make out the streets and little houses at the foot of the towers. Everything seemed to be greased, as they passed by tank after tank, near by which were the never-ceasing pumps. No man seemed to have any spare time, and few could be found who were not busily engaged in some sort of work.

Behind a bend in the road they saw a different sort of country. In the immediate foreground was a large, peaceful house surrounded by well-kept, shady grounds. Dorris noticed with pleasure the deep verandah which ran completely around the house, and, beyond that, the garden and flower beds lost in the shade farther back. In a few minutes the party had stopped by the gate and Evelyn turned to inquire of the stranger,

"To whom are we indebted for this service?"

"Boni Frostworth," the man replied, "I'm exercising the thing for him," and began to turn around.

As they went up the walk, Cecil's sister exclaimed to herself, "The impudence!" Dorris wondered if "Boni" was Texan for "Burr," or merely a misuse of Latin with good intent. The Professor was wise and satisfied.

Dinner that night was a farce, so far as Cecil Southy was concerned, and he hurried off as soon as he could, leaving his sister to make amends for his actions on the grounds of pressing business.

Later in the evening, as the three newcomers sat in the big piazza enjoying the night air, the magnitude of the West seized Dorris. Away across the valley a single house was lighted. Down below, directly in front of the house, she saw the dim outlines of the towers projected against the mountains rising beyond. Miles upon miles was the radius of the circle of vision, and the thought that this vast territory was but a very small part of it all, made her see something of the greatness of the country. More than this, she knew that out there somewhere Burr Frostworth was enjoying the evening, a part of the big country not given over to trivial matters but concerned mainly with things that only men could execute. She fell to wondering how she could speak to him, if by any chance they should meet during her month in dangerous country. Would it be better not to let him know she had seen him two months ago, or to try to make some reparation for the things he had heard them say of him? Well, she remembered the contempt she had seen in the glare of the lamp, and in some way she felt small and inconsequential beside a man who could scorn his accusers. It might be very probable that he would not give her more than a nod of recognition, if they should meet. Perhaps he was as willing to let her hate as to do anything else. As she thought more and more of all these possibilities and probabilities, a feeling came over her that she was indeed in an alien country. Burr was too much occupied with his greater life for any thought of her and Cecil ("Bah! What a name") unscrupulous enough to take any means for the ends, one of which she felt herself to be. Somehow she grew to feel that Evelyn had planned her western visit for a definite purpose, and when she

followed her father into the house that night, Dorris was a most unhappy little girl.

Some time later in the night she was awakened from her drowsy sleep by voices down under her window by the front gate. The first she understood clearly was:

"You do the square thing to-morrow, Southy, or you may find yourself in a deep hole."

There was no mistaking that voice. It was the quiet, forceful voice of a man who knows his ground and that he speaks the truth. Though the greatest issue might be at stake, Burr Frostworth never let his voice rise above the tone of ordinary conversation, but he could be forceful.

Dorris went quickly to the heavily curtained window and strove to catch the rest of the conversation. The excited, irrational voice of Cecil Southy came up to her.

"What's the use, Frostworth, of all this fuss? You know I've got you, and, with the invention that'll be declared to-morrow, I can draw your oil through the side of an iron pipe. Your property that you've worked so hard to get away from me won't be worth anything."

"Hastn't it occurred to you, Southy, that you are committing a crime?" questioned the steady voice. "That belongs to me and you know it."

"Oh, well," Southy answered, "You've taken every means you could to buy up the oil country here, and now I'll pay you back for it. You can't prove anything, and, even if you could, you haven't enough money to put it through. You might as well throw down your hand."

"Look here, Southy," Burr exclaimed, I haven't taken any unfair means to secure property here. If you preferred the charm of a woman's eye in the East to your finances here, it was no fault of mine. A man has to work once in a while, you know. Whether I've money enough to develop this thing or not has no bearing on this question."

"You're hanging to the last straw, Frostworth, and let me tell you it's a blamed thin one," Cecil replied with finality as he started up the steps. "I guess you can't endure seeing the girl slip through your fingers, but I've got her," he flung back from the top of the steps.

"There are some men who are not ruled by women, Southy," Burr fairly snarled. Then to himself as he cranked the machine, "I'll make a plank of the straw and bust it over your infernal head to-morrow."

There was a familiarity about that chugging off there in the darkness, and, even after she had ceased to hear it, Dorris sat looking in the direction it had gone toward the house across the valley. Just why she sat and watched she could not have told. Burr's heated reply burned in her mind and she felt as though a blow had fallen on her head. She might have known, she thought, that the man placed his work above everything else, and that in the coming fight there would be no woman. Resentment at her own feelings swelled up within her. Why should she feel such a surprise at Burr's exclamation? Why should it make any difference whether women were concerned with him or not? Why—a good many things as she sat there alone in the dark?

Across the valley a light appeared in one of the upper windows, burned a few minutes, and then went out. Dorris rose silently and returned to bed wishing that her mother might have heard the conversation on the steps.

The next morning when she came down stairs, Frostworth's car stood by the gate, alone. Evelyn soon joined Dorris with,

"Cecil says we are to take the horses into the hills to-day, Dorrie, it's so lovely."

Dorris scarcely realized that it was some seconds before she replied, but her mind was busy in the meantime.

"And so," she thought, "Cecil doesn't want us around here to-day. He may have to have us just the same, though."

It did not occur to her that she and Evelyn really did not have any part in the day's proceedings, and she could not tell why she revolted Cecil's plans for a pleasant day in the hills. She reviewed, feverishly, symptoms of a plausible, sudden malady—headaches were too hackneyed—but when the two girls had reached the table she had not found any, and could not but accede to horseback.

As they sat down, Professor Martin and Burr came out of the house and down to the car together. Dorris felt a new hope. At least, her father was going to have some part in the affair, and she tipped the sizzling teakettle on her bare arm with desired results, in increasing degree.

(To be concluded)

Editorial- STUDENT

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In the November issue of THE STUDENT, editorial comment was made upon the treatment which the Bates men suffered at the hands of the students of one of our sister colleges, the University of Maine. The situation was such as to call forth no inconsiderable amount of righteous indignation on the part of the Bates men. The better spirit of the aggressive college prevailed, however, and apologies were received by several Bates representatives. There has been good evidence to show that the spirit of the football enthusiasts is not the spirit of the college as a whole. Maine has, indeed, given better testimony than any written apologies can convey, to the fact that no deliberate malice lay behind her offense. The Bates men, who had the pleasure of being entertained at Orono during the recent Y. M. C. A. Conference, bear unanimous testimony concerning the attitude of courtesy and good-feeling, which the Maine men bore toward them, during their brief stay in their halls.

A Y. M. C. A. Conference is essentially the place where the spirit of good-fellowship should prevail, where the men of rival colleges meet on common ground and equal terms, united by a bond which defies all rivalry and dissension, yet it is pleasant to feel that the courtesy shown our men at Maine was not prompted solely by the pervading atmosphere of the convention, that it is something permanent.

We hope so at least, for Bates stands ready to meet her sister colleges half way on the ground of intercollegiate good-fellowship. She knows when she is insulted, but she knows when to overlook an injury, and she is able to appreciate advances made by the others in the common cause.

A census taken recently at Dartmouth, showed that 52 per cent. of the Sophomores, 60 per cent. of the Juniors, and 84 per cent. of the Seniors, smoke. This shows the tendency of college life in the case of the average man.

Berlin University has 9,700 students, while Columbia, our largest, has only 7,600.

Bible study at the University of Pennsylvania is becoming more popular every year. Statistics which have just been completed show that a total of 866 men are enrolled in the various Bible classes conducted by the Christian Association of the University. There are sixty-two groups of classes; twenty-five of these meet in various dormitory houses and have a total enrollment of 280; nineteen, in class-rooms, with a total enrollment of 227; twelve, in fraternity houses, with a total of 235; three, in churches, with a total of fifty students. Besides these, Dr. Arthur Holmes, of the Department of Psychology, has a class of fifty; several personal workers have an enrollment of seventeen; then there is a Chinese group of seven.



Local



Campus Notes Lenora Webber, '12, who has passed the winter in Florida, has returned to college.

Margaret A. Ballard has been called home for an indefinite period, because of the illness of her father.

Shirley J. Rawson, '14, is teaching for a few weeks in the South Paris grammar school.

The Polymnia Literary Society is to hold its banquet, which comes every fourth year, March 22. Here is an inducement to the laggards to pay up back dues.

The Jordan Scientific Society has recently adopted a pin emblematic of the sciences.

Tungsten lights have been put recently in to the place of the ordinary electric light bulbs in the reading and reception rooms of Parker Hall. The change is very acceptable.

Harold T. Roseland, '12, has been confined with an attack of mumps.

Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, has returned to college from Maine Central Institute, where she has been teaching for several weeks.

G. G. Nilsson, '15, and E. L. Saxton, '15, have had attacks of appendicitis recently. Nilsson has been operated upon successfully.

Ellen Libby, '14, has returned after some weeks of school-teaching.

The class of 1912 elected Fritz Jecusco, '12, to take the place of Fred H. Kierstead, in his part, "Prophecy for Boys."

A meeting of the Bates Round Table was held

Faculty Notes Feb. 9, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Halbert H. Britan, College Street, with a large number of the members present.

The chief speaker of the evening was Dean Woodhull, her subject being, "The Dual Spirit of the Renaissance." By various

illustrations she showed the sharp conflict between the two ideals, that of love for the external beauty and that of lofty spiritual ideals. Miss Woodhull spoke of the characteristics of many artists, showing how they depict this conflict. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

Mrs. George M. Chase was the presiding officer. A violin solo was given by Miss Miriam Birdseye. Refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed at the close of the evening.

The annual guest night of the Bates Round Table, in the Fiske reception room, Rand Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 24, was a delightful affair.

In the receiving line were Prof. L. G. Jordan, Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, Prof. and Mrs. G. E. Ramsdell, Miss Woodhull, and Miss Birdseye. Prof. Ramsdell presided over the program. Two piano solos were given by Miss Angie Starbird. Dr. A. W. Anthony gave a very strong and interesting address on "The Universal Ties of Friendship." A violin solo by Hubert Davis, Bates, '12, closed the program.

Light refreshments were served from tables attractively decorated in the Bates garnet.

Alumni and alumnae of Bates College turned out in goodly numbers, Feb. 9, for the 28th annual banquet of their New England Association. Senator C. E. Milliken, '97, of the Maine Senate, presided, and addresses were made by President George C. Chase, Prof. James A. Howe, formerly dean of the divinity school, and others. President Chase spoke on Bates College and its work in relation to service, saying that "the present age is disclosing to men and women of the colleges new ways of service of which earlier graduates never dreamed. We are here to rejoice that Bates has grown from the handful of students that greeted Professor Stanton, when he stepped upon our barren campus 47 years ago, to a student body of nearly 500, and from two unfinished buildings to a group of 14, soon to be increased by a beautiful chapel."

Officers were elected as follows: President, Dudley L. Whitmarsh, '85; Vice-President, W. Lewis Parsons; Secretary, Richard B. Stanley, '97.

President Chase returned, Saturday, Feb. 10, from New York, where he has been in the interests of the college and more especially concerning the gift of \$50,000 which has been recently donated for a new chapel. In speaking of this gift, President Chase said that besides the \$50,000 for the erection of the chapel the same person gave enough money for an organ. The name of the donor is to be withheld until the building is completed and then made public.

President Chase has set for himself the task of raising a fund of \$500,000 for the following purposes: \$50,000 for a chapel already subscribed and in the hands of the treasurer; \$100,000 for a new gymnasium; and \$350,000 for additional endowment. He finds no little prejudice against a gymnasium among people who are able to give, because these same people confuse health conditions and a gymnasium as the means of the same, with the excitement of large athletic sports.

President Chase left immediately for New York to attend a luncheon given by Bates graduates in that vicinity.

He finds it necessary to be away from Lewiston the greater part of the time in the interests of the college.

Post Examination Jubilee Saturday evening, February 10, about fifty of the men of the college gathered in the chapel of Roger Williams Hall for a post-examination jubilee, which took the form of an indoor track meet. All the men present were assigned to colleges, and the contests were intended to be ludicrous. The peanut and apple vender supplied the refreshments free of cost. A pleasant evening was passed, and everyone went away feeling that the Y. M. C. A. social committee had given him a good time.

Jordan Scientific Society Prof. C. C. Hutchins of Bowdoin lectured before the members of the Jordan Scientific Society, on the evening of Monday, February 12. His subject was "Light Effects in the Atmosphere." Prof. Hutchins took up and explained many of the common light phenomena. His lecture was not only exceedingly interesting,

but also highly instructive. After the lecture, there was a general discussion of light, Prof. Hutchins kindly answering questions.

Tuesday evening, February 29, the Jordan Scientific Society met. John R. Tucker, '12, delivered a paper upon, "The Uncovering of the Maine." Mr. Tucker gave an outline of the government's methods in exposing the wreck, and showed how the cause of the disaster was evident. Charles C. Knights read a paper upon, "Petroleum and its Products." Mr. Knights explained the methods of distillation and purification of our oils.

The third of a series of merry social affairs

Senior Party was given on Wednesday evening, February 21, to the Seniors, in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Anthony, of College street who were assisted in entertaining with Prof. and Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Royce Purinton, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Leonard, Miss Mabel Marr, and Mr. J. P. Jewell. Throughout the evening, games and music were enjoyed. The dining table decorations were suggestive of Washington's birthday; a dainty picnic lunch was served.

A merry snowshoe party was enjoyed Thurs-

Snowshoe Party day evening, February 29, by those members of the senior class who have been taking Zoölogy. The night was excellent, and the snowshoeing good; the only thing that marred the pleasure of the affair was the fact that Prof. Fred E. Pomeroy, who was to have been the guest of honor, was unable to accompany the party. Miss Nola Houdlette, Bates, '11, graduate assistant in Biology, was a guest. The party started at seven P.M. from Cheney House and snowshoed to Montello Farm. Here, through the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, the trampers enjoyed an oyster stew, apple pie with whipped cream, coffee, apples, and pop-corn. After some singing, the party snowshoed back to the campus. There were present, Leo Blaisdell, Ernest Brunquist, Albert Buck, Frank Nevers, Clair Turner, Miss Nola Houdlette, Belle Twombly, Ruth Humiston, Helen Deering and Mary Morse.

**Freshman
Snowshoe Party**

Tuesday evening, March 5, several members of the Freshman Class enjoyed a snowshoe tramp. They started from the campus at about half-past seven, and returned several hours later to Ross's Inn, where a delicious oyster stew was served. Those in the party were Misses Googins, Wadsworth, Durgan, Bartlett, Smith, Hooper, Rideout, and Irish; and Messrs. Horne, Mansfield, G. B. Moulton, Talbot, Harvey, Witham, Davis and Carey. Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Oldham chaperoned the party.

The Girls' Dance

On the afternoon of March 2, the girls of the college, under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis, instructor in physical training, gave an exhibition of aesthetic work, in Fiske Hall, to the ladies of the faculty and friends. Miss Davis interestingly explained the history of physical training and pointed out the value and beauty of it. Then, to introduce the dancing, she told what the folk dances mean to the different nations. Each class of girls wore the costumes peculiar to their dance. The Freshmen were dressed in eighteenth century costumes; the Sophomores in black and white German peasant costumes; the juniors in Scotch kilts and caps; and the seniors, in dainty colored Grecian robes. The dances were given with a precision and grace that delighted everyone.

**Reception to Miss
Hazel Woodhull**

Saturday evening, March 2, a pleasant reception, which took the form of an entertainment, was given at Rand Hall in honor of Miss Hazel Woodhull, Dean Woodhull's niece. A delightful program was presented, consisting of vocal solos by Bessie Hart, '12; Ada Rounds, '12; Claramay Purington, '12; Verna Corey, '13; and Helen George, '14; violin solos by Miss Miriam Birds-eye, and Hubert P. Davis, '12; a reading, "Young Lochinvar," by Dean Woodhull; singing, by a chorus, of Kaphoosalem; and pantomime by a group of students. Refreshments of ice cream, cake, and candies, were served, after which a social hour was enjoyed.

Parker Hall Fire At about 12.30 A.M., Monday, February 26, a fire was discovered in Parker Hall. Two alarms were rung in at the corner of Wood and Skinner Streets, but the second alarm was not necessary. The auto-chemical made good time in getting to the Hall and with the volunteer brigade soon had the flames out. The fire started in room 4, in the suite occupied by Elliott Bosworth, '13, Francis Reagan, '14, and George M. McCloud, '15. According to official figures, the damage done by the fire amounted to \$198.76. The Hall is valued at about \$25,000.

Intercollegiate Debates

The debate between Bates and Colgate will be held in Lewiston, May 6, and the debate with Clark, on the same evening, in Worcester.

The teams have not yet been chosen, but the six debaters are as follows: Wayne Davis, '12; H. H. Lowry, '12; H. W. Rowe, '12; C. E. Turner, '12; Wade Grindle, '13, and G. L. Cave, '13. The question will be the same in each debate: "*Resolved*: The Aldrich Plan of Banking and Currency Reform Should Be Adopted." The debate with Colgate will be the first meeting of the two institutions in a contest of any kind.

Sophomore Champion Debate

The teams for the annual Sophomore champion debate have been arranged. The debate will take place after the Easter recess, and will be upon some phase of the labor union question. The affirmative will be supported by George C. Marsden, Flora M. Lougee, and Arthur E. Tarbell; the negative by Donald B. Partridge, J. Roy Packard, and Helen J. Downs. The alternates will be Nicholas Andronis and William Tackaberry.

New Periodicals at Coram Library

American Youth; Association Men; Everybody's Magazine; Intercollegian; International Review of Missions; Journal of Biblical Literature; Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Methods; Journal of Religious Psychology; National Geographic Magazine; Rural Manhood; *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Publishers' Exhibit

Through the efforts of Professor R. R. N. Gould, and by the kindness of the publishers, there has been obtained for the college a publishers' exhibit of text-books commonly used in preparatory schools. It is thought that those students, who intend to take up teaching as a vocation, may gain a fairly good knowledge of good reference and class text-books by a study of those books that have been secured. The present exhibit, now occupying more than six shelves of the stack room, is only temporary, but a permanent exhibit is expected.

The following publishing companies are represented: The American Book Co.; The Macmillan Co.; Henry Holt and Co.; Ginn and Co.; Charles Scribner's Sons. There are text-books on the following subjects: Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Botany, Zo-ology, Geology, Agriculture, Physiology, Hygiene, Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, English, Commercial Geography, Commercial Correspondence, Civics, History of America, England, Rome, France, Greece, and the Eastern Nations.

Musical Clubs Roscoe C. Bassett, '12, has been elected leader of the Glee Club to take the place of Fred H. Kierstead, '12, who is away for the remainder of the year.

The Bates Musical Clubs expect to start on their Easter trip, March 29. They will hold concerts in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

Joint Concert Friday night, March 8, occurred the joint concert with the Bowdoin musical clubs. The concert was in every way a success. The large audience which packed City Hall received an unusually excellent musical program. Every number was encored vigorously. Especially good were the tenor solo of Mr. G. A. Tibbetts, leader of the Bowdoin Glee Club; the mandolin solo of Mr. Brunner, leader of the Bates Mandolin Club; the corner solo of Mr. Newell, of Bowdoin; and the violin solo of Mr. Herbert Davis,

of Bates. The violin solo of Mr. Davis was encored twice; for the second encore Mr. Davis played the "Slumber Song," which he executed with great success.

PROGRAM

1. "Song of Prince Rupert's Men"	<i>Thayer</i>
BOWDOIN GLEE	
2. "March Militaire"	<i>Boehm</i>
BATES BANJO	
3. Vocal Solo—"For You Alone"	<i>Gheel</i>
MR. TIBBETTS (Bowdoin)	
4. "Soldiers Chorus"	<i>Gounod</i>
From "Faust" Act. IV.	
BATES GLEE	
5. Mandolin Solo—"Caprice de Concert"	<i>Siegel</i>
MR. BRUNNER (Bates)	
6. "Dutch Kiddies"	<i>Trinkaus</i>
BOWDOIN MANDOLIN	
7. "Nottingham Hunt"	<i>Bullard</i>
BATES GLEE	
8. Cornet Solo	<i>Selected</i>
MR. NEWELL (Bowdoin)	
9. Waltzes from "The Pink Lady"	<i>Ivan Caryll</i>
BATES MANDOLIN	
10. Reading	<i>Selected</i>
MR. DAVIS (Bates)	
11. Violin Solo	<i>Selected</i>
MR. DAVIS (Bates)	
12. "Popular Medley"	<i>Trinkaus</i>
BOWDOIN MANDOLIN	
13. Finale—"Stein Song"	<i>Hovey</i>
(BATES-BOWDOIN)	

OFFICERS

Managers—L. S. Smith, Bates; Harold Ashey, Bowdoin.

Mandolin Club Leaders—A. E. Brunner, Bates; G. F. Cressey, Bowdoin.

Glee Club Leaders—R. C. Bassett, Bates; G. A. Tibbetts, Bowdoin.

**Freshman Prize
Declamations**

On Saturday afternoon, March 9, the annual prize declamations of the Freshman Class were held in the chapel. The college orchestra rendered music for the occasion. The declamations were of high order. Mabel C. Durgan and Ernest L. Saxton were the two successful speakers. The program was as follows:

	MUSIC	
	PRAYER	
	RESPONSE	
1. Retributive Justice	HOWARD MARSHALL WIGHT	<i>Corwin</i>
2. The Wooing of Hiawatha	RUTH MARION WHEELER	<i>Longfellow</i>
3. The Sumner Assault	CLARENCE ORMAN PERKINS	<i>Brooks</i>
4. The Trial Scene from Ivanhoe	GLADYS AMELIA MERRILL	<i>Scott</i>
	MUSIC	
5. How Much and How Little	ERNEST LEROY SAXTON	<i>Abbott</i>
6. Peter Patrick	GENEVA ADELLE PAGE	<i>Green</i>
7. Lincoln—A Man Called of God	FRANK SAMUEL HOY	<i>Thurston</i>
8. The Boy that was Scaret o' Dyin'	MABEL CUSHING DURGAN	<i>Sclossen</i>
	MUSIC	
9. The Mexican War	COSTAS STEPHANIS	<i>Corwin</i>
10. The One Hundred and Oneth	EDITH MAY RIDEOUT	<i>Wiggin</i>
11. Joan of Arc	GEORGE WASHINGTON CROOK	<i>De Quincy</i>
12. Talking Flags	IDA FLORINE KIMBALL	
13. Commemoration Address	LESLIE ROY CAREY	<i>Long</i>
	MUSIC	
	REPORT OF JUDGES	

Honorable Mention

GEORGE GORDON NILSSON

The Judges were: Dana S. Williams, L.L.D., Rev. H. P. Woodin, and Mrs. J. H. Rand. The Committee of Arrangements was: Leslie R. Carey, Florence M. Hooper, Charles H. T. Bayer.

Saturday afternoon, March 9, the Junior

Ivy Day Parts

Class held their election of the speakers to deliver the Ivy parts, Ivy Day, June 13. The following were elected: Oration, Harold C. Alley; "Co-Eds," Paul S. Nickerson; "Faculty," Wade L. Grindle; "Our Victories," Henry W. L. Kidder; Toast-Master, Carlton A. Dennis; Chaplain, John F. McDaniel; Class Ode, George H. Emmons; Ivy Day Poem, Grace J. Conner; Social Life, Bessie M. Atto; Boys, Edith A. George; Prophecy, Vera C. Cameron; Ivy Ode, Aletha Rollins.

At Rand Hall on the evening of March 9, the

Pageant

young ladies, assisted by members of the faculty, gave a pageant in an effort to secure money toward the \$500,000 fund, which President Chase is endeavoring to raise. The work of the young ladies showed careful preparation; their costumes had clearly called for both time and labor. The seasons of the year, the months, the days of the week, night, holidays, days of importance in the history of our country, and days of importance in our college course were represented. Dean Marianna Woodhull was in charge. Of the faculty those who took part were: Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Harts-horn, Mr. Samuel F. Harms, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham, Mr. John P. Jewell, Miss Ruth W. Davis, Miss Miriam Birdseye, Miss Nola Houdlette, and, last in the long procession, Father Time, Mr. Arthur E. Morse.



**State Y. M. C. A.
Convention**

Thirty-two Bates men went to Orono to attend the annual Students' Conference of Maine, which was held February 16-18. About three hundred and thirty men attended the banquet in Old-town City Hall. From this time on for two days each delegate found his time well occupied by addresses, and group conferences. The fraternity houses and private homes gave the visitors cordial hospitality. The speakers of the conference were: Harrison S. Elliott, David R. Porrter, James L. McConaughy, Thornton B. Penfield, all of New York City, and A. G. Cushman of Bates. Not only was inspiration gained by each man, but he received many practical ideas for doing more effective work in his association.

Harrison S. Elliott Harrison S. Elliott, one of the secretaries of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., recently visited Bates, coming directly from the State Conference at Orono. He spoke at morning chapel service, giving reasons for the study of the Bible by the college men of to-day. During the day, each of the committees of the Y. M. C. A. had a conference with Mr. Elliott. In the evening Mr. Elliott gave a very instructive and interesting illustrated lecture on "China, the New Republic." The pictures were arranged so as to bring out the old, and the new, China.

**Advisory
Committee
Y. M. C. A.**

Wednesday evening, February 28, at the business meeting of the Association, a constitutional amendment was adopted, which provides for an advisory board to consist of two faculty members; two students; two men outside the immediate college, one of these to be a Bates Alumnus; and the president and secretary of the Y. M. C. A. as *ex officio* member.

**Y. W. C. A.
Election**

Wednesday, March 6, at the Y. W. C. A. annual election of officers for the following year, the following officers were chosen:

President, Florence Day, '13.
Vice-President, Bessie Atto, '13.
Treasurer, Rena Fowler, '14.
Secretary, Mildred Bassett, '15.

After the election a social hour was spent, followed by a chafing dish luncheon.

**Y. M. C. A.
Election**

On the same evening the Y. M. C. A. elected their officers for the ensuing year: President, John F. McDaniel, '13; Vice-President, J. R. Packard, '14; Secretary, Kenneth Witham, '15; faculty members of the advisory board, Dr. H. R. Purinton and Mr. J. M. Carroll; city members, Mr. John L. Reade and Rev. C. H. Temple; student members, Wade Grindle, '13, and Karl Lee, '14; Treasurer, Dr. H. R. Purinton. The society then voted to extend Mr. A. G. Cushman a hearty vote of thanks for his services.

**Rev. Jerome C.
Holmes**

Rev. Jerome C. Holmes, '07, conducted the chapel service March 2. Mr. Holmes, of Hartford Theological Seminary, and Mr. W. W. Patton, of Andover Theological Seminary, met the men of the college, who are interested in active Christian work, for a short conference in Roger Williams Chapel, at 1.30. Mr. Patton made an appeal for strong men to consider the Christian ministry

for a life work. Mr. Holmes extended an invitation to attend the conference of theological students to be held at Hartford, Conn., March 22-24.

Vespers The Sunday afternoon meeting, February 11, in Libbey Forum, was addressed by the Rev.

A. W. Jefferson, D.D., of Portland, who talked on the theme, "Modern Religion." Mr. Jefferson showed that the religion of to-day is learned about on Sundays, but lived the other six days of the week.

At the Vesper service, Sunday, February 25, Rev. H. E. Dunnack, D.D., of Augusta, spoke upon the subject, "The Story of an Old College Picture," a picture showing a strong man helping a weaker man. This picture he applied to college conditions, making plain that the strong man in college should reach down to his weak brother and help him to firmer ground.

THE POSTERN GATE

There came a soul unto Heaven's gate,
And he shivered and sighed in his long, long wait;
For the path to Heaven is a narrow way;
And he had wandered far astray,—
Because he loved, forsooth.

True, he had wandered far astray,
For the path to Heaven is a narrow way,
And he shivered and sighed in his long, long wait;
Yet he entered at last (by the postern gate)
Because he loved, forsooth!

—OLIVER WOLCOTT TOLL,
Williams Literary Monthly, Feb., 1912.



George Brunner, '12, manager of the baseball **Baseball Schedule** team for Bates, has completed his schedule for the coming season. The schedule has been approved by the advisory board, as it now stands. It calls for 16 games, with one game pending. This year three new teams appear on the list, viz: Brown, Rhode Island State, and Fort McKinley. All of the games in Maine with the exception of the first game with U. of M., are championship games. The schedule:

April 20—University of Maine at Lewiston.
 April 23—Harvard at Cambridge.
 April 24—Brown at Providence.
 April 25—Rhode Island State at Kingston.
 April 27—Maine Centrals at Lewiston.
 May 1—Fort McKinley at Fort McKinley.
 May 4—New Hampshire State at Lewiston.
 May 8—University of Maine at Orono.
 May 11—(Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet).
 May 15—New Hampshire State at Durham.
 May 18—University of Maine at Lewiston.
 May 24—Tufts at Lewiston.
 May 25—Pending.
 May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
 June 1—Colby at Lewiston.
 June 7—Bowdoin at Brunswick.
 June 8—Colby at Waterville.

**Constitution
Revised**

Changes in customs and conditions have necessitated a revision of the constitution of the Athletic Association of Bates College. In the revision, provision will be made for awarding "Track B's" for cross-country running.

The following men have been chosen to revise the constitution:

R. C. Bassett, '12, Chairman.

V. S. Blanchard, '12.

W. P. Deering, '13.

C. A. Dyer, '14.

C. I. Anderson, '15.

A. W. Buck, President of the Association, will act as an *ex officio* member of the committee.

The managers of the track departments of the **Cross Country Run** four Maine colleges have unofficially endorsed a Maine Intercollegiate Cross-Country Run to take place next fall. It is expected that in April definite action will be taken in regard to such a run.

Assistant Manager At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Tuesday evening, February 27, John P. Cheever, '13, of Plainville, Mass., was elected assistant manager of baseball to take the place of Walter P. Deering, who has resigned.

Basketball This year the annual Freshman-Sophomore basketball game, which customarily has taken place on Washington's birthday, was dropped. It is the opinion of the faculty that basketball is too rough for an interclass contest, and stirs up bitter class feeling. There is much truth in this, but one cannot help regretting the omission of one of the interesting events of the year.

New Gymnasium Bates men of the future hope to have a better gymnasium here. They may not appreciate it, however, as much as might some of us here now. Within the last three years there have been three cases of blood-poisoning, due indirectly to the unprotected steam pipes. In the work in the gymnasium a man comes up against a steam pipe and is burned. From improper care infection takes place, and blood-poisoning is the result. There should be some method of guarding the steam pipes.

The Sophomore class recently elected William A. Baker, of Richmond, captain of their class track team.

The Freshmen elected Ernest L. Small, of Lewiston, captain of their track team.



1868.—President George C. Chase gave an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Bangor, March 5, on "The Place of the Educated Man in the Community."

1872.—John A. Jones, of Lewiston, a member of the Maine Board of Railway Commissioners, recently enjoyed a trip to the West Indies and South America.

1873.—President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, began his services as head of that institution, January 1, 1892. He found there 66 students of university grade and 103 preparatory students. The annual income was about \$45,000. Now there are about 1300 students of university grade, and the income for running expenses is about \$250,000. In recognition of President Baker's services, the faculty, alumni, students and friends of the university, have held various gatherings to express their appreciation.

1877.—Hon. Henry W. Oakes, of Auburn, recently visited his son, Raymond S. Oakes, '09, who is now a student at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

1879.—Dr. R. F. Johonnot, pastor of the First Universalist Church, Auburn, recently delivered a sermon of great power from the text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

1883.—Hon. John L. Reade contributed to the first February issue of the *Lewiston Trade Journal* an article on "Lewiston's Progress," which outlined the city's history from the date of its settlement until the present time.

1885.—Hon. F. A. Morey has just been elected, for the sixth consecutive term, to the office of Mayor of Lewiston.

1889.—G. H. Libby, principal of the Manchester, N. H., high school for 12 years, and previous to that at the head of the Lewiston High School, has been elected president of the New Hampshire section of the New England Classical Association.

1892.—Hon. William B. Skelton of Lewiston, has been elected Alderman from his ward.

Scott Wilson, of Portland, is a candidate for attorney-general of Maine.

1893.—Prof. George M. Chase gave a talk on "The Greek People," before the Young Men's Hebrew Association, in New Auburn, February 25.

1894.—Dr. E. F. Pierce, of Lewiston, recently gave an interesting and practical talk concerning first aid to the injured, before the Junior Citizens' Club.

1895.—Waterman S. C. Russell, and Howard C. Kelley, Bates, '03, are meeting with singular success in Springfield, Mass., in a system of practical research science work. They are proving, by original methods, that science can be successfully taught to first year high school students. Mr. Russell has visited in Iceland, and it is hoped that he will in the near future give at Bates a talk on Iceland.

1896.—Augustus P. Norton of Augusta, formerly of Lewiston, has secured a civil service position in the navy department, as stenographer in the office of the superintending naval constructor at the Bath Iron Works.

1897.—The following is an extract from a letter recently received by THE STUDENT: "We found ourselves in Brockton, Mass., to stay over Sunday, and folks are so cordial in our "Southern Sunny Land" that we dreaded a New England Sabbath greeting. As there were special services at the South Congregational Church we decided to go there. Two gentlemen met us at the door, chatted a while, inquired our names, accompanied us to the auditorium and introduced us to the chief usher, who talked with us a moment. We were then led in friendly way to seats in one of the finest sections of the church. I wish you could have felt the sense of worship inspired by the service. If ever you are in Brockton, Mass., over Sunday, be sure to go to the South Congregational Church, South End." Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, Ph.D., is pastor of this church.

Hon. and Mrs. Carl E. Milliken enjoyed a delightful trip to Bermuda, in February.

1899.—Alton C. Wheeler, of South Paris, is a candidate for the speakership of the next House of Representatives of the Maine Legislature.

1900.—Physical Director Royce D. Purinton recently presented to the Boys' Leaders Club of the college, a paper on "Adapting Athletics to Age." This club is composed of men of the college who are leaders of boys' classes.

Dr. Ernest V. Call, of Lewiston, has been elected president of the Androscoggin County Medical Association.

1901.—Willard K. Bachelder, who has been passing the past year at his home in East Winthrop, started Friday on his return to the Philippines.

1903.—Roger W. Nichols is Financial Secretary of the Flower Hospital, New York Homeopathic Medical College

1904.—A son was born recently to Dr. and Mrs. Irving E. Pendleton, of Lewiston. Mrs. Pendleton was formerly Miss Florence Ethel Hodgson.

1907.—Jerome C. Holmes, a recent graduate from the Hartford Theological Seminary, visited the college the first of March. He addressed the student body in a most inspiring way. Mr. Holmes will soon go to Japan to engage in missionary work.

1908.—Evelyn G. Melcher has completed a course in Physical Training in the University of California, at Berkeley, and now has a position in the Butte, Montana, High School. Last summer she enjoyed a trip to Alaska.

Ellen Packard has a position in the Home for Crippled Children, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

1909.—Warren E. Libby, of Lewiston, who is a student in George Washington Law School, Washington, D. C., will be one of three to represent that school in debate. The question is on the income tax.

Carl F. Holman has resigned his position as principal of the Presque Isle High School, to accept an important position in Lincoln, R. I.

1911.—Howard W. Dunn, Jr., entered upon his duties as principal of the high school at Wrentham, Mass., March 1.

Lura M. Howard is Superintendent of School, and instructor in Mathematics and Science in the Ashby, Mass., high school.

The engagement of Miss Grace I. Parsons to Mr. Raymond Hamilton, of New York, has been announced.

Lillian A. Randlette is teaching in Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass. She takes the place of Florence Perry, '10.

James H. Carroll was one of the speakers at the Bates Banquet, in Boston, February 9. Others present were Freeman P. Clason, of Harvard Medical School; Charles L. Cheetham, who is teaching in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; Eugene V. Lovely, who is teaching in Puncard High School, Andover; Fred R. Stuart, principal of the Townsend, Mass., high school; H. C. Robertson, who is travelling for Ginn & Co., Boston; Agnes C. Dwyer, of the Stoughton, Mass., high school; Lura Howard; Lillian Randlette; Annie S. Marston, who is teaching in Scituate Centre, Mass.; and Gulie A. Wyman, of the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

Recent visitors to the college were: Walter Matthews, Eugene Lovely, F. B. Quincy, and Miss Grace Parsons.

A very excellent article on "Causes of the Present Unrest," by John B. Pelletier, recently appeared in the *Lewiston Journal*. Mr. Pelletier is a member of the Boston University Law School.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Valley Association will be held at Hotel Worthy, in Springfield, Mass., on March 15. Dr. Leonard will be a guest from the college. Eugene B. Smith, Bates, '04, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Lebanon, Conn., is secretary of the Association.

It may be of interest to the alumni to learn that on March 3, a son was born to Prof. and Mrs. Gettel, of Hartford, Conn. Prof. Gettel had charge of the Department of History and Economics in the college, previous to the fall of 1907.

At a meeting of the men of St. Lawrence University, several of the national questions of the day were voted on. In expressing their preference as to who should be the next President of the United States, Roosevelt sentiment was in the majority, while Taft, Wilson, and Hughes followed in that order.

At Dartmouth there is one instructor for every fourteen under-graduates.

There has recently been added to the curriculum of the St. Lawrence University a course in "Current Topics."



Exchanges

The January number of *The Laurentian* contains an excellent geological article, treating of the story of an old rock. This is told in such a pleasing manner that it is of interest even to those who are not students of geology.

The short sketch of the child life of Henry M. Stanley, in the *Orange and White*, presents many interesting facts in regard to the early years of this great explorer.

THE ISLANDS

Oh, the wind is keen on the road to-night!
 But never a home for me
 Save the lands that glow, when the sun dips low
 At the rim of a flaming sea.

You say that my country is only a trick,
 That the mischievous elf-folk play
 In a fire-sea, red for the souls* of the dead,
 Whom madness led away.

Oh, the hermit fire is warm to-night!
 And long must the wandering be
 To the lands that glow, when the sun dips low
 At the rim of a dark'ning sea.

But my song is glad till the latest light
 Of the burning shore is gone,
 Till the night winds sweeps through the forest deep
 Toward the stars that are beckoning on.

—ELIZABETH TOOF, 1913,
Vassar Miscellany, March, 1912.

Here and There

ODD THINGS

All goldfish are weighed in their scales;
 An elephant packs its own trunk;
 But rats never tell their own tales,
 And no one gets chink in a chunk.

Sick ducks never go to the quack;
 A horse cannot plow its own mane;
 A ship is not hurt by a tack,
 And windows ne'er suffer from pane.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
 No porcupine nibs its own quill;
 Though orphan bears still have their paws,
 A bird will not pay its own bill.

—*Clipping.*

“Are you the ‘Board?’ the Freshman asked
 And then with an air like a lord
 He presented “An Ode to the Flowers of Spring;”
 Said the editor, “Yes, I’m the *bored*.”

Though the Faculty mills grind slowly
 Yet they grind amazing small.
 They minimize our number of cuts
 Till we have no leisure at all.

“What makes the boys leave college so?”
 The thoughtless ones inquire;
 The adage will the reason show—
 “Where there’s *smoke* there’s *fire*.”



“Unburied Dead”

CLAIR V. CHESLEY, '12

Yes, here be the dress me babbie wore;—

Here be the rent that his wee hand tore
As he crawled and played upon the floor,
'Ere the hearse came down by the mill.

And here be me darlin's little things—

His rockin' horse and his teethin' rings—
Ah, the heart o' me bosom never sings
Since the hearse went over the hill.

Ah, but his eyes, they were soft and bright

'Ere life was nipped by death's bitter blight;
And the light o' me life went out in night—
Went out in woman's tears.

Tho man in his struggle for daily bread

Leaves love unmourned, and tears unshed,
The woman never can bury her dead—
Thruout the mists of the years.

BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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VOL. XL

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No. 4

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THE MAN TEST

LAWRENCE C. WOODMAN, '14

Among divers topics of discussion in Platville, was the breakin'-off of the engagement of Herbert Palmer and Julia Ross, and a later topic was the "cause," which turned out to be the postmaster's son. But the latest and most sensational bit of news was the carryin' on of the disappointed one—Palmer had been seen drunk.

"Hev ye heerd, Mandy, erbout Zeke Palmer's boy gettin' full er hard cider over tew Hime Langley's t'other day?" inquired Martha Jane Slocumb of her companion, as they walked slowly home from the post office. "It do beat all what them as are disappinted in love'll do."

"Yes, I've heerd, Martha," responded the Widow Jones. "It's a shame, too. Herb wan't er bad sort neither. P'r'haps the boy'll settle down in time, 'nd do better. Lige Caldwell's boy a likely enough young man, but it's my opinion thet he ain't no better'n Herb Palmer, 'nd Julie Ross'll find it out so; you see 'f she don't. The boy's not all bad."

Palmer, weeding in the garden just behind the high stone wall, inwardly resolved that the Widow Jones' confidence in him should not be without foundation.

The thought that he had lost Her, whom he had loved so much, had been more than he could bear, and, like many another youth, he had been moved to deeds not worthy of himself. He had struggled as bravely as he knew how to conquer that inherited love for drink which had never until lately been brought out, but his struggle had not been strong enough. The man in him

had not yet asserted itself. He wondered if it ever would. Since that bright June day, when the sun had risen amid the singing of birds and had gone out of sight in clouds, thru which he could glimpse no "silver lining," the necessity to struggle always on and to struggle right had not been brought home to him. The words of the Widow Jones were good to hear—good, even if a little painful. He thought of her uncomplaining struggle for existence since the death of the last of her kin. He had never heard her murmur. In fact, her chief object in life had seemed to consist in lightening the burdens of others, and in elimination of self when conscience demanded. Herbert Palmer resolved to make his struggle real.

Winter came and went, and the young man stood, for the most part, true to his resolve. Several times he had faltered a little—especially at the sight of Her arm-in-arm with Willis Caldwell. Gradually, in spite of everything, he felt that he was losing his grip on himself. He could not go on in this way forever—seeing *them* every day.

Then came his chance. Palmer was not patriotic, at least, he had never given patriotism any especial thought, but when the flag was fired upon, he somehow felt a strange, new, man-making spirit rise within him. Freedom and Right needed champions and he had no excuse to slink away. Besides, he would probably have a chance, amidst the hardships, to forget. Then he would have no reason to be afraid. Its hardships would test him as a man. If found wanting, a stray bullet, perhaps—

Suiting his action to his thoughts he came forward in answer to Lincoln's call for volunteers, and soon set out for the front to fight his double battle—the big one for country, and the lesser, almost hopeless one, for self.

* * * * *

"Say, but that lad kin fight, boys," declared Tim Walker, as he pointed with his thumb at a silent figure, a hundred yards to the left of them. The one pointed out sat on a small, moss-grown ledge alone, pulling occasionally at his pipe and watching thru the rings of smoke to catch the first glimpse of the moon, as it rose round and golden and shone witchingly thru the sparse, half-grown trees dimming in twilight haze.

"You're right, there, Tim," agreed Long Jim Kenna, another battle-scarred member of the group about the camp-fire. "The boy's true blue, altho an odd, dislikable cuss to talk with, till you know him. How he went forward with that flag when Kenmore went down with a bullet thru his heart. No hesitatin' with him! He picked up the Grand Old Rag and kept her up—up where she belongs—up where the boys cud see. A wound dazed him for a bit. He stumbled and fell. Then, in a flash, he was up and goin' forward again, faster than ever. It's a wonder the shells didn't kill him. And now he's gone off by himself again to smoke and mope and hate himself. There's only one conclusion when they act that way. There's a girl in th' case. If ever he goes back,—but he's too reckless, I'm thinkin', to go back—I hope he gets the girl."

As the one referred to sat and smoked, he mused. He could never help thinking of Her, try as he would, when he sat and smoked. Sometimes, however, his mind was occupied wtih other thoughts. Willis Caldwell, his boyhood friend and rival, had enlisted as a volunteer in the same regiment. Caldwell had proved himself a good soldier and worthy of respect. As Palmer thought of this, he seemed to hate the man the more. If he had been a coward, he could have despised him. Caldwell seemed desirous of outdoing him in war as well as in love. Well, he should not in that!

* * * * *

Both men carried their thoughts of rivalry into the battle next day; but there was nothing but the Flag and what it stood for, once the battle was on, and the cannon had begun to roar, and the shells to burst around them. Cannonading, musketry, death-cries! The carnage was awful! Attack followed attack, but the Confederates never wavered. Each assault cost many men, but what of men when the Flag of Freedom is in danger? Side by side, always at the forefront, fought Palmer and Caldwell,—"The Dare-Devil Twins," they called them—side by side, while the sun went up and over and down again, sweltering as it went. On, on, at last, they went, stumbling over the fallen. Onward, ever onward, until a blinding flash—the piercing and tearing and crunching of nerve and sinew and bone—the moment's agony, and then—darkness.

* * * * *

When Herbert Palmer opened his eyes it was bright moonlight. Two paces or so away he saw his rival lying—his rival all along the years; his rival in boyhood's sports, youth's love, and man's test of a soldier. And, as he looked, a new-old feeling of love came over him. He had liked Willis—Billy, he had called him—as a friend, many years before, when they had played together—they had played soldiers, too. He laughed faintly once; but he found it hurt him to laugh. Then the thought came to him that they were real, not make-believe, soldiers.

Then, an overwhelming desire for water came over him. Water! Water! His burning head, his tongue parched, dry, and nerveless! He felt for his canteen. Ah! There was water, even if only a little! Just as he was raising himself on his elbow, so that he could drink, Caldwell opened his eyes and uttered a faint, half-whispered word—“Water.” Palmer sank back and took the canteen from his lips.

Then he thought of Her away back home in the northern hills. The water might save one; but there was not enough to be of any value to both, for they would probably not be found for a long time. What if his rival should die? He felt she would be able to forget him. Ah, that would be satisfaction indeed!

“She would marry me, after all,” he said to himself.

And Caldwell? He would tell her that Caldwell had died like a soldier. He would give him credit for that. But what would she think of him if she knew? A murderer! He almost shrieked the word. No! No! not a murderer! What had he to do with the death of this comrade more than with the death of the one lying just beyond, huddled up and moaning softly, or the one beyond him, already out of his agony, or the next, or the next? They were all around. All had been men; some still were men. Bah! Caldwell was only a single one among the thousands lying there! But Caldwell's girl—she had chosen him—how about her? They were to have been married as soon as he returned, Palmer had heard.

What of himself? For what purpose had he come to war? Had he not longed for this moment, this supreme pleasure of laying down life for country? Why complain now that he held control of the lives of three? Why not play the man—for once? What would the widow, who had said that he “wasn't all bad,” think of him now? Yes, he would play the man!

By little agonizing thrusts of his pain-racked body, he at last reached the side of his rival

Billy—the same Billy of old—smiled a grateful, pain-twisted smile, as Palmer attempted to press the canteen to his lips, and, understanding, he waved the water aside with a limp, torn arm. A flood of emotions then welled up from the heart of this man, who had stolen away his friend's sweetheart. At last Palmer forced the water down the throat of the weaker man. Then he tied a piece of his shirt around the ugly wound in his rival's side and made a clumsy bandage for the shattered arm. This done, he sank back on the ground.

* * * * *

Hours after, while they were seeking the living among the dead, the soldiers found Caldwell asleep, bandaged, by the side of his rival, whom they could not awaken.

"My surmises were right. He won't go back," said Long Jim Kenna with a new tone in his voice. "That's the first time I ever saw a peaceful look on the boy's face," and he gently laid his handkerchief over it as if to keep the "peaceful look" there.

ON RAND HALL STEPS

(*Tune*—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes")

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

I.

Come, sit awhile on Rand Hall steps,
And sing a song with me,
While, o'er the dark'ning fields, the birds
Fly homeward silently.
Between the boughs of campus trees,
The length'ning shadows fall;
The gentle spirit of the night
Is brooding over all.

II.

In years to come, when far away
From *Alma Mater* dear,
Oft in our dreams at twilight hour
These echoing songs we'll hear;
And see the faces of the friends
We loved in days of yore.
When shadows fall, we'll long to sing
On Rand Hall steps once more.

BURR'S ILLUMINATION

(Concluded from the March number)

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

Dorris lay by the window in the upper hallway, looking out across the back yard, over the ridge, into the oil field that belonged to Southy, painfully aware that she had stayed at home in spite of his plans to get her and his sister away. The burn had proved to be more than the artful Dorris had intended, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was in the house where things were going to happen, even if she could not have a part in them.

Her father was busy at the other house; she had scarcely seen him all day. Evelyn was busy in another part of the house, and thus Dorris was left quite alone, as she was only too glad to be.

She heard the front door open down in the hallway below and shut again, as two strange voices began to mingle with those of Southy and his foreman. When the four men had passed into the adjoining room, Dorris came to the top of the stairs and peered down. Separated from them by only a heavy portière, she could hear all their conversation, and she gripped the balustrade as she heard something laid on the table that she knew must be the model of the stolen invention. She wanted to rush downstairs and do something, but what to do she could not tell, and she could but listen, tortured by the knowledge that the underhanded man was winning out, after all.

The demonstration was going on, and she thought that the strangers were becoming convinced. Only a few minutes remained before Southy would be declared the propagator of the new revolution in oil machinery, and the man to whom it all belonged would be ruined. The irony of her powerlessness to do anything but sit and listen to such a complete lie, overpowered her, and she started blindly down the stairs. Half-way down she stopped, and, looking out to the road, saw her father and Burr coming up the walk.

By the time she reached the top stair again, Frostworth was inside the house, and got to the curtains just in time to hear one of the strangers exclaim,

"Why, this valve is on the wrong side to operate the feed pipe. Is this your own model, Mr. Southy?"

Evidently the strangers were becoming suspicious, and Cecil, quick to see that something had gone amiss, replied easily, "No, indeed. It is my foreman's work, and I am only financing it for him."

The next moment, the curtains had been drawn aside, and Burr stood by the two strangers, looking across the table at Cecil and his foreman. Not waiting for any explanation from anyone, Burr seized the model, and, looking the foreman squarely in the eye, paralyzed that individual with,

"Tell the truth about this, Snell, or I'll tell the truth about those examination papers. Your full beard don't fool me a bit."

No one would surmise that these two men facing each other across the corner of the table had ever been college room-mates. Hatred, contempt, and loathing, showed in one face; cowardice, fear, and selfishness, in the other.

Snell managed to pull his discovered self together enough to parry,

"And suppose you did, who'd believe you, here?"

"I, for one," said the Professor, stepping into the room.

As the men turned toward the newcomer, Burr fell heavily to the floor, and a heavy, glass paperweight clattered down beside him. In the confusion Snell slipped out to the back piazza, unnoticed, hugging the model under his arm. Blood flowed freely from a long gash on Burr's forehead, and a swelling was fast closing an eye.

The Professor led Dorris away from the room into which she tried to force herself, as Southy lifted Burr bodily and carried him up the stairs to the best room in the house. Southy had learned a good deal, since Snell threw the paper weight, and he went thoughtfully down the stairs to meet the doctor, who was already waiting below.

That evening, Southy left his charge long enough to come down to his guests, who were sitting in the thin shadow on the piazza,

"Dorris," he said. "can you come upstairs a minute?"

She arose quickly and walked to the door with Cecil.

"Frostworth keeps trying to say something that sounds like 'Dorris,' and I think, perhaps, you had better go up, only you must remember he is not entirely rational yet."

She found him lying by a west window, and, in the feeble gas-light, made out a chair by the head of the bed. As she sat down, he seemed uncannily quiet, and she shuddered a little. It seemed an age before he moved, but it was only a few seconds in reality before he knew she was there.

When he opened his eyes, it was to see a feminine outline against the window, and he was puzzled for a moment to know how Southy had changed so much.

"I'm taking Cecil's place for a few minutes," Dorris ventured. "Can I get you anything?"

"Oh, it's Dorris," he exclaimed. "Just a sip of the grape juice, please."

When she brought it, his hand closed over both her hand and the glass, and he drank thus, but she remembered that Southy had said the patient was not fully rational.

"You must think the West is some wild, after what you saw this afternoon, Dorris," he began, but she interrupted him.

"The doctor says you are to do nothing but keep quiet."

"Hang the doctor and his catnip tea," Burr burst out. "He's afraid of his own shadow," and tried to sit up.

Dorris gently forced him back on the pillow but when she tried to take her hands from his shoulders they were prisoners in his larger ones. It was then for the first time that he noticed the bandaged arm.

"What has the country done to you?" he asked in consternation.

"I spilled some hot water on it this morning. It's nothing," she added.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," Burr replied, "Evelyn told me about it and that you did it purposely. Why did you?"

Not knowing that Burr was guessing, she admitted, "I wanted to stay home to-day and know what went on here."

"And how did you know that anything was going on here to-day, in the first place?"

"I—I heard you and Southy down by the front gate last night," she stammered.

It was Burr's turn to feel uncomfortable.

"You heard us last night on the steps," he said, half to himself. "Then you must have heard me sa—" and then grasping a possible diversion, "Do you know where that infernal model is?"

But he did not release her hands.

"Southey has it, I think. Snell didn't get far," she explained. "But you mustn't bother about that now, you know. It's all right, and Cecil will help you with it."

"I am going to give the whole thing to him, Dorris. I have no—" but just then a great flame leaped up in the distance, followed by another and another. "There goes one of Southy's tanks," Burr said calmly and regretfully. "That man Snell has dug up the hatchet, I guess, and some firewater, too. Might as well try to bail out the lake with a dipper, as to try to stop a fire in a tank."

"Isn't there anything to do to it?"

She shivered, and he felt her draw a little closer to him—there's something about fire that makes people kin.

"That's his best tank, I think," continued Burr. "Too bad, too bad, but, then, mine are full and he will have them in a few days." Then, as she turned questioningly to him, "Southy is going to have my whole property. I—I'm going back to college."

The entire country was lighted up, trees standing out plainly, and the details of the whole works were as light as at noon.

That's some illumination beside of the last one I saw," Burr mused. "I'm glad I—we—were there."

Somehow her hands met behind his neck, and he drew her up so that both got the same view.



Editorial- STUDENT

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It is pleasant to see that progress is being made on the new science building. Thru all the snows of winter, the unfinished and unsightly structure has stood, not as a blot upon our campus, but as a promise of things to come. Now, the season favoring, the work is being pushed rapidly, and the work will probably be completed by the first of July. Students interested in the science courses, whose work will be in the new building next year, may look forward with the expectation of finding their work more pleasant in their new surroundings.

Many of the students are looking ahead now to the prospect of going to the annual Student Conference at Northfield, in June. It is a significant and noticeable fact that the students who have had the pleasure of going to Northfield, are always ready and willing to talk about their experiences there. The influences of the time spent in such a place and among such men are those that seem never to be erased from the mind of the person who is so

fortunate as to attend one of these conferences. He invariably pronounces the trip the best he ever enjoyed. The trip itself, thru the delightful New England scenery; the atmosphere of the little village of Northfield, where the spirit of Mr. Moody seems even now to dwell; the experiences of ten days of inspiration and recreation; the fellowship of several hundred men, each fired with high Christian motives; and the inspiration and help received from leaders of the conference, such men as John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, men whom no one who has seen and heard speak can ever forget, all combine to make this trip of untold value to a student. The trip should be considered an essential part of any man's college education. It should be one of the aims, a very vital ambition, of each Bates man to go to Northfield some time during his course. The Bates delegation this year ought to be large, and it goes without saying that, whether large or small, it will be enthusiastic.

The STUDENT regrets deeply the absence of the Exchange Editor, Miss Margaret Aimee Ballard, who was called home from her college work at the beginning of this semester by illness in her family. The work of her department has been carried on for the March and April issues by Miss Vera C. Cameron, who has successfully maintained the standard of the department, and the work will be continued, until the return of the Editor, under the direction of Miss Elaine Currier

The death of Charles Ripley Tracy just before the Easter vacation came as a shock to the members of his class, and to the whole college. Mr. Tracy, who was a member of the class of 1915, came from St. Albans, Me. He was a conscientious and promising student, standing high in his college work. He enjoyed the friendship and respect of the students who knew him, and the confidence of his teachers. He took an active part in the Christian work of the college, and by his kind and courteous manner won many friends. Truly, it may be said of him that he was a man to be known of men, a man worth while. We need more such men at Bates.



Louis Jordan, '15, won the prize of ten dollars for excellence in Greek, offered to the member of the Freshman class attaining the highest rank for the first semester.

George C. Nilsson, '15, has left the hospital, after an operation for appendicitis, and is improving rapidly.

There has been quite an epidemic of measles at Bates College. Grace French, '12, and Helen Hilton, '15, were among the first afflicted. Since then, Belle Twombly, Annabel Jones, Helen Deering, Claramay Purington, all of '12; Verne Blake, '13, Gladys Warde, '14, and Marion Greene, '15, have also been ill. Among the boys, William Sawyer, '13, C. H. T. Bayer, G. B. Moulton, J. L. Moulton, and H. M. Wight, all of '15, have been sick with measles.

The recent death of Charles Ripley Tracy, '15, of St. Albans, came as a sad shock to the whole college. Mr. Tracy suffered a relapse, due to over-exertion, while recovering from an attack of measles. All the classes sent flowers to the funeral, which was held at his home. His class was also represented by Norman C. Richardson, and Franklin M. Gray. Professor George M. Chase represented the Faculty. In the short time that Mr. Tracy was in college, his earnest, Christian character won him many true friends.

The walls of Carnegie Science Hall are now complete, and the roof is being put up.

The site for the new chapel has been selected near Parker Hall, parallel to College Street, and facing Skinner Street. It will be opposite Coram Library, and will serve to complete the quadrangle.

Friday evening, March 15, in the Main Street
Lecture: W. T. Ellis Baptist Church, William T. Ellis, a well-known author and lecturer, gave the second lecture in the George Colby Chase Lecture Course. The lecture was well attended, and the audience was indeed well repaid.

President George C. Chase introduced the speaker. Mr. Ellis spoke of the oneness of our world; that affair which affects one part of our globe affects every part. The world is not large. He dwelt upon the national pride of Americans, justifying their pride. "No nation has ever wielded the power and influence that America wields at the present day. The United States of to-day is shaping the ideals of peoples and of nations. Shall this government perish like the governments of Egypt, Babylon, Athens, and Rome? This is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and we are bound not to perish; this nation which God has made to lead the world shall and will not perish." Mr. Ellis next spoke of the rearing of following generations. "What shall we teach our children? Live for the world and the service of God. The founders of our country established our country in faith, God-fearing, steadfast, firm, and true. 'Keep thou the Faith.'"

On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Ellis spoke to members of the Sophomore class and to the Faculty. Saturday morning Mr. Ellis addressed the students at chapel. His underlying thought was that a nation rises or declines in power and influence, just as its character improves or deteriorates

Tuesday evening, March 19, Dr. G. S. C. Badger, of Harvard Medical School, lectured before the young women of the college on the subject of "Mothercraft," or the relation of education to childhood. The lecture was most interesting and instructive, and was heard by a large and appreciative audience.

Lecture:
Miss Birdseye One of the most practical and entertaining lectures of the year was given by Miss Miriam Birdseye, Friday afternoon, March 15, in Fiske Room. Miss Birdseye spoke on the theme, "Practical care of the Sick Room." Her remarks included hints upon the furnishing and disinfecting of sick rooms, and the proper care of the invalid. An interesting feature of the lecture was the practical illustration of the care of the invalid by a young lady who

impersonated the invalid. The lecture was especially well attended, not only by students, but also by outside guests. A tea followed the lecture.

Lecture:
Dr. Leonard

Prof. A. N. Leonard recently gave a lecture before a literary club of Berlin, N. H., on Wagner's "Tannhauser." Parts of the opera were sung by a soloist from New York. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Anne Weston Twitchell, Bates, '06.

Bates Round Table On the evening of March 22, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby, with Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, entertained the Bates Round Table in their home on College Street. Prof. L. G. Jordan gave a splendid talk on "The Insurgent Chemist." Prof. Jordan applied the term "insurgent" to those chemists who have sifted everything down to the truth. After this, Dr. H. H. Britan and Prof. R. R. N. Gould spoke a few words. Mr. S. F. Harms was elected to the executive committee. At the end of the evening, Mrs. Boothby and Mrs. Hartshorn served ices and cake.

Bates Needle Club Particularly enjoyable was the afternoon of the Bates Needle Club with Mrs. George C. Chase of Frye Street. The afternoon was given to a practical demonstration of domestic science. All members were supplied with note-books and pencils, and much pleasure as well as profit was derived. The committee in charge consisted of the hostess, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. George M. Chase, Miss Elizabeth D. Chase, Miss Miriam Birdseye, Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, and Mrs. A. N. Leonard.

Lenten Musicale A delightful affair was the Lenten Musicale given in the home of Mrs. A. W. Anthony, College Street, for the benefit of the Women's Christian Association. Bates College was well represented on

the program by numbers from the Girls' Glee and Mandolin Clubs; piano solos by E. G. Barrows, '14, and a violin solo by Miss Miriam Birdseye. The afternoon was in charge of Mrs. W. Risby Whitehorne, Mrs. A. W. Anthony, Mrs. F. D. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Leonard, and Miss Kate Anthony.

**St. Patrick's Day
Celebration**

Especially unique and jolly was the St. Patrick's party given to some of the college students in the home of Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn of College Street. As the guests entered they were requested to look for snakes. They found the little green creatures hidden everywhere. The prize for finding the greatest number went to Miss Alice Thing, '13. Edith George, '13, won first prize in an Irish poem contest. Prof. Hartshorn gave a very interesting and amusing talk on his trip thru Ireland. Miss Edith George gave a reading. In the dining-room, quaintly decorated with Irish pipes and pigs, Mrs. Hartshorn, assisted by Mrs. Blanche Roberts and Mrs. George M. Chase, served delicious refreshments.

**"Gym"
Demonstration**

The annual demonstration of gymnasium work by the women's classes in physical training was held on the afternoon of March 27, in the gymnasium at Rand Hall. Members of the faculty, trustees, and many friends of the college watched the work with interest. The exercises showed practice and efficiency such as is acquired only by very careful training. Much credit is due the instructor in the course. Music was furnished by Marion E. Lord, '14. The program was long and interesting.

**Jordan
Scientific Society**

On the evening of March 11, the Jordan Scientific Society held a very interesting meeting. President Fuller opened the meeting by introducing Dr. L. G. Jordan. Dr. Jordan spoke in a practical and informal way upon "Teaching." He showed the problems that must be met and overcome by every instructor.

After Dr. Jordan's address, the society briefly discussed scientific current events. President Fuller then called upon Clair E. Turner, '12, who made a brief speech of presentation of a framed picture of the society to Dr. Jordan, its godfather. Dr. Jordan replied in a few well-chosen words of acceptance. The meeting closed with an informal chat.

At 7.45, Thursday evening, March 28th, the **Senior Exhibition** Class of 1912 gave the annual senior exhibition in Hathorn Hall. Prof. Lyman G. Jordan presided. The Bates orchestra furnished music.

The program:

Overture	Orchestra
Prayer	Canon Nolan
Response	Orchestra
Woman's Suffrage	Miss Elizabeth M. Campbell
Institutional Church	Clarence I. Chatto
Pre-eminence of Germany	Miss June Atkinson
Awakening of China	Ernest H. Brunquist
Selection	Orchestra
Tragic Element in Poe's Works	Miss G. M. Kincaid
What Is a Liberal Education?	C. N. Stanhope
The Decadence of Spain	Miss M. F. Dunlap
Gladstone—A Character Study	R. A. Clement
Selection	Orchestra
Sarah Orne Jewett	Miss Florence Gray
The Measure of a Man	Roscoe C. Bassett (excused)
The American Short Story	Miss Mary E. Audley
The Referendum	George F. Conklin, Jr.
Selection	Orchestra

Committee of arrangements from class, Edw. H. Fuller, chairman, L. S. Smith, W. E. Davis, M. Evangeline Redman, Hazel E. Howard.

The second of a series of entertainments for **Entertainment for Endowment Fund** the Bates endowment fund was given Saturday evening, March 16, under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis, physical directress. The affair was "Scenes from an Irish Village."

As one entered the gymnasium, at the right was located a booth in which various wares were sold, such as doilies and hand-kerchiefs.

There were three divisions of fortune tellers. They were in charge of Mrs. Jordan. In the palmistry section, flowers were on sale and the shamrocks were in great demand. This booth was in charge of Miss Nola Houdlette. A farm yard scene was in charge of "Gramp" Leavitt, '14, stage carpenter and decorator of the village.

The next object of interest was the stage, and on the stage under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis were enacted various pantomimic scenes from the play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Samuel F. Harms was special officer; Samuel Allen, '12, was judge; and Frederick P. Jecusco, '12, was prosecuting attorney.

The village post office was in charge of Miss Alice Smith, '13, and Miss Mary Smnht, '13.

The farmyard shed, with its thatched roof lent a true to nature appearance to the scene. Here ice cream was served. A large number were present. The proceeds from the affair, added to the sum received from the pageant, amounted to about sixty-five dollars toward the endowment fund.

Saturday evening, in New Odd Fellows Hall, **Polymnian Banquet** Auburn, the members of Polymnia Literary Society of Bates College held their triennial banquet. It was largely attended by alumni and present undergraduate members of the society. The members met at the hall about eight o'clock, and after enjoying a social hour in renewing acquaintances sat down to an excellent banquet.

The post prandial exercises were in charge of Harry Rowe. Mr. Rowe called upon Mr. George B. Files, '60, for the "Origin and Development of Polymnia." Mr. Files traced the growth of the society from the earliest date to the present time. His remarks included many incidents of his life at Bates.

Professor Lyman G. Jordan was the next speaker of the evening. He said that he did not come prepared to speak, in fact he had told all the funny stories he had at his command to the

other speakers of the evening. He spoke in an interesting manner, describing the founding and early life of the society.

The next toast, "Women in Polymnia," was given by Mrs. Emma J. C. Rand, '81, of Lewiston. In closing she gave a toast to the Polymnian men.

In a very spicy and appropriate manner, Rev. Rodney F. Joffronnot of Auburn, spoke about new organizations at Bates and the great changes which have occurred in the social life at the college.

President Clair E. Turner, '12, responded to the toast, "The Future of Bates' Literary Societies." Mr. Turner spoke of the disappearance of debating and some other forms of literary work in the society, giving the reasons for the changes which have taken place. He commented upon the usefulness of the societies at the present time and spoke of the spheres of activity for the societies in the future.

The following was given by Professor W. H. Hartshorn, '86, as a conclusion to the toast which he gave in his usual pleasing manner:

"Here's to Polymnia,
May her sons be the sturdiest,
May her daughters be the fairest and truest,
May success come to all their efforts."

The party broke up after a social hour was spent, and all pronounced the affair a success. The chairmen of the banquet committees were Leo W. Blaisdell, Ray Allen Clement and Walter E. Lane.

The Polymnian Society is a prominent factor in the social life at Bates. This is the forty-third year of its existence, for it was chartered March 3, 1869. The officers for this year are: President, Clair E. Turner, '12, Vice-President, John F. McDaniel, '13, Secretary, Geneva W. Sturtevant, '14, and Treasurer, Enoch H. Adams, '13.

Music for the evening was furnished by the college orchestra.



Rev. Charles G. Mosher, D.D., of Augusta, told the story of "The Other Wise Man" in a simple, forceful way to the men of the college at the Vesper service, Sunday, March 3d. A pleasing feature of the service was a vocal solo by Mr. Harold B. Stanton, former instructor in French at Bates.

The last Vesper service of the year was addressed by Canon Nolan, of Trinity Church, Lewiston. He spoke in a convincing and interesting manner upon the topic, "The Breadth of Life."

The committees of the Y. M. C. A. for the following year have been appointed, with chairmen as follows: Religious Meetings, Alton DeLano, '13; Social, Frank O. Leavitt, '14; Bible Study, Karl D. Lee, '14; Social Service, Paul S. Nickerson, '13; Membership, Wade L. Grindle, '13; Church Relationship, Blynn E. Davis, '13; Missions, Philip H. Dow, '14; Counsel, Walter P. Deering, '13; Employment, L. H. Durrell, '13; Finance, W. S. Warren, '14; Hand-book, H. W. L. Kidder, '13; Book Agency, H. Crandlemire, '14; and Northfield, J. R. Packard, '14.

The speakers listed for the Northfield Student Conference, June 21-30, are exceptionally strong. They are Dr. D. S. Cairns, John R. Mott, G. Glen Atkins, Robert E. Speer, G. A. Johnson-Ross, and E. T. Colton.

The newly created Advisory Board of the Y. M. C. A. recently held its first meeting, at which Rev. C. H. Temple was elected chairman.

General Secretary Cushman made an interesting report, showing a marked increase of efficiency in the work done. Among

other items included in this report, is the fact that 112 men of the college have been regular attendants in Bible classes during the past year. A large number of men of the college are now engaged in social service, due to the efforts of Mr. Cushman.

The first Y. M. C. A. meeting after the Easter vacation was devoted to a discussion of the importance of going to Northfield. It was held April 10, under the leadership of J. R. Packard, '14, vice-president of the association. The speakers were Harry W. Rowe, '12; Mr. Arthur E. Morse, '09; Ernest H. Brunquist, '12; Earle D. Merrill, '12; John F. McDaniel, '13; and Mr. A. G. Cushman. A large Bates delegation to the Conference this year is desired and expected.

There has recently been organized at the University of New York a Politics Club. Steps have been taken to ally this with the Intercollegiate Civic League.

Princeton and Syracuse have added compulsory swimming to their curriculum.

The University of Havana, Cuba, is endeavoring to enter into an agreement with the University of Virginia for an inter-varsity athletic carnival to be held at Havana during the Christmas week of 1912.

New York University now has a total enrollment of 4,306 students. This is the largest attendance that the University has ever had.



**Annual
Indoor Meet**

At Lewiston City Hall, Wednesday evening, March 20, was held the 19th annual indoor meet. The meet was in every way a success.

Two state records were broken; one in the high jump, when Kempton, '13, cleared the bar at five feet, nine inches; the other in the shot-put in which event Shepard put the weight 41 ft. 8 1-4 inches. Gove also did fine work in this event, putting the shot 40 ft. 10 in.

The times in the races were not exceptionally fast, in part owing to the fact that spiked shoes were not allowed. In the low hurdles, this handicap was clearly evident. Capt. Blanchard, '12, slipped and lost his stride, thus hitting his first hurdle. Woodman, '13, lost about two yards, by slipping at the start, and was unable to close up the gap given his competitors.

The closest race of the evening was the relay race between 1914 and 1915. To many of the spectators it was a question as to which team had won, until the judges' decision was announced, giving the victory to 1914.

In the mile run a mistake was made in counting the laps, and the men ran 24 1-2 laps instead of 23 1-2. The time as announced, 5 min. 4 sec., is too slow by ten seconds. The results of the race were not affected by the extra lap.

In the 25-Yard Dash—First place was captured by a dark horse, Lee, '14.

The summary:

25-Yard Dash—Won by Lee, '14; Small, '15, 2d; Blanchard, '15, 3d; Nash, '15, 4th. Time, 3 1-2 sec.

25-Yard High Hurdles—Won by Blanchard, '12; Woodman, '13, 2d; Thompson, '13, 3d; Remmert, '12, 4th. Time, 4 sec.

Running High Jump—Won by Kempton, '13; Drake, '14, 2d; Woodman, '13, 3d; Bartlett, '12, 4th. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.

Shot Put—Won by Shepard, '13; Gove, '13, 2d; DeLano, '13, 3d; Bates, '15, 4th. Distance, 41 ft. 8 1-4 in.

25-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Thompson, '13; Coady, '14, 2d; Blanchard, '12, 3d; Lee, '14, 4th. Time, 3 3-4 sec.

Potato Race—Won by Keaney, '14; Emmons, '13, 2d; Tabor, '14 3d; Pidgeon, '15, 4th. Time, 36 1-2 sec.

Relay Race—Bates, '15, vs. Bowdoin, '15. Won by Bates. Time, 1 min. 20 sec.

Pole Vault—Tied for first, Bartlett, '12, and Woodman, '13; P. Stinson, '14, 3d; Crandlemire, '14, 4th. Height, 9 ft.

Relay Race—1912 vs. 1913. Won by 1913. Time, 1 min. 19 1-4 sec.

Relay Race—1914 vs. 1915. Won by 1914.

Mile Run—Won by Deering, '13; Parker, '14, 2d; Tibbetts, '13, 3d; James, '13, 4th. Time, 5 min. 4 sec.

Relay Race—1913 vs. 1914. Won by 1913. Time, 1 min. 19 sec.

POINTS BY CLASSES

	1912	1913	1914	1915
25-Yard Dash		5	6	
High Hurdles	6	5		
Low Hurdles	2	5	4	
High Jump	1	7	3	
Potato Race		3	7	1
Shot Put		10		1
Pole Vault	4	4	3	
Mile Run		8	3	
Class Relay Races	1	5	3	2
Totals	—	—	—	—
	14	47	28	10

INDIVIDUAL POINT WINNERS

Woodman, '13	9	Parker, '14	3
Blanchard, '12	7	Small, '15	3
Thompson, '13	7	Delano, '13	2
Lee, '14	6	Tibbetts, '13	2
Bartlett, '12	5	P. Stinson, '14	2

Deering, '13	5	Tabor, '14	2
Kempton, '13.....	5	Blanchard, '15	2
Shepard, '13	5	Rummert, '12	1
Keaney, '14	5	James, '13	1
Emmons, '13	3	Crandlemire, '14	1
Gove, '13	3	Bates, '15	1
Coady, '14	3	Nash, '15	1
Drake, '14	3	Pidgeon, '15	1

The class drills were of unusual excellence this year. The class of 1915 deserved the victory which they won, for their Indian Club Drill was almost perfect. In the Parallel Bar Squad, the results of Director Purington's careful training were shown. The squad was handicapped by the absence of Hooper, '12, and Wight, '15. Remmert, '12, as clown, furnished amusement.

The officials were: Starter, Burton C. Morrill, Bowdoin; referee, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr.; clerk of course, Harold A. Allan; assistants, A. W. Buck, '12, and F. A. Nevers, '12; judges of finish, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr., Prof. F. E. Pomeroy, and Prof. H. H. Britan; judges of relays, Prof. G. E. Ramsdell, John L. Reade; judges of drills, Prof. H. H. Britan, Mr. S. R. Oldham, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr.; judges and measurers of floor events, Professors Pomeroy, Ramsdell, Britan, Messrs. Lathrop, Reade, Cole, Oldham; announcer, William E. Lovell, '12; inspector, A. R. Cole, '12; scorers, R. C. Bassett, '12, Geo. E. Brunner, '12.

BATES GIRLS INTERCLASS BASKETBALL SERIES

The first of the young women's championship games of basketball were played on the evening of March 21, in the girls' gymnasium in Rand Hall. There are three games by each class team. All the games were held under the direction of Miss Ruth E. Davis, the physical director of the young women.

The various class teams have elected the following captains, Seniors—Miss Howard of Lewiston; Juniors—Miss Macomber of Winthrop; Sophomores—Miss Helen Blethen of Rockland; Freshmen—Miss Durgan of Farmington.

Two games were played in the championship series, the first between the Juniors and the Freshmen. It resulted in the defeat of the Freshmen by the score of 26-8. The game was well played and interesting, although the score would indicate a loose game. The Juniors were picked before the game as the winners, owing to the fact that they were second last year only to 1911.

For the Juniors, Miss Vose excelled, caging no less than ten baskets. Miss Macomber also played well, getting three goals from the floor. The work of the Junior guards was noticeable.

For the Freshmen Miss Bassett and Miss Rideout starred.

The score:

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Macomber, lf	3	0	6
Vose, lf.....	10	0	20
Graham, jc.....	0	0	0
Rollins, jc (2d half).....	0	0	0
Atto, sc.....	0	0	0
Smith, l.g.....	0	0	0
Rackliffe, r.g.....	0	0	0
Totals	26	0	26

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Bassett, r.f.....	2	0	4
Rideout, l.f.....	2	0	0
Dolliver, jc.....	0	0	0
Kimball, sc.....	0	0	0
Durgan, l.g.....	0	0	0
Gray, r.g.....	0	0	0
Totals	8	0	8

Miss Leland, referee; Conklin, '12, umpire. 15 and 12 min. periods.

The second game of the evening was between the Sophomores (1914) and the Seniors (1912). This game was exceptionally well played and just as close and exciting as the score indicates.

The work of Miss George for the Sophomores was splendid. She caged eight baskets, many of which were difficult shots. Her

playing was the feature of the evening. For the Seniors, the honors fell to Miss Pingree and Miss Alley. The score:

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, rf.....	8	0	16
Garcelon, lf.....	1	0	2
Ryder, jc.....	0	0	0
Fowles, sc.....	0	0	0
Smalley, rg.....	0	0	0
Blethen, lg.....	0	0	0
Totals	9	0	18

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Alley, rf	1	0	2
Pingree, lf	5	1	11
Meserve, jc.....	0	0	0
Hodgkins, sc.....	0	0	0
Neal, rg.....	0	0	0
Sweetsir, rg.....	0	0	0
Noyes, lg.....	0	0	0
Totals	6	1	13

Referee, Miss Leland; umpire, Conklin.

Two more games in the girls' interclass basketball championship series at Bates, were played in the gym, Rand Hall, on the evening of March 25, the Juniors defeating the Sophomores and the Seniors winning from the Freshmen.

The latter class met 1914 last evening, and defeated them handily, the final score being 23 to 8.

Miss Macomber led in the scoring with eight baskets from the floor. For the losers, Miss George played the best game, caging four goals and scoring all the points made by her team. Miss Vose also played well, while Miss Smith and Miss Rackliffe guarded well. The summary:

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Macomber, lf.....	8	0	16
Vose, rf.....	3	1	7
Graham, jc.....	0	0	0

Atto, sc.....	0	0	0
Smith, lb	0	0	0
Rackliffe, rb.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	11	1	23

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, lf.....	4	0	8
Garcelon, rf.....	0	0	0
Ryder, jc.....	0	0	0
Fowler, sc.....	0	0	0
Smalley, lb.....	0	0	0
Blethen, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	4	0	8

Referee, Miss Barker, '11. Umpire, Miss Leland, '11. Time of periods, 15 and 12 min. Final score, 23-8.

The Seniors had even an easier time defeating the Freshmen. Through the scoring ability of Miss Pingree and Miss Alley, they defeated the class of 1915 by the score of 31 to 6.

Miss Bassett starred for the losers. Miss Sweetser and Miss Noyes both guarded closely. The Seniors did especially fine work in passing, and kept the ball in Freshman territory the greater part of the time.

The summary:

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Pingree, lf.....	8	2	18
Alley, rf.....	5	3	13
Meserve, jc.....	0	0	0
Howard, c.....	0	0	0
Sweetser, lb	0	0	0
Noyes, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	13	5	31

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Bassett, lf	2	0	4
Rideout, rf	1	0	2
Googins, jc	0	0	0

Kimball, c.....	0	0	0
Durgan, lb	0	0	0
Gray, rb	0	0	0
—	—	—	—
Totals	3	0	6

Referee, Miss Baker, '11. Umpire, Miss Leland. Final score, 31 to 6.

The Juniors are the champions in the girls' basketball series. They have won three games which they have played, defeating the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Seniors. The Junior team played together consistently during the series.

After the Junior and Senior game, when the Juniors carried off the laurels to the score of 23-17, red fire was burned in the gymnasium and the victorious Juniors paraded around amid wild cheers. They bore in the procession black caskets upon which were the numerals of the defeated classes.

The games have been noticeable for the amount of class spirit shown by the girls and the intense, but friendly, rivalry. The girls have had organized cheering and singing at all the games and dressed in class colors.

The first game of the evening was the Sophomore-Freshman contest, which was decidedly one-sided, the superiority of the Sophomores' team work winning the game. The individual playing of Miss George was a feature, as she caged no less than nineteen baskets. Her excellent eye for the basket has been the feature of the championship series. Miss Garcelon also played an excellent game. Her three goals being from difficult angles. The work of the whole team was commendable, the backs, centres, and forwards playing in perfect unity. For the Freshmen, Miss Bassett and Miss Rideout were the stars. The score of this game was the largest of any game in the series 49-10.

The score:

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, lf	19	2	40
Garcelon, rf	3	1	7
Ryder, c.....	0	0	0
Fowler, c.....	1	0	2
Blethen (Capt.), rb.....	0	0	0

Smalley, lb	0	0	0
McDaniel, rb.....	0	0	0
—	—	—	—
23	3	49	

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Rideout, lf.....	0	2	2
Bassett, rf	4	0	8
Googins, c.....	0	0	0
Kimball, c.....	0	0	0
Gray, lb	0	0	0
Durgan, rb	0	0	0
—	—	—	—
Totals	4	2	10

Referee, Miss Barker, '10; Umpire, Miss Leland, '11. Time of periods, 15-12.

Then came the game for the championship. The Seniors made the Juniors work to their utmost to capture the game and with it the championship.

From the start the game was fast and rough. The work of the whole Junior team was fine. The Seniors also played well together. The work of the Junior forwards was the feature of the contest, but this was closely rivaled by the strong games played by the Junior backs, Miss Rackliffe and Miss Mary Smith, the latter's work being especially noticeable. The Seniors' stars were Miss Pingree and Miss Alley, who played the game to the limit. Miss Noyes played a good defensive game.

With the conclusion of the struggle the Junior girls, after celebrating as much as possible, adjourned to Ross' Inn where the celebration was continued. This is the first year the Juniors have had the championship and it is a fitting reward to their strong team work.

The score:

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Alley, lf.....	3	0	6
Pingree, rf	5	1	11
Meserve, jc	0	0	0
Howard, sc	0	0	0

Noyes, rb	0	0	0
Neal, rb	0	0	0
Sweetsir, rb.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	8	1	17

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Vose, lf	5	0	12
Macomber, rf	6	1	11
Rollins, jc.....	0	0	0
M. Lougee, sc.....	0	0	0
Rackliffe, lb	0	0	0
M. Smith, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	11	1	23

Referee, Miss Barker. Umpire, Miss Leland. Time of periods, 15 and 12 min.

THE FINAL STANDING

	W	L	P C
1913	3	0	1.000
1914	2	1	.667
1912	1	2	.333
1915	0	3	.000





1867—George S. Ricker resides in Wichita, Kansas.

1869—Rev. L. C. Graves is in Granville Centre, Mass.

1872—Mr. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., and Mrs. Baldwin, have spent the winter in Upper Montclair, N. J.

1876—D. J. Callahan has been re-elected as a member of the Library Committee for the Lewiston Public Library.

1878—Alden M. Flagg has been elected assessor for the City of Auburn.

1881—Hon. Fremont Wood of Boise, Idaho, spent a day at the college recently, for the first time in thirty years.

1882—Benjamin G. Eaton, of St. Paul, Minn., has just been appointed instructor in one of the summer training schools for teachers for a term of five weeks. This is Mr. Eaton's sixth appointment.

Frank Leroy Blanchard, managing editor of *The Editor and Publisher*, New York, has been invited by Walter Williams, dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, and chairman of the Department of Journalistic Education of the National Press Association, to deliver the principal address before the latter body, at the annual convention of the Association, to be held at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, June 24-26. Mr. Blanchard's subject will be "The Professional Journal as a Teacher."

1885—Rev. George A. Downey is pastor of the M. E. church at Spencer, Mass.

1885—Rev. E. B. Stiles is located in Alton, N. H.

1887—Surgeon E. K. Sprague, on February 13th, was relieved from duty at Key West, Florida, and directed to proceed to Ellis Island, New York Harbor, for duty. Mr. Sprague is engaged in the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service of the United States Government.

1887—Miss Mary N. Chase is President of the New Hampshire Woman's Suffrage Association.

1888—Dr. Ralph A. Parker, of Auburn, who, in January, received a fractured limb, is much improved.

1890—Miss Ellen F. Snow is living at Maplecrest Farm, Old Orchard, Maine.

1891—Miss Mabel S. Merrill has a very interesting story, "The Road to the Hill Rim," in the issue of March 21 of *The Youth's Companion*.

1892—C. C. Ferguson and wife are in West Brookfield, Mass.

1894—A daughter was recently born to Dr. and Mrs. Albert H. Miller, of Providence, R. I.

1895—J. G. Morrill is Superintendent of Schools for Clinton, Canaan, and Burnham, Me.

Rev. Lester W. Pease, who has been located at Centre Strafford, N. H., for the past few years, is soon to leave that place to accept a new pastorate.

1896—Oliver F. Cutts is Secretary for the Alumni Work of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, with headquarters at 124 East 28th St., New York.

F. W. Hilton, formerly of Warren, Mass., is now in the High School at Attleboro, Mass.

1898—O. H. Toothaker of Berlin, N. H., is connected with a real estate office on State Street, Boston, and will soon move his family to that city.

1899—Miss Wildie M. Thayer has written a book, "Flower Fancies from Fairyland," published by the C. M. Clark Co.

Rev. T. H. Scammon is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Farmington, N. H.

1900—Urban G. Willis is spending his sixth year in the employment of Congressman F. O. Lowden of Oregon, Ill. He spent the last winter in California. He has gained considerable fame through his excellent thesis, "Commission Form of Government in American Cities." Last winter he delivered addresses in two Illinois cities on Commission Government.

1901—C. E. Wheeler, Superintendent of Schools in Montville, Conn., and surrounding towns, resides at 63 Lincoln Street, New London.

William K. Holmes and wife, Alice Frost Holmes, of 1904, are in Southington, Conn., where Mr. Holmes is principal of the High School.

1902—E. A. Childs and wife are in Linesury, Conn., where Mr. Childs is Principal of the High School.

Evangelist A. A. Walsh is soon to move his family to Kansas, where he has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church. Mrs. Walsh was formerly Miss Ruth E. Pettengill.

1904—Rev. Eugene B. Smith has recently resigned from the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Lebanon, Conn., and will sail in May for the British Isles, where he expects to spend the summer.

The engagement of Miss Alice Sands to Sidney Ernest Stockwell has been announced.

Rev. E. M. Holman, of Bristol, Vt., is Vice-President of the Vermont Christian Endeavor Union.

1906—Harry D. Harradon, who has been teaching Modern Languages at Westbrook Seminary, is going to Washington, D. C., to accept the position of Translator in the Carnegie Institute.

Blanche A. Bragdon is teaching in Dalton, Mass.

1907—Mr. and Mrs. James E. Barlow have a little daughter, Esther Manson, born March 14th. Mrs. Barlow was formerly Miss Georgie Munson.

E. P. Freeze and wife are in Brookfield, Mass.

Miss Sarah Hillman is in Springfield, Mass., 73 Spring Street.

E. P. Colson is in Westbrook, Conn.

An unusual honor came to Jerome Holmes, in his recent ordination at Salem, Mass. On Feb. 6, 1812, the first five missionaries of the American Board, were ordained and commissioned in the Congregational Church at Salem. In the celebration of the centennial, Mr. Holmes was one of five young men chosen to be ordained as a part of the memorial exercises, the centennial being observed almost to an hour, and the same table and settee were used as at the first ordination. Mr. Holmes is soon to go to Japan.

Mrs. F. W. Jackson, formerly Miss Marion Files, of Jackson, N. H., has been in Lewiston, recently.

1908—George W. French is teaching at Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.

Guy Tuttle is teaching in Hopedale, Mass.

Ruth Sprague is teaching in Wilmington, Mass.

Maurice V. Brown is a dentist at 1 Norfolk Street, Dorchester, Mass.

1909—A reception was tendered by the faculty and students of the Presque Isle High School to Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Holman on the eve of their departure to Lincoln, R. I.

John B. Sawyer of Groveton, N. H., was in Lewiston, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Carroll have a little daughter, born in March.

1910—Miss Mildred Jones is in Springfield, Mass.—4 Massasoit Avenue.

Miss Nellie T. Barker acted as Referee, and Miss Christine Leland as Umpire at the Girls' Championship Basketball games at the college.

Recent visitors to the college were Mabel Eaton, Ruby Parsons, Katherine Parsons, and Gladys Greenleaf.

1911—On Feb. 28th a son, John Herbert Pierce, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pierce.

Among those who visited the college in March were Una Brann, Genevieve Dwinal, Elizabeth Ingersoll, Edna Jenkins, Eulela Little, Elizabeth Whittier, F. B. Quincy, L. R. McKusick, and R. S. Guptill.

President H. E. Walter, of the Providence Alumni Association, has announced that the annual dinner will be held on Friday evening, April 12.

Forty enthusiastic guests were present at the annual lunch of the Alumni Association of New York, which was held at Hotel Gregorian on March 23d.

Arrangements are being perfected for the twentieth reunion of the Class of '92, to be held during Commencement week this year. The correspondence with the class indicates that a very large percentage of the class will be present.

The STUDENT has received the following from the Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Association:

The fourth annual banquet of the Connecticut Valley Bates Alumni Association was held in Worthy Hotel, Springfield, Mass., March 15th. In spite of a downpour of rain, forty-two were present, Blake, '05, and McKusick, '04, journeying from Vermont to enjoy the good time. After an excellent dinner, President C. E. Brockway, '78, started the ball rolling and it continued to roll until after eleven. Among the guests present were Prof. T. L. Angell, formerly at Bates, Prof. and Mrs. C. M. Geer of Hartford Theological Seminary, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75, and R. B. Stanley, '97, who came down from Boston to lead the singing of the evening. Dr. Leonard, the guest from the College, spoke most happily on the theme, "Our Quest and Bequest." Besides the guests, all of whom spoke, other speakers were Hazel Donham, '03, and Fred R. Noble, '08.

The officers elected for the coming year are: President, Rev. Roscoe Nelson, '87, Windsor, Conn.; Vice-President, Alice L. Sands, '04, Hartford; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. E. B. Smith, '04, Lebanon, Conn.

The Connecticut Valley Association is young, but it is gaining momentum, and will bear watching. Please let the officers know of any Bates people in Connecticut or Western Massachusetts.

At the banquet of the Connecticut Valley Association in Hartford in 1909, Prof. Stanton gave a characteristically beautiful talk on what life meant to him, as he looked back upon it, and on the meaning of old age. This has been printed in a neat booklet entitled, "A Retrospect of Life," containing a fine cut of Prof. Stanton. About one hundred copies are available and will be sold at ten cents each to those applying first. Address, Eugene B. Smith, Lebanon, Conn.

Frequently letters are received by THE STUDENT from the Alumni, stating that this department is very unsatisfactory. It is with much disappointment that we learn this to be the case. We have been using every means which we can devise to make this department successful, but we have come to believe very firmly that it can be made what the alumni desire and expect, only as they are all willing to co-operate with the editor. Shall we not hope that the consistent efforts of all who are interested may improve it?

ALUMNI EDITOR.



Exchanges

In the March number of the *Review of the University of Ottawa* is an excellent article entitled, "What Home Rule will Mean for Ireland." This sets forth, in an enthusiastic manner, the advantages to Ireland which will result from the granting of this power by England and the subsequent change of feeling of the Irish people toward the English.

The contents of the *Williams Literary Monthly* are, as usual, well varied. The story, "A Human Life," is very impressive and leaves in the reader's mind the question as to what he would do if placed in a similar position.

The *Buff and Blue*, which comes to us from Gallaudet College, might be improved by the addition of a few good poems

"Some Suggestions for Whiling away Recitation Hour," in the April issue of *The Vassar Miscellany*, describes the profitable occupations in which many students engage during this hour, such as letter writing, preparation of other lessons, drawing, etc., It is a very amusing article and well written. The poem, "A Message from the Sea," which was suggested by an etching of that title, presents the picture very vividly to us.

CHRISTUS

Pax Vobiscum! Ah, the sound
As it falls upon my ears!
Ah, the sobbing sighs it brings,
Tears for past, for better years.

Agnus Dei! Softer, softer,
As a glimpse of purer days;
Softer yet in subdued silence,
Soft submission, whispered praise.

—*William and Mary Lit. Magazine.*

SLAVES

Too weak to dare the sleep immortal,
 Too faint to bear the yoke of life,
 We shrink from fears that keep its portal,
 Yet cringe at every stroke in strife.

So all our living is a task uncourted,
 So all our dying is a last defeat;
 Our pleasure is a grinning mask distorted,
 And pain sits throned upon the master's seat.

—GEORGE W. TREVOR in *Williams Literary Monthly*.

THE HARP PLAYER

God of the stillness, the night-thrill, the thundertone
 Making, destroying thy world evermore;
 God of the sun streaks that, quivering, glimmering,
 Whirl down the surges to flash by the shore—
 Fash'ning with sound I create thy world after thee.
 Glinting of birches and pine-swaying strong,
 Sweetness of thistle and coolness of gloaming time,
 Live like an echo in throbs of my song.
 For in the forests I heed thy great silences
 Thrilled with a dream of a world to be born;
 Sing a new saga for joy of thy wonderlight,
 Sing a new God in a temple outworn.

—ELIZABETH TOOF in *The Vassar Miscellany*.



Here and There

Freshman—"Does the part ever equal the whole?"

Professor—"Take the conceit from a Freshman and there is nothing left."

He—"When I left for Europe, I promised to write to her if anything came up."

The other—"Well."

He—"I wrote to her eight times the next day."—*Clipping.*

Temperance lady to prisoner—"Ah, my dear man, Rum brought you here."

Prisoner—"No, mum. 'Twas Jones, the sheriff."

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly. She fell into his arms, and he was busy. Still the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—*Ex.*

He—"I shall kiss you when I go."

She—"Leave the house at once."

She—"I like grand opera music."

He—"Um."

She—"But the chorus is seldom pretty."

He—"Um."

She—"And the light effects here aren't good."

He—"Um."

She—"However, if I shut my eyes I can enjoy it."

Voice from the Rear—"And, if you shut your mouth, the rest of us can enjoy it."

"Sold again," murmured the second-hand picture. "Well, I'll be hanged."

"Here's where I get a call down," said the elevator boy at the top floor.

"I see signs of an early spring," said Tommy, as he saw the cat watching a bird.

"You shock me," said the corn to the farmer in harvest time.

How do you like your work?

"I find it uplifting," said the elevator boy.

"It is all right," said the stenographer.

"It keeps me busy," said the bee.

"It keeps me going," said the locomotive engineer.

"I'm right in the swim," said the life-saver at the beach.

"I make it as light as possible," said the electrician.

"Too dead," said the undertaker.

"I'm getting along well," said the artesian well digger.

"I am prone to failures," said the merchant.

"I am continually broken up," said the dollar bill.

"I have to scrape to get along," said the barber.

"I don't like it very well," said the physician.

"It's wearing on my friends," said the tailor.

"I have to dig for my money," said the sexton.

"I have to figure closely," said the bookkeeper.

"I find no difficulty in making both ends meet," said the snake.

"It keeps me flying," said the aeronaut.

"I am all worked up," said the butter.

"I am growing stronger every day," said the cheese.

COLLEGE LIFE

There was a chap in our town
Who vowed he'd go to college:
"For I," said he, "would wander down
The flow'ry path of knowledge."

He packed his trunk, he took the train,
And soon was domiciled there;
He 'gan at once to pack his brain
With wisdom not for child fare.

But, study hard or study late—
He never knew the reason—
He could not cram within his pate
The half his work in season.

With lessons long and lessons hard
Did teachers all enslave him;
What others reeled off by the yard
He couldn't learn to save him.

And when he found exams. were done,
And he was "fired" from college,
He said: "I fail to see the fun
In flow'ry paths of knowledge."

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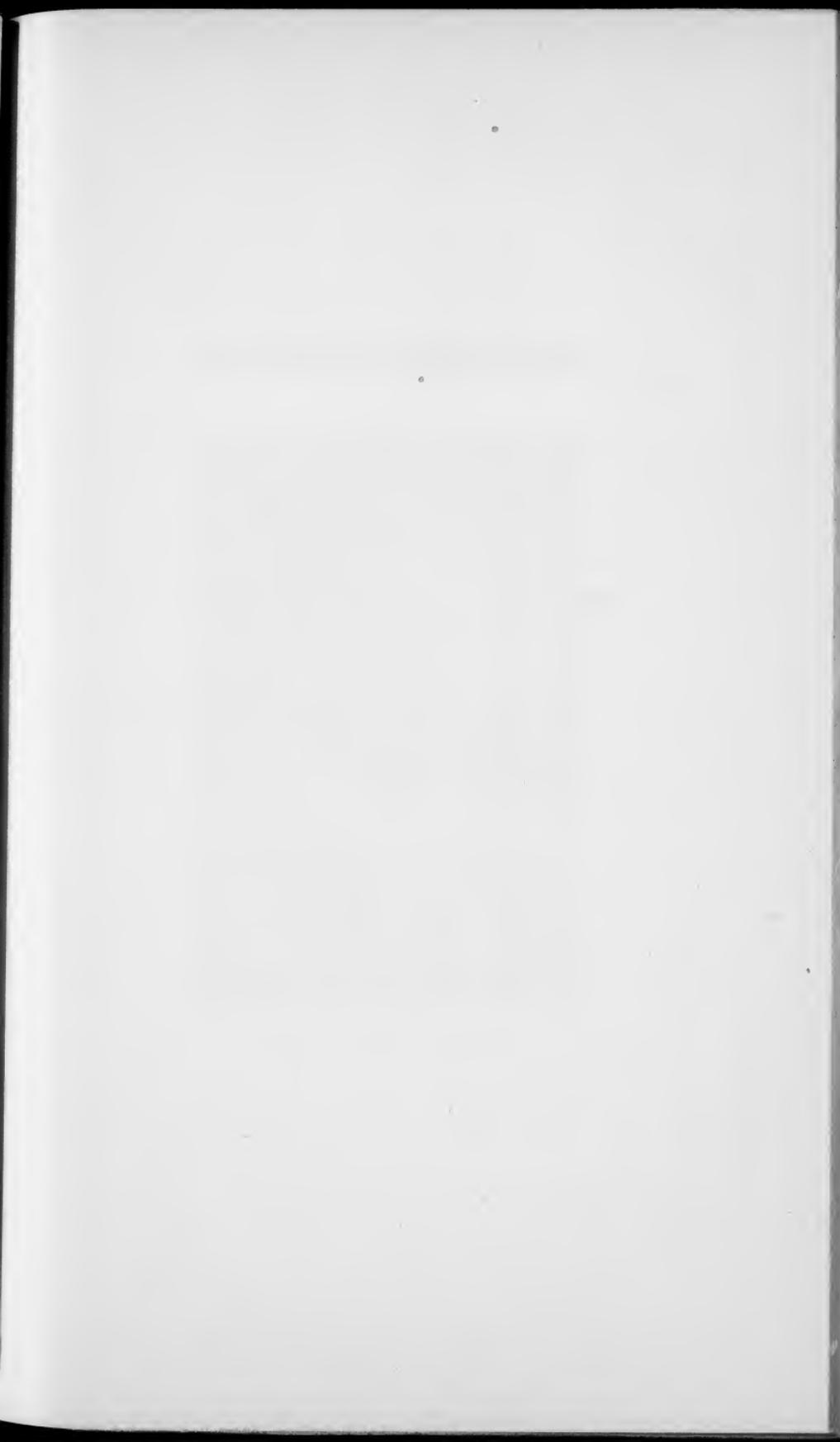
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No. 5

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IN MEMORIAM

FLORENCE A. RIDEOUT, '12

Strong hand, keen mind, true heart,
They say thy life is o'er,
In college halls, thy kindly face
And smile we'll see no more.

But no, beyond our sight,
Thy life shall have no end;
In unknown worlds of love and light,
Thou serv'st thy Heavenly Friend.

And here thy life shall shine,
And tender grace shall give
To us, oh friend, who knew thy worth.
Within our hearts, you live.



WILLIAM EDWIN LOVELL

BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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IN MEMORIAM

FLORENCE A. RIDEOUT, '12

Strong hand, keen mind, true heart,
They say thy life is o'er,
In college halls, thy kindly face
And smile we'll see no more.

But no, beyond our sight,
Thy life shall have no end;
In unknown worlds of love and light,
Thou serv'st thy Heavenly Friend.

And here thy life shall shine,
And tender grace shall give
To us, oh friend, who knew thy worth.
Within our hearts, you live.

WILLARD ARMSTRONG, KLEPTOMANIAC

ALBERT A. RAND, 1912

It was not Armstrong's fault that he was a kleptomaniac; nobody for a moment maintained that it was. Yet the fact remained. When, as a mere infant, he began to show unmistakable signs of the curious affliction—signs which manifested themselves thru the stealing and hoarding of the cherries from mother's new hat, and the buttons from father's Sunday vest,—his parents immediately instituted a search among the musty archives of a long-forgotten past, for the purpose of finding some forefather or foremother, long since beyond self-defence, upon whom the responsibility might be placed. The search was not unsuccessful. Some three or four generations back, they succeeded in finding one whose recorded history was meagre, but who—as further investigation subsequently disclosed—had seemingly been possessed, while in the flesh, of an unconquerable desire to appropriate for himself whatever he happened to see that was not his own. Here, then, was a harbor of refuge. And, because this same ancestor had for some decades been beyond the point where he could speak for himself, there was no opposition when he was forced to accept the blame for his progeny's eccentricity.

Thus, Willard Armstrong entered upon his earthly career handicapped, yet happy in his own innocence of the cause therefor. The boys at school, however, were of a somewhat different mind in regard to the matter, especially when dimes and miscellaneous trinkets frequently winged their flight to the regions of the unknown, from the direction of their pockets, and, moreover, when sundry dainties escaped from their lunch baskets at recess. They were not slow, however, in identifying the culprit, and they desired a more tangible means of satisfaction than the memory of some departed progenitor. Thus it came about that Willard was cordially disliked, and branded as a thief by all the boys at school and on the street.

As time went on, and the boy grew up into the stalwart adolescence, his strange madness seemed to decrease, a circumstance at which all his friends rejoiced, meanwhile breathing freer and

relievedly loosening the tight hold upon their possessions. To all intents and purposes, Armstrong was cured.

In his twenty-first year, Willard became permeated with a strong desire to go to college, an idea which had hitherto not been remarkably prominent in his thought. His parents were not averse to the proposition, and, as he was apparently able to control his eccentric tendency, they trusted to his ability for keeping out of trouble, and saw no reason why he should not take his place in the college world.

In the fall of that same year, then, Armstrong with hopes high and ambitions worthy, arrived one day at the imposing, building-dotted campus where much of his time for the next four years would be spent. After searching out the proper authorities, he began to make inquiries as to his room and his roommate. He soon found the former to his taste, and the latter a genial fellow, but quiet and unassuming, of apparently the same age as himself. His name, he said, was Douglas—Jack Douglas from Portland,—and Armstrong decided at once that he should like him. Douglas, it later developed, was an athlete, and this circumstance drew the two still closer together. Thus, college life opened pleasantly for Armstrong, who soon became a favorite among his fellows.

One afternoon, several weeks after the beginning of the term, Armstrong was sitting alone in his room. Being idle, he mused, and while musing, his thought centered upon the earlier days of his career in contrast with the present. With the memory, there returned that old desire, that strange, inexplicable impulse to steal,—to take something not his own. His roommate's desk was conveniently near, and on it was a book. It was not much of a book, merely a cheap dictionary, but it served as a concrete object upon which to carry out the mania. A moment later it reposed, in Armstrong's trunk. While the craving was still seeking other prey, the door opened and Douglas entered, glowing with exercise. He noticed nothing amiss, and soon settled himself to work, while Willard softly stole from the room. Even this act was performed in a kleptomaniacal manner.

It was not long before a word tangled itself up in Jack's mind and refused to come out into the light of recognition, so he reached for his dictionary.

"Hullo, that's funny, I thought I laid that dictionary right here, I'm almost sure I did. I'll bet some guy has borrowed it as usual. It's about the only one in the hall. Hang it, I won't bother with the word, anyway. I guess I'll go and see if the mail is in yet."

As he went out, he met Armstrong in the hall. "Hullo, Will, he cried, "seen my dictionary anywhere. I've misplaced it."

"No," replied Armstrong. "I haven't. Somebody must have borrowed it; that's the favorite occupation of some people, you know." So the matter was forgotten until time should suggest a further need of the dictionary.

The weeks went by as usual, save for the occasional disappearance of some trifling article from Douglas' desk, causing momentary perplexity.

"I declare, Will," Douglas burst out one day, "this borrowing business is getting to be a chestnut. I wish they'd start something new for a diversion, try returning things, for example. I've lost three books and a fountain pen since the first of last week. And Bill Evans in Number 9 has lost his watch and other things, too. I tell you it looks queer."

With the first manifestations of spring, and the consequent drying of the outdoor running track, Armstrong spent a large portion of his time in the open air, and Douglas ceased to complain about the borrowing. His time was largely spent in baseball practice.

One day about the first of May, Douglas dashed excitedly into his room, seized his astonished chum by the arm, whirled him rapidly about the room to the resultant overthrow of several chairs, then turned a couple of handsprings, stood for a few seconds on his head, flung himself into a chair, and finally spoke:

"Will, old sport," he panted, "I'm in love."

Armstrong smiled.

"Oh, I know you think it's a joke, but I'm not kiddin' you now. It's straight as a die, up an' down true. I'm in love clear to my ears and I mean to stay in."

His roommate took a quieter view of it.

"Don't worry, my boy," he advised paternally. You'll get it over it soon. It probably isn't very deep, anyway.

When did you get wise to the fact that you were in this deplorable condition? Has it been coming on long?"

"No, I've felt it some ever since I met her last winter, but the real, genuine, full-grown flower didn't blossom out until this afternoon. And believe me, Will, it's come to stay."

"Have you asked her?"

"Not yet. I'll have to wait a while. It's too soon, now."

"Is she good looking?"

"See for yourself. Here's the photo. Taken expressly for yours truly. Careful there, this side up, you know."

Armstrong took the picture and studied it a long time in silence. Every outline of her face, every shade of expression, was indelibly engraved on his brain. Yes, she was pretty, prettier than any girl he had ever seen. He handed the photograph back in silence and fell to musing abstractedly.

"What's her name?" he inquired at last.

"Bernice Hilton. Pretty name, isn't it?"

"Very pretty name. Pretty girl, too. Jack, you're a lucky guy."

The spring work went steadily on, both fellows for a time being absorbed in their athletic duties. Gradually, however, Armstrong's interest began to wane. His absences from practice were more and more noticeable and when he did report for duty it was with a listless, abstracted air, very unlike his former enthusiasm. After several unsuccessful attempts to get at the seat of the trouble, Douglas gave up in despair, and left him to settle his own difficulties as best he could. It might be said also that the borrowing had nearly ceased, although the returning had not yet begun.

Jack's affair of the heart was apparently progressing well, but distressingly slow. He made his periodic calls with unswerving punctuality, was faithfully received, and Miss Hilton was manifestly glad to see him on all occasions. But whenever he ventured to broach the subject nearest his heart, the question burning for utterance, he found her firm in her decision. He must wait—wait indefinitely, was all the satisfaction he could get. So he waited of necessity but not patiently.

All this time Armstrong was becoming more and more

abstracted. He neglected his lessons, his athletic work,—everything. He would sometimes disappear for quite an interval, but would offer no explanation on his return.

The season wore along, and the end of the school year was in sight. With June came renewed purpose and resolution, and Jack determined to be put off no longer. He would know his fate definitely before nightfall. Accordingly, about three o'clock of the same afternoon on which he reached this conclusion, he arrayed himself in his best and set forth for the residence of his lady love. He was filled with a grim satisfaction that, whatever her answer, the suspense would, at least, be ended. There was a long pause after he rang the bell, but finally the door was opened by the young lady's brother, who informed Jack that his sister was not in. The look on the lad's face belied his words, however, and Douglas, suspicious, pushed past him into the hall. Without stopping to knock, as was his custom, he unceremoniously pushed open the door and entered. But he stepped back, astonished, upon the threshold, for as he gazed, Willard Armstrong arose to meet him. There was a moment of awkward, embarrassed silence. Then Douglas spoke:

"It appears that I have arrived at an unfortunate time. Had I anticipated anything like this, I should certainly not have come. I beg pardon for intruding upon such a delightful scene." With a mocking bow, he turned to leave the room, but Armstrong, with a muttered word to the girl, strode quickly to him.

"No, Jack, you stay. It is your right, and I ask it."

Willard seemed greatly confused and passed out as quickly as possible. When the outside door had closed, Douglas stepped into the room.

"Well, how long has this been going on?" he inquired. "Has he sprung his final trap, yet?" The sneer had not left his face. She looked at him white and troubled.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And his answer?"

"He wants it to-night at eight o'clock."

Douglas looked relieved. The sneer left his face, and its place was taken by his own genial smile, as he said,

"In that case, before you send the answer, I have a few things to say, and I guess I'll say them now."

Willard Armstrong spent the rest of the afternoon amid conflicting emotions. He knew that he had been led on by his own mania to do an underhanded thing, yet somehow he could not bring himself to a proper condition of repentance, which perhaps was not to be wondered at. Moreover, there was the uncertainty as to his answer, for, although he knew that Douglas was probably pressing his suit at that moment, with all the ardor at his command, yet that afternoon, she had decidedly favored him, the kleptomaniac.

His suspense was short-lived, however, for a knock at his door, brought him to it with alacrity. It proved to be a boy, with a note, which Armstrong turned his attention to. As he read, his face lighted up. This was truly happiness.

"Dear Will: Your answer is 'yes.' Father is suspicious and we must get away. I will be ready at eight." Too good to be true! He read and reread the note, then carefully placed it in his coat pocket, which happened to be appropriately situated on the left side. In the midst of his joy and excitement, a momentary pang smote him as he thought of his unfortunate roommate. His voice was really sympathetic as he murmured, "Poor Jack. Hard luck, old boy."

Promptly at eight twenty-five Armstrong left—some distance down the street—the automobile which he had hired, and cheerily made his way toward the house. A figure, heavily veiled, was waiting for him at the gate, and as he approached, she made a motion for him to be quiet. Then she joined him quickly and together they hastened down the street. Once more Armstrong attempted to speak and again the girl silenced him.

"Hush," she whispered. "Don't breathe a word. Father is watching and it will go hard with you if he catches us." In five minutes they had reached the auto and here Armstrong paused.

"Now, my dear," he said, tenderly, "no one can hear us now, at any rate, and I am going to take my first kiss from those lips." He seized her in his arms and attempted to carry out his purpose, but she broke away from him alarmed.

"No, no, Will," she whispered hoarsely, "not here. They may find us yet. Let us waste no time but go, go."

"All right," he laughed, humoring her. "I won't press the

matter any more now, but remember, on the way back, I shall claim a double number."

He helped her into the auto and they were soon speeding away into the night. There was little attempt at conversation on the way, for Armstrong's attention was wholly occupied in manipulating the car; but he was content to feel her near him, and to realize that soon, very soon, she would be his, irrevocably his. Thus pleasantly he dreamed, and at the end of an hour, entered a little village, where he soon drew up before a modest little white house. As the girl saw it, and realized that they had reached their destination, she gave a contented little sigh, and nestled closer to him. The next instant she had sprung quickly up, and was on the ground before he had opportunity to assist her.

A moment later Armstrong had left his auto in a place of safety and joined the girl.

"Now, dearest," he said lovingly, "before I go in I must take what you denied me when we started. Your father is safely out of the way now and you have no excuse to offer." He seized her in his arms and, lifting the veil, deposited on those ruby lips a genuine lover's kiss.

Oh, cruel hand of Fate that turns our greatest joys into disappointments! In some inexplicable way the veil became tangled up in a pin that was fastened to Armstrong's coat and, as he stepped back, the face was uncovered. At that same instant a light from within the house was flashed upon the features and Armstrong found himself gazing not into the blushing cheeks and down-cast eyes of an adorable maiden, but into the perfectly calm features and twinkling eyes of Jack Douglas. Will sprang back, speechless and staring. The eyes began to twinkle still more.

"Gee whiz, Will," ejaculated Douglas, smacking his lips, "that certainly was some kiss. Give me another one just like that, won't you, please, darling, just one more."

Armstrong struck savagely at the mocking face, but its owner dodged skillfully to one side. Then, after a long, withering look, that, if looks could kill, would have meant life imprisonment for its originator, Armstrong turned and strode away to his automobile. Not until he heard the chugging of the motor, did

Douglas speak. Then he called out mockingly, "Say, Will, next time you steal a girl, you had better kiss her before you start."

There was no answer save an angry snort of the horn as the auto slowly moved away. Douglas stood and listened to the departing sounds; as he stood there, motionless, a little figure in white stole out of the house and took its place by his side. Together they waited in silence, until, with a long, final wail, that gradually died into silence, the automobile, bearing Willard Armstrong, kleptomaniac, passed into oblivion. And then, what Willard Armstrong, kleptomaniac, had intended for Bernice Hilton, Jack Douglas gave.

YESTERDAY

CLARENCE I. CHATTO, '12

'Twas yesterday—
He rode away—
And left me standing here alone
To list the sound of his horse's feet
Go clanging down the ways of stone,
Thru the dust of the summer-basking street,
Until in the distance it died away,
As died within me the strong heart-beat
Which told of our parting yesterday.

'Twas yesterday—
But yesterday—
When last his lips leaned down to me.
"To-morrow I'll come back to you, dear!"
He whispered, but came not back to me.
And so I wait until night draws near,
Wait till the dawn brings back the day,
Yearning with all my soul to hear
My love, home coming from yesterday.

A LITTLE MESSAGE FROM THE TOILERS

Which may be called:
"The Other One."

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Hearken now unto the tale of the "Other One;" not the "Man of Sorrows," but the one who, even as He, fared far into the land of Affliction.

Not his was the lot of the humble Nazarene, albeit upon him fell a full share of travail in the hell-hot furnaces of the mills,—he laboured, not in the daytime, but through the hours of darkness, never beholding the rising or the setting of the sun in the glorious heavens.

As I have told you, he was a toiler, but withal of an altruistic spirit. He pitied the lot of his fellow-toilers, and was strong to lift up his voice against the oppression of the masters—the kings of high finance.

But even as all altruistic souls, he was misunderstood; his fellows turned not unto him, but harshly accused him of self-seeking. They railed against his efforts, and held him up to the finger of scorn, when he endeavored to ease them of their burdens, knowing not what they did.

Notwithstanding this, he battled onward in his solitary struggle for the rights and privileges of his fellows—unheeded and unbefriended.

When, now, he had for a time uselessly lifted up his voice against the oppressor, he was deprived of his right to toil in those hell-red stamping-mills, wherein the vigor of manhood, in a brief span of years, is transformed to the tottering decrepitude of premature senility.

And his name was affixed unto a black-list, that he might not elsewhere find hire.

And as I have said, his fellows heeded not his words, but passed him by upon the other side of the road.

So by these deeds did they crucify him, and his children cried for bread.

Of a verity there are other means of murder than by bullet and steel—and more subtle by far.

When, now, despairing, turned in wrath away from those portals wherein he wrought out his livelihood, he beheld the sheeted spectre of Starvation grimly stalking amid his loved ones, the heart within him became like unto a stone, and he stole—stole that he might gain for them but a bit of bread.

But the hand of the law was heavy upon him, for he suffered affliction for the expiation of his man-called crime

But within the portals of the plutocrats was mirth and revelry; for upon them the burden of the Law fell not; and they made great feast in consequence thereof.

But yet the hand of the Law was heavy upon the malefactor, and they who passed by railed on him. * * * * *

Oh ye, who, in your ceaseless scramble for power and gold, are eating your bread in the blood and sweat of the "Other's" brow, and traffic in human hearts and human happiness, give ear unto the message of my tale, and then, if ye can,—call your work good—and—God knoweth. * * * * *

And they crucify Him. * * * * And they who passed by railed on him.

MEMORY

ALTON IRWIN DE LANO, '13

The old schoolhouse of childhood days
That stood adown the hill—
As I glance back o'er mem'ries page—
Comes up before me still.

Again I sit at my old desk
'Mid friends of other times,
When thoughts would stray from dusty books
To boyish walks and climbs.

But, like a flash, the scene is changed,
For Time has made his call,
And only one face stays the same,
The clock's upon the wall.

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For the first time in the history of Bates College, it has won the Maine Intercollegiate Track-Meet. At the meets of the last two years, Bates has pushed the winning college for the first place, and this year she forged ahead sufficiently to win the coveted honor. Having won a baseball game from Harvard, and the state track-meet, we may well feel proud of our achievements, we may well feel glad that we are Bates men and women; but the fact that should make us more elated than these victories is that we have won these distinctions fairly and honestly. Officials at the meet pronounced it the fairest and the cleanest meet that they ever had to do with. The decisions of the judges were not questioned by either the winning or the losing sides, and the fairness and earnestness of the true sportsman characterized each event.

A very important change has been made in the personnel of the editorial staff of **THE STUDENT** for this month. Mr. Deer-

ing, who has managed the Local Department so efficiently for the last five issues, has resigned his position, and Mr. Alley has been chosen by the Faculty to take his place. Mr. Deering has done excellent work in his department, and has been prompt and faithful. Mr. Alley is also well fitted, however, for the work, and will carry on the department, keeping it up to its usual standard.

Again has sorrow come to our college. Again is one of our number taken from us. This time the Angel of Death came without warning, visited the class about to graduate, and took from its ranks one of its most popular and one of its best loved members. William Edwin Lovell was a man his fellows delighted to honor, and a man who held a large place in the affections of his classmates and of those who knew him. He was a man of ideals, earnest and conscientious in his work, and would, in after life as now, have done credit to Bates. On the eve, as it were, of the completion of his college work here, he was called to lay down his tools and give up his work. He had looked for a longer career, for broader fields of activity, and for a larger work, but who shall say that his life was incomplete? Who shall say that the world is not the better for his having lived? We may not see the Divine purpose clearly, but we can have confidence that all is well. Although the call may "come at an hour that we know not of," we may rest confident that

"God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world."





Local



Helen George, '14, and Ruth Smith, '13,

Campus Notes are each recovering from a short illness.

Ada Rounds, '12, has been acting as substitute teacher in Jordan High School, Lewiston, during the illness of the regular instructor in mathematics.

Ruth Sweetser, '12, has been supplying for several teachers in Edward Little High School, Auburn, during the winter.

Miss Isabel F. Dolliver, '15, who was compelled to leave college on account of sickness in her family, is quite seriously ill at her home in Manset, Maine.

Frances E. Bartlett, '15, is recovering rapidly from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Leonard S. Smith, '12, who has been ill at the Central Maine General Hospital, has returned to college.

Earl D. Merrill, '12, who has been at the Central Maine General Hospital for nearly four weeks, is much improved and will soon be able to leave the hospital.

Shirley J. Rawson, '14, who has been working at home during the last three weeks, has returned to college.

Faculty Notes Dr. and Mrs. W. E. McNeal were visiting friends in Lewiston for a few days recently.

Dr. and Mrs. McNeal were on their way to Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where Dr. McNeal is Professor of English. Mrs. McNeal was formerly Miss Libby, at one time dean at Bates College.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne C. Jordan have been spending the weekend with Mr. Jordan's father, Prof. Lyman G. Jordan of Frye Street, Lewiston.

Mrs. Blanche W. Roberts has returned from Medford, where she has been attending the meeting of the New England Associa-

tion of College Librarians. The meeting was held in the library at Tufts College.

Mrs. George C. Chase delightfully entertained the young ladies of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, at her home on Frye Street, Lewiston. The program included vocal solos by Helen Foss and Carrie Freese, both of '14, a violin selection by Miss Miriam Birdseye, and an informal talk by Prof. J. Y. Stanton. Prof. Stanton chose as the subject of his talk, "The Hall of Fame" It is always a pleasure to listen to Prof. Stanton and many interesting questions were asked at the close of the talk. Late in the afternoon every one joined in singing college songs. In the dining-room, Mrs. G. E. Ramsdell and Mrs. A. G. Cushman, assisted by Mrs. A. N. Leonard and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, served delicious chocolate and fancy cakes.

Medicine Party Great curiosity was evinced by those of the students who received invitations to a "Medicine Side Show" at the home of Prof. and Mrs. F. E. Pomeroy, on Saturday evening, April 17. The greater part of the guests came costumed to represent some patent medicines and the house was decorated with patent medicine posters. On the table in one room were envelopes containing letters of the alphabet which, if properly arranged, spelled the name of some medicine. A smelling contest under the direction of Prof. Jordan caused a great deal of amusement. The difficulty of determining the name of the contents of twenty-five little vials, merely by the sense of smell, was surprising. Advertisements with the name of the medicine omitted furnished an interesting contest. Three doctors, Mr. Harms, Mr. Cushman, and Prof. Pomeroy, on holding consultation, found that the guests were all suffering from various diseases and numerous prescriptions were tendered. The prescriptions were filled at Prof. Whitehorne's apothecary shop in the dining-room. Mrs. Pomeroy, assisted by Miss Rachel Knapp, served refreshments, delicious enough to offset the effects of so much medicine.

The prizes, boxes, and bottles of patent medicine, for the three best costumes among the young ladies were awarded to

Bertha McDaniel, '14, Venila Shores, '14, and Marion Lougee, '14. The first two prizes for the best men's costumes were awarded to William Small and Royal Parker, both of '14, who represented Blue Jay Corn Plasters. Prizes were awarded in the three guessing contests and those not winning prizes were given souvenirs of the evening. Never was a more healthful and delightful evening spent than at the "Medicine Side Show."

A Trip to Mexico On the afternoon of April 13, Prof. and Mrs. F. D. Tubbs entertained a party of junior class members, in their home on Wood Street.

When the guests arrived they were conducted to the "baggage car" where they left their wraps, and then took their seats in the "train." Between stations, Prof. Tubbs lectured on the habits and customs of Mexico and exhibited Mexican minerals which he had collected. When certain stations were reached, installments of passengers went out to the dining-room where Mrs. Tubbs, assisted by Miss Margaret Tubbs, served delicious fruits, chocolate, and fancy crackers. When Mexico was reached the passengers went out into the "station yard" and played a Mexican game, utilizing a bag of peanuts swung on a bright streamer, and a stick. Cakes and confections were served as a reward for the labor and everyone expressed great pleasure in the journey to Mexico.

New Science Hall Since the staging has been removed from the outside of the new science building, it presents a very pleasing appearance. The work on the interior of the building is being completed as rapidly as possible.

**Girls'
Mandolin Club**

A recent afternoon program of the Women's Literary Union, of Auburn, included several selections from the Girls' Mandolin Club.

On April 30, the Girls' Mandolin Club of Bates, assisted in the Minstrel Show given by the Junior Auxiliary of the Trinity Church in Lewiston.

**Colgate-Bates
Debate**

The first annual debate with Colgate University was held in Lewiston City Hall, on Monday evening, May sixth. Although the question was one involving the technical knowledge of our present banking system, the arguments were so clearly presented by both sides, that the attention and interest of the large audience was held throughout the evening. Justice J. C. Cornish, before rendering the decision of the judges, complimented the contestants for their ability to think and to express themselves clearly before an audience. The Judges awarded the debate to Colgate. The Bates debaters are to be congratulated for the strong way in which they presented the unpopular side of the question. The Colgate representatives displayed argumentative ability through the debate, Mr. Conrad giving an especially strong rebuttal.

The program was as follows:

Selection	Orchestra
Prayer	Leavitt H. Hallock, D.D.
Response	Orchestra

Question for Debate: *Resolved*, That the Aldrich plan of banking and currency reform as provided in the bill introduced into the Senate, January 11, 1912, should be adopted.

SPEAKERS

COLGATE	BATES
Affirmative	Negative
Bruce Landers Babcock, '14	Wayne Edward Davis, '12
Willitt, N. Y.	Rochester, N. H.
Julius Houseman Amberg, '12	Harry Havelock Lowry, '12
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Providence, R. I.
Sherman Harold Conrad, '12	Clair Elsmere Turner, '12
Atlantic City, N. J.	Harmony, Me.
<i>Alternate</i>	
Franklin Illinois Winter, '13	
Bloomfield, N. J.	
	<i>Rebuttal</i>
Mr. Davis	Mr. Babcock
Mr. Lowry	Mr. Amberg
Mr. Turner	Mr. Conrad
Music	Orchestra

Presiding Officer—Hon. Frank A. Morey, Mayor of Lewiston.

Board of Judges—Hon. J. C. Cornish, Associate Justice Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, Augusta, Me.; Professor Craven Laycock, Professor of Argumentation, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.; Hon. William H. Looney, Portland, Me.

Timekeeper—John L. Reade, Esq.

Music by the College Orchestra.

On the evening of the above debate, a team composed of Harry W. Rowe, '12, Wade L. Grindle, '13, and Gordon L. Cave, '13, supporting the affirmative side of the above question, won from Clark University at Worcester, Mass.

The third in the series of entertainments, held **Sophomore Night** for the benefit of the endowment fund, was given in Fiske room, Saturday evening, April 20, when the young ladies, assisted by several young gentlemen, and by members of the faculty, presented scenes from Shakespeare. Scenes from the following plays were dramatized: *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *King Lear*. Little time had been spent in preparation and rehearsals; the presentation, however, was excellent and the costumes were good representations of the dress of the Elizabethan period. Misses Minerva Dunlap, '12, and Helen Deering, '12, were awarded the prize for the most clever presentation.

**Sophomore
Champion Debate**

The annual Sophomore Champion Debate, which was held in Hathorn Hall, Friday evening, April 26th, was of a high degree of excellence. The arguments clinched squarely, and the masterly way in which both sides of the question were handled showed that all the contestants were thoroughly acquainted with the merits of the subject. The prize of fifteen dollars for the team presenting the better argument was awarded to the affirmative.

Arthur E. Tarbell of Lisbon received the prize of ten dollars for the best individual debate.

The program was as follows:

MUSIC**PRAYER**

Rev. Leavitt H. Hallock

QUESTION FOR DEBATE

Resolved: That Labor Unions are on the whole detrimental to the best interests of the United States.

SPEAKERS**Affirmative**

Arthur E. Tarbell

Flora M. Lougee

George C. Marsden

Timekeeper—Harry H. Lowry, '12

Negative

Donald B. Partridge

Helen J. Downs

James R. Packard

REBUTTAL**Affirmative**

Donald B. Partridge

Helen J. Downs

James R. Packard

Negative

Arthur E. Tarbell

Flora M. Lougee

George C. Marsden

MUSIC

Presiding Officer—President George C. Chase.

Judges—Professor George M. Chase, Dana S. Williams, Esq., John L. Reade, Esq.

Alternates—Nicholas C. Andronis, William G. Tackaberry.

Committee of Arrangements—Nicholas C. Andronis, William G. Tackaberry.

**Polymnia
Election**

President, John F. McDaniel, '13, East Bar-
rington, N. H.

Vice-President, Donald B. Partridge, '14,

Norway Lake.

Sec., Miss Mildred S. Bassett, '15, Rochester, N. H.

Asst. Sec., Miss Helen M. Hilton, '15, Phillips.

Treasurer, Shirley J. Rawson, '14, South Paris.

Asst. Treas., Miss Elaine Currier, '13, Andover, N. H.

Executive Com., Frank H. Jewett, '13, Dexter; Karl D. Lee,

'14, Leominster, Mass.; Miss Frances Malone, '15, Ellsworth. Membership Com., Walter P. Deering, '13, Bridgton. Flower Com., Miss Bessie Atto, '13, Bethlehem, N. H. Music Com., E. G. Barrow, '14, Newport, R. I.; Miss M. L. Roberts, '15, Georgiaville, R. I.

Pres., Wade L. Grindle, '13, South Penobscot.

Piærian Election Vice-Pres., J. Roy Packard, '14, Monmouth. Sec., Miss Mary E. Wadsworth, '15, West Gardiner.

Asst. Sec., Miss Ruth N. Beane, '15, Norway.

Treas., Frank S. Hoy, '15, Lewiston.

Executive Com., Albert R. Carter, '13, Bluehill; Miss Shirley Smalley, '14, Onset, Mass.; George G. Nilsson, '15, Boston.

Auxiliary Executive Com., Miss Evelyn Chase, '14, Portland; J. Roy Packard, '14, Monmouth; Miss Mabel G. Googins, '15, Portland.

Music Com., Miss Verne Blake, '13, Haverhill, Mass.; Miss Carrie M. Freese, '14, Gorham; Miss Mabel C. Durgan, '15, Island Falls.

Decorating Com., Miss Smith, '13.

Eurosophian Election Pres., John H. Dickson, Jr., '13, Lewiston. Vice-Pres., Royal B. Parker, '14, Auburn.

Sec., Miss Viola B. Nevens, '15, Lewiston.

Asst. Sec., Miss Abbie E. Foster, '15, East Corinth.

Treas., Louis B. Knight, '15, Limestone.

Executive Com., Joseph Vaughan, '13, Norridgewock; Miss Helen Vose, '13, Sabattus; Miss Edith Adams, '14, Auburn; Frank Leavitt, '14, Effingham, N. H.; Earl A. Harding, '15, Pittsfield.

Music Com., Miss Margaret Lougee, '13, Lewiston; Ralph Morgridge, '14, Dexter; Miss Maude Howard, '15, Lewiston.

Decorating Com., Miss Margaret Dickson, '13, Lewiston.

**Jordan
Scientific Society**

A meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was held on April 22, in the laboratory with President Fuller in the chair. The president introduced in turn W. H. Sawyer, '13, who spoke interestingly on "Corn Canning," and Geo. F. Conklin, '12, who discussed the "Nitrogen Problem." Afterward, an informal talk was held. One of the most enjoyable meetings of the society for the year was held at the home of Prof. Lyman G. Jordan on the evening of May 1. Many guests were present. The program consisted of a travel lecture by Prof. Jordan, a reading by Clair E. Turner, '12, and an original paper read by Chas. C. Knights, '12. Music was furnished by an orchestra consisting of Edward H. Fuller, '12, Clair E. Turner, '12, A. E. Jennings, '12, with Miss Verna Corey, '13, at the piano. All voted the evening most enjoyable and thanked Prof. and Mrs. Jordan heartily for their hospitality.

**William Edwin
Lovell**

While attempting to shoot rapids on the Androscoggin River, Sunday afternoon, May 4, William Edwin Lovell, one of the most prominent and popular men of the Class of 1912, together with his companion, J. Osborne Faulkner of Lewiston, was thrown from the canoe and drowned. Several spectators saw the accident but were unable to render aid. Faulkner went down immediately, but Lovell, before becoming chilled and exhausted, swam to within fifteen feet of safety. The body of Lovell was recovered, Monday forenoon, many men from the College being in the crew that were grappling for the victims.

The remains were brought to Hathorn Hall, Wednesday morning, that all who so desired might gaze for the last time on the face of their comrade. Funeral services were conducted by the Class of 1912. Lovell's favorite hymns were sung by a male quartet, and Clarence I. Chatto, '12, delivered an appreciation and tribute to the dead. Prayer was offered by Howard A. Welsh, '12. Tears stood in the eyes of all when the last hymn was sung, and they were a fit tribute to one of the most popular fellows, one of the cleanest men, that Bates College ever knew.

The body was accompanied to the station by the men of 1912,

marching behind muffled drums. J. F. Lovell, a brother of the deceased, and George E. Brunner, as a representative of the Senior Class, left with the body for Lovell's home at Springfield.

From the Bates Fund: Perkins, J. B.; France
New Books in the American Revolution. Putnam, Ruth; William the Silent.

Reinsch, P. S.; Readings on American State Government.
Rose, J. H.; William Pitt.
Taylor, H. O.; The Mediæval Mind. 2 vol.
Bullock, C. J.; Selected Readings in Economics.
Abbott, F. F.; The Common People of Ancient Rome.
Bates, E. S.; Touring in 1600.
McCall, S. W.; The Business of Congress.
Zimmern, A. E.; Greek Commonwealth.
Bowden, Joseph; Elements of the Theory of Integers.
Durège, H.; Elements of the Theory of Functions.
Ferguson, W. S.; Hellenistic Athens.
Hoskins, L. M.; Elements of Graphic Statics.
Jeans, J. H.; Elementary Treatise of Theoretical Mechanics.
Johnson, J. B. & Smith, L. S.; Theory and Practice of Surveying.
Randall, O. E.; Shades and Shadows.
Church, J. P.; Mechanics of Internal Work.
Cajori, Florian; Theory of Equations.
From the Divinity Library:
Carter, J. B.; Religious Life of Ancient Rome.
Arnold, E. V.; Roman Stoicism.
Spence-Jones, H. D. M.; Early Christians in Rome.
From the Alumni Association:
Smith, F. H.; Kennedy Square.
Pyle; Manuel of Personal Hygiene.
Sadler; The Cause and Cure of Colds.
Dearborn, G. V. N.; Text-book of Human Physiology.

Halliburton, W. D.; *Handbook of Physiology*.
Deland, Margaret; *The Iron Woman*.
De Morgan, William; *Somehow Good*.
Galsworthy, John; *The Patrician*.
Johnston, Mary; *The Long Roll*.
Wright, H. B.; *The Winning of Barbara Worth*.
Harrison, H. S.; *Queed*.
Locke, W. J.; *The Glory of Clementina*.
Jacobs, W. W.; *Sailors' Knots*.
Barrie, J. M.; *Peter and Wendy*.
De Morgan, William; *A Likely Story*.
Lewiston Evening Journal, 4 vol.
Van Dyke, Henry; *Poems*.
From the Appropriation.
Rambaud, Alfred; *Histoire de la Civilisation Française*. 2 vol.
Thieme, H. P.; *Guide Bibliographique de la Littérature Française de 1800-1906*.
Marshall, H. P.; *Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics*.
Elliott, S. M.; *Household Hygiene*.

Senior Parts Honors for members of the Senior class have been awarded in the three groups as follows:

Language group: Ray A. Clement, Derry Village, N. H.; Clarence I. Chatto, Sargentville; Albert A. Rand, Bradford, Mass.; Elizabeth M. Campbell, Westbrook; June Atkinson, Brunswick; Claramay Purington, West Bowdoin.

Science group: Earle D. Merrill, Madison; Clair E. Turner, Harmony; Carl T. Rhoades, Harmony; Fredrika E. Hodgdon, Portland; Verna M. Sawtelle, Auburn; Hazel E. Howard, Lewiston.

Philosophy group: Wayne E. Davis, Rochester, N. H.; Howard A. Welch, North Attleboro, Mass.; Harry H. Lowry, Providence, R. I.; Wheatie C. Whitman, Lewiston; Helen I. Deering, Bridgton; Mary R. Sweetser, Auburn.



Y. M. C. A. Notes An interesting course of lectures has been arranged by the Y. M. C. A., on various fields of life work. They are as follows:

April 23—Journalism, J. L. Reade, Lewiston.

May 1—Opportunities in the Ministry, Dr. F. E. Emrich, Boston.

May 8—Physical Directorship and Playground Work, Dr. J. H. McCurdy, Springfield.

May 15—Opportunities in Foreign Countries, S. E. Emrich, Mardin, Turkey.

May 25—Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship, Dr. F. N. Seerley, Springfield.

Lectures on law, teaching and medicine will be announced later.

At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on April 23d, Mr. J. L. Reade gave a very interesting talk on journalism, giving a good idea of the opportunities for a life work in this field.

The address of Dr. F. E. Emrich, which was scheduled for May first, was postponed, and Dr. George L. Cady, of Dorchester, Mass., spoke. Dr. Cady emphasized the call for help which is going up all over our country, and made a strong appeal for clean living.

Dr. J. H. McCurdy, of Springfield Training School, addressed the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Thursday evening, May 9th. He stated that, at present, the calls to fill positions of Physi-

cal Directorship in the Y. M. C. A.'s, colleges, and schools, are four to six times greater than the number of men available at Springfield Training School. Dr. McCurdy emphasized the demand for men of high moral character.

Mrs. Homans, of Wellesley College, who was the guest of Dean Woodhull over Sunday, addressed the young women of the college, April 21, at their regular Sunday evening service in Rand Hall. Mrs. Homans spoke of the value of physical training in the college girl's course, and touched upon many other phases of college life.

Saturday evening, April 13, Harington Emerson of New York, gave an interesting address on the subject: "Efficiency." Mr. Emerson divides History into two epochs: the period of manual labor, and the present age of skilled labor and conservation of energy. He says that women have fallen behind in the rapid advance of men in labor-saving devices, and that they must regain their lost kingdom through efficiency. The twelve principles of efficiency, as stated by Mr. Emerson, include fairness, ideals, discipline, record, schedule, standardization, and common sense.

Sunday evening, April 14, Rev. Robert Elliott Speer, of New York City, addressed a large audience in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Dr. Speer drew some valuable lessons from the life of Ion Keith-Falconer, speaking particularly of the independence of the man in departing from many of the conventional rules which so mould the lives of men to-day. Dr. Speer is a noted lecturer and author, and is the present secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

An instance of the increasing popularity of Bible Study is shown by the fifty dollar prize to be awarded to a Harvard or Radcliffe undergraduate for passing the best examination in the Old Testament.



Tennis

Rainy weather and a late spring have seriously interfered with the practice of candidates for the tennis team. Woodman, '13, and Tomblen, '14, remain from last year's team. Alley, '13, and Nickerson, '13, will probably make up the second team in doubles. The Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament takes place May 23, 24, and 25 at Orono.

At a meeting of the Athletic Advisory Board May 7, an interscholastic tennis tournament, to be held under the management of the Bates tennis team, was proposed. R. D. Purinton and S. R. Oldham, from the faculty, with Bassett, '12, and Buck, '12, from the student body, were appointed as a committee to make arrangements.

Interclass Track Meet

On May 2 and 3, beginning at 4 o'clock on each afternoon, the spring interclass track meet was run off under the supervision of Coach Lathrop. The interest was largely in the work of the men who were expected to win points for Bates at the Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet on May 11. The features of the meet were the work of Shepard, who put the shot 43 ft. 2 in., and of Gove, who threw the discus 129 ft. 4 in., new Bates records and better than the Maine Intercollegiate records. Blanchard and Woodman ran well in the hurdles. In the runs, Thompson, Deering, and Parker were the stars. Taken altogether, the work of the men made Bates feel that she had a fine chance to win the Maine Intercollegiates on May 11.

The summary:

125-Yard High Hurdles—Blanchard, '12, first; Woodman, '13, second; Bartlett, '12, third; time, 15 4-5s.

100-Yard Dash—Nevers, '14, first; Baker, '14, second; Nash, '15, third; time, 10 1-5s.

440-Yard Dash—Thompson, '13, first; Houston, '13, second; Deering, third; time, 53 4-5s.

Mile Run—Parker, '14, first; Kidder, '13, second; Tibbetts, '13, third; time, 4:55.

High Jump—Kempton, '12, first; Drake, '14, second; Woodman, '13, third; height, 5 feet 8 in.

Discus Throw—Gove, '13, first; Shepard, '13, second; Leavitt, '14, third; distance, 129 feet 4 in.

Pole Vault—Stinson, '14, first; Baker, '14, second; Woodman, '13, third; height, 9 ft. 3 in.

Low Hurdles—Won by Blanchard, '12; Woodman, '13, 2d; Bartlett, '12, 3d; time, 25 1-2s.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Nevers, '14; Baker, '14, 2d; Nash, '15, 3d. Time—23s.

Half Mile—Won by Deering, '13; Houston, '13, 2d; Ellis, '14, 3d. Time, 2m. 8s.

Two-Mile—Won by Parker, '14; Kidder, '13, 2d; Keer, '14, 3d. Time, 10m., 47 1-2s.

Shot Put—Won by Shepard, '13; Gove, '13, 2d; Leavitt, '14, 3d; distance, 43 ft. 2 in.

Hammer Throw—Won by Leavitt, '14; Hooper, '12, 2d; Gove, '13, 3d. Distance, 111 feet, 9 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Bartlett, '12; Woodman, '13, 2d; Thompson, '13, 3d; distance, 21 ft. 2 1-2 in.

The officials were as follows: Referee, Coach Lathrop; Judges at Finish, Profs. Pomeroy, Ramsdell and Britan; Timer, Coach Lathrop; Clerk of Course, Buck; Starter, Manager Adams; Announcer, Conklin.

The summary of the meet:

	1912	1913	1914	1915
100-Yard Dash.....	0	0	8	1
220-Yard Dash	0	0	8	1
440-Yard Dash	0	9	0	0
Half-Mile	0	8	1	0
Mile	0	4	5	0
Two-Mile	0	3	6	0

Low Hurdles	6	3	0	0
High Hurdles	6	3	0	0
High Jump	5	1	3	0
Broad Jump	5	4	0	0
Pole Vault	0	1	8	0
Discus	0	8	1	0
Shot	0	8	1	0
Hammer	3	1	5	0
—	—	—	—	—
Totals	25	53	46	2

**M. I. A. A.
Track Meet**

At Brunswick, May 11, Bates won her first Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet. The victory was not unexpected, but was won in an entirely different manner than had been forecasted. Many apparently sure point winners for both Bates and Maine failed to work as had been expected and so-called "dark horses" won the meet for Bates. The unexpected strength of Deering in the half-mile run, the defeat of the Maine hammer throwers by Lewis of Bowdoin, and a second place by Ray Shepard of Bates in the discus throw, gave victory to Bates when her strongest supporters were almost ready to acknowledge defeat.

New M. I. A. A. records were made by Gove of Bates in the discus throw, by Shepard of Bates in the shot-put, and by Rogers of Maine in the pole vault.

Nardini, of Colby, equalled the record for the 220-yard dash and Capt. Herrick, of Colby, tied the high jump record. Nardini was the high point winner of the day with three firsts to his credit.

Too much praise cannot be given the Bowdoin management for the splendid condition of the field and the efficient manner in which the crowd was handled. There were no waits and the meet was finished shortly after four o'clock.

The summary:

440-Yard Run—Won by Haskell of Bowdoin; Thompson of Bates, second; Skolfield of Maine, third. Time, 52 4-5s.

High Hurdles—Won by Blanchard of Bates; Woodman of

Bates, second; Farnsworth of Colby, third. Time—16s.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Nardini of Colby; A. L. Deering of Maine, second; Nevers of Bates, third. Time—22 1-5s.

Low Hurdles—Won by Blanchard of Bates; Woodman of Bates, second; Royal of Colby, third. Time—25 2-5s.

100-Yard Dash—Won by Nardini of Colby; A. L. Deering of Maine, second; Nevers of Bates, third. Time—10 1-5s.

Mile Run—Won by Towner of Maine; Houghton of Maine, second; Hall of Bowdoin, third. Time—4m. 32 2-5s.

880-Yard Run—Won by Walter Deering of Bates; Morris of Maine, second; Cates of Colby, third. Time, 2m. 4 2-5s.

Two-Mile Run—Won by Powers of Maine; Hall of Bowdoin, second; Hosmer of Maine, third. Time—10m. 7 2-5s.

Pole Vault—Won by Rogers of Maine; Herrick of Colby, second; Thomas of Maine, third. Height, 11 ft. 6 3-4 in. (New record.)

Shotput—Won by Ray Shepard of Bates, distance, 42 ft. 2 3-4 in. (new record); Gove of Bates, second, distance, 39 ft. 11 1-4 in.; T. D. Shepard of Maine, third, distance, 39 ft. 10 3-8 in.

High Jump—Won by Herrick of Colby; Worden of Maine, second; Kempton of Bates and Drake of Bates, tied for third. Height, 5 ft. 8 in.

Hammer Throw—Won by Lewis of Bowdoin, distance, 123 ft. 9 1-4 in.; Bailey of Maine, second distance, 116 ft. 5 3-4 in.; T. D. Shepard of Maine, third, distance, 115 ft. 5 1-2 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Nardini of Colby, distance, 21 ft. 3 1-8 in.; Faulkner of Bowdoin, second, distance, 21 ft. 2 1-8 in.; Floyd of Bowdoin, third, distance, 20 ft. 8 1-2 in.

Discus Throw—Won by Guy Gove of Bates, distance, 125 ft. 6 1-8 in. (new record); Ray Shepard of Bates, second, distance, 117 ft. 4 1-4 in.; T. D. Shepard of Maine, third, distance, 116 ft. 1 1-4 in.

POINT SUMMARY

	Bts.	Me.	C'by	B'n
100-Yard Dash	1	3	5	0
220-Yard Dash	1	3	5	0
440-Yard Dash	3	1	0	5
880-Yard Run	5	3	1	0

Mile Run	0	8	0	1
Two-Mile	0	6	0	3
120-Yard Hurdles	8	0	1	0
220-Yard Hurdles	8	0	1	0
High Jump	1	3	5	0
Broad Jump	0	0	5	4
Pole Vault	0	6	3	0
Shot Put	8	1	0	0
Discus Throw	8	1	0	0
Hammer Throw	0	4	0	5
—	—	—	—	—
Totals	43	39	26	18

Baseball Working with the best lot of material in sight for years, Coach Purinton has turned out a remarkable bunch of ball tossers. The game

with Harvard, April 23, resulted in a victory for Bates for the first time since these two colleges have met on the diamond. The hitting of Ridlon and the work of the two Bates pitchers featured the contest, although both teams played good ball for so early in the season. The score was 3 to 2.

The summary:

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b	4	1	3	4	2	0
Reagan, 1b.....	4	0	1	9	0	0
Talbot, cf.....	4	0	1	2	1	0
Griffin, c.....	3	0	0	9	3	0
Bates, 1f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Coady, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Danahy, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Keaney, ss.....	4	0	0	2	3	1
Stinson, p.....	3	0	0	0	3	0
Anderson, p.....	1	1	0	0	1	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	34	3	6	27	13	1

HARVARD

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Wingate, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	1	1
Babson, 1f.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Potter, 2b.....	4	0	0	4	1	1
Clark, 1b.....	2	1	1	6	0	0
Reynolds, ss.....	3	0	0	1	2	1
Coone, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Reeves, c	3	0	1	12	1	4
Haas, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Felton, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hitchcock, p.....	1	1	1	0	1	0
Hardy, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	1
Wigglesworth, x	1	0	0	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	28	2	6	27	8	8

x—Batted for Hitchcock in 7th.

Bates 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—3

Harvard 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Two-base hits—Ridlon, Bates. Sacrifice hits—Wingate, Reynolds. Double play—Keaney and Ridlon. First base on balls—Off Stinson 1; off Hitchcock 1; off Anderson 1. Hit by pitcher, Hitchcock (by Anderson). Struck out—By Hitchcock 9; by Stinson 7; by Anderson 2. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Conroy.

The next day after the Harvard game, Bates was trimmed by Brown by the close score of 3 to 2. Anderson pitched remarkable ball, allowing only four hits for 11 innings. Errors lost the game for Bates.

The score:

		r	h	e
Brown ...	2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0	*	3	4 0
Bates	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	1	2	4 4

Batteries: Cram and Henry; Anderson and Griffin. Umpire—Lincoln. Time—2 hours.

On April 25, Bates won from Rhode Island State College in an exciting game, through the effective pitching of Lindquist, who allowed Rhode Island State only one scratch hit.

The score:

Bates ... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0. 1-2 8 4

R. I. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1 1 1

Batteries: Lindquist and Griffin; Coleman and Foley. Umpire, Briggs. Time, 2.05.

April 27, Bates upheld her reputation, won against Harvard, by trimming the railroad men from Portland, 6 to 2. Both Portland pitchers were batted hard, while Anderson struck out 9 of the 15 men who faced him.

The summary:

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Reagan, 1b, xx.....	4	0	1	7	0	0
Talbot, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Griffin, c.....	3	2	1	10	0	1
Bates, 1f, x.....	3	1	2	2	0	0
Coady, 3b.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Danahy, rf.....	4	1	1	4	0	0
Keaney, ss.....	3	0	0	1	3	0
Stinson, p.....	2	1	0	0	2	0
Anderson, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	29	6	7	27	8	2

MAINE CENTRALS

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Bradbury, ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
H. Woodbury, 1f	3	1	1	1	0	0
F. Woodbury, p.....	2	0	0	1	1	0
Lane, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	0
Pumphrey, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	1	0
Springer, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Swisko, rf.....	3	1	0	1	1	0
Kennedy, c.....	3	0	1	4	2	1
Thomas, 3b	3	0	0	0	2	2
Wilkinson, 1b.....	3	0	0	9	2	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	31	2	3	24	13	4

x—Also ran for Griffin in 3d.

xx—Also ran for Griffin in 5th.

Bates 0 4 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—6

Me. Centrals 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—2

Two-base hits—Danahy, Pumphrey. Sacrifice hits—Bates, Coady. Hits—Off Stinson, 1 in 5 innings; off Anderson, 2 in 4 innings; off F. Woodbury, 5 in 3 innings; off Lane 2 in 6 innings. Left on bases, Bates 4; M. C. 3. Struck out, by Stinson; by Anderson 9; by F. Woodbury 3; by Lane 4. Base on balls—Off Anderson; off F. Woodbury 2. Stolen bases—H. Woodbury 2; Swisko, Talbot, Griffin, Coady, Danahy. Double plays, Kennedy (unassisted). Umpire, Daley. Time, 1.50. Attendance, 300.

The summary:

Wednesday, May 1st, Bates won from Ft. Williams, aided by errors. Stinson and Lindquist pitched their usual steady game.

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b	4	1	0	2	1	0
Reagan, 1b.....	4	2	1	8	0	0
Talbot, cf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Griffin, c	3	1	1	9	2	0
Bates, 1f.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Coady, b.....	3	0	1	3	0	1
Danahy, rf.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Keaney, ss	4	1	0	0	2	1
Lindquist, p.....	0	0	0	0	4	0
Stinson, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	33	6	5	27	10	3

FORT WILLIAMS

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Swisko, 3b.....	4	0	2	1	1	2
Dipeppo, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Jarrett, rf:.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Pumphrey, 2b	3	1	2	1	1	0
Leavitt, 1b.....	4	0	0	10	1	1

Larkin, ss.....	4	0	0	1	2	2
Dolinsky, c.....	4	0	0	10	5	1
Lane, p.....	4	0	1	0	4	1
Hutchins, 1f.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	31	1	5	27	14	7
Bates	0	0	0	3	0	6
Ft. Williams	0	0	0	0	0	1

Two-base hits—Swisko (2), Lane. Three-base hit—Pumphrey. Home run—Talbot. Sacrifice hits—Bates, Lindquist. Struck out—By Lane 11; by Stinson 8; by Lindquist 2. First base on balls—Off Lane 5; off Lindquist. Stolen bases—Ridlon 2, Coady 2, Reagan, Talbot, Griffin, Swisko. Hit by pitcher, by Lindquist (Pumphrey). Passed balls, Griffin, Dolinsky. Wild pitches, Lane. Umpire—Devery and Lees. Time—1.57.

Anderson struck out 13 of the New Hampshire batters in the game on Garcelon Field, May 5. This feat probably won the game, as errors were constantly putting Anderson in trouble.

The summary:

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b.....	4	1	0	3	3	0
Reagan, 1b.....	4	1	0	6	0	2
Talbot, cf.....	4	2	1	0	0	0
Griffin, c.....	4	2	2	13	2	2
Bates, 1f.....	4	0	0	4	0	1
Coady, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Danahy, rf.....	3	0	2	1	0	0
Keaney, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Anderson, p.....	3	0	0	0	3	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	32	6	5	27	10	5

N. H. S.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Swasey, 1b.....	5	1	3	8	0	0
McPheters, ss.....	4	1	0	0	1	1
Welch, c.....	4	1	1	9	3	1

O'Connor, 2b.....	4	0	2	1	1	0
Kiley, rf.....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Sanborn, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	0
Jones, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	1	1
Reardon, 1f.....	4	0	1	0	0	1
Gowen, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Adams. *.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	37	4	9	24	8	4

*—Batted for Gowen in ninth.

Bates 0 1 3 0 0 2 0 0 x—6

N. H. State..... 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4

Three-base hit—Swasey, Reagan; struck out by Anderson, 13; Sanborn, 8. First base on balls—Off Sanborn, 1. Stolen bases—Ridlon, Griffin (2) Danahy, Welch, O'Connor, Jones. Double plays—Ridlon to Reagan. Hit by pitcher—Gowen. Wild pitches—Anderson, 1. Umpire—Carrigan. Time—1 h. 40 m. Attendance—800.

Contrary to expectations, Maine trimmed Bates at Orono Saturday, May 8. The game went 10 innings. Bates protested a decision by Umpire Pond in the eighth inning, which probably cost them the game. At a meeting of the Advisory Board in Boston, May 10, the protest was withdrawn, however.

The summary:

MAINE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Gilman, 3b.....	5	2	2	3	3	0
Cobb, ss.....	4	1	1	2	1	3
Abbott, c.....	5	1	0	9	3	0
Stobie, p.....	5	2	2	0	6	1
Witham, 1b.....	5	1	1	11	2	0
Baker, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Leonard, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Pickard, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	3	1
McCarthy, cf.....	4	0	1	2	0	1
Cleaves, 1f.....	3	1	0	1	0	2
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	39	8	8	30	18	9

	BATES					
	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b.....	5	1	2	2	4	1
Reagan, 1b.....	5	1	1	11	0	0
Talbot, cf.....	4	1	0	0	0	2
Griffin, c.....	4	1	0	8	0	1
Bates, 1f.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Coady, 3b.....	5	0	0	2	1	1
Danahy, rf.....	4	1	0	1	0	1
Keaney, ss.....	4	0	1	0	3	0
Stinson, p.....	4	1	0	1	3	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	38	7	5	*27	11	6

*Winning run made with none out.

Maine 0 0 4 0 0 0 3 0 0 1—8

Bates 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 7 0 0—7

Two-base hit—Pickard. Three-base hits—Stobie, Ridlon (2). Home runs—Stobie, Witham. Sacrifice hit—Cobb. Stolen bases—Abbott, Bates. Double plays—Gilman and Witham; Stobie, Witham and Abbott. Left on bases—Maine 4; Bates 8. First base on balls—By Stobie 6; by Stinson 1. First base on errors—By Maine 4; by Bates 6. Hit by pitcher—By Stobie 1. Struck out—By Stobie 6; by Stinson 9. Passed ball —Abbott. Wild pitch—Stobie. Time—2.35. Umpire—Pond.

Over two hundred Bates men, both under-
Bates Night graduates and alumni, gathered in the gymna-
sium, Monday evening, May 13th, and poured

out enthusiasm and spirit that was splendid. Every man, after listening to the speakers, felt compelled to cheer for Bates men in athletics and in debates, in college activities and in the broader activities of the outside world. The rally encouraged all men now active in college, but its greatest effect should be seen in those with ability, but without ambition. No man could have left the building without feeling proud that he was a Bates man.

Prof. W. H. Hartshorn was the toast-master and introduced each speaker with witty remarks. He was backed by members

of the faculty and prominent alumni, among others being Dr. W. W. Bolster, '95; John L. Reade, '83; and Alton Wheeler, '99, of South Paris.

Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Reade, the first speakers, spoke mainly on the first athletic teams and debating teams which Bates turned out. Dr. Bolster spoke along the same lines, giving a graphic word-picture of the first Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet in '95.

During a short intermission, punch was enjoyed and cheers given.

Members of the faculty spoke after the intermission, Prof. Gould and Mr. Carroll both urging the Bates men to show a characteristic Bates spirit and to stand behind even a losing team.

Among other speakers were Capt. Blanchard of the track team, Capt. Griffin of the baseball team, Capt. Woodman of the tennis team, and Capt. Dennis of next year's football team. Coaches Lathrop and Purinton, Mr. Cushman, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Clarence I. Chatto, '12, also spoke briefly.

Announcement was made by Coach Purinton that nine cups had been donated by prominent alumni, to be contested for by baseball teams made up of students who did not play on the 'varsity or second teams.

The condition of the frats and scholarship at Dartmouth is coming to a critical point. Statistics, that have been carefully compiled, show that the average per cent. of scholarship among the frat. men is four points less than that of the non-frat. men, and it is thought that this is due to the long pledging season. On account of the fraternities, the Freshmen have not been allowed to pay the proper attention to their work from the first of the year, and they thus early get behind in their work and are apt to think that failure is expected.

The University of Iowa has received many more applications for teachers than it can possibly fill, especially positions for high school principals. This would be a good opportunity for the teachers in overcrowded New England.



1870—Dr. L. G. Jordan represented Bates at the meeting of the Maine Committee on Colleges and Preparatory Schools, in Augusta, April 27.

1871—Hon. O. N. Hilton of Denver, Colorado, is one of the distinguished alumni who expect to be present at commencement this year.

1874—Rev. Chas. S. Frost is supplying the Baptist Church at Antrim, N. H., for three months, beginning March 1.

1877—Hon. Henry W. Oakes of Auburn, is a candidate for Republican State Senator.

1881—Hon. Chas. Sumner Cook has been chosen President of the Board of Directors of the Fidelity Trust Company of Portland.

1883—Mr. J. Leslie Reade recently addressed the Y. M. C. A. at Bates on the subject, "Journalism as a Vocation."

1885—Hon. Frank A. Morey, Mayor of Lewiston, and speaker of the House of Representatives, is a candidate for nomination for State Senator from the east side of the Androscoggin.

1887—Rev. J. W. Moulton was recently installed as pastor of the Congregational Church of Mechanic Falls. Rev. Israel Jordan of Falmouth gave the charge.

1890—Frank S. Pierce is United States Customs Chinese inspector in New York City.

1891—A story by Mabel S. Merrill appeared in the columns of the *Springfield Republican* for April 18th.

F. E. Emrich is spending a year abroad, mostly in Germany. He expects to return to his business in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the summer.

William B. Watson, formerly with Wade & Dunton, of Lewiston, is now in business in Pawtucket, R. I.

F. W. Plummer, who for many years held a position in a private school at Quincy, Mass., is now principal of the Chelsea, Mass., High School.

1891—The wife of F. S. Libbey, principal of the High School at Berlin, N. H., died at her home in Berlin, on April 9th.

1892—Hon. Wm. B. Skelton has filed his nomination papers for Representative to Congress from the Second District of Maine.

Hon. Scott Wilson has been chosen one of the Board of Directors of the Fidelity Trust Co., of Portland.

1893—Arthur C. Yeaton has resigned from his position as principal of Westbrook Seminary. He has been connected with this institution for 18 years. He will retire next June and take an extended rest to regain his health.

The Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial School for Colored People, of which N. C. Bruce is principal, held its fifth annual closing exercises on May 30. The program consisted of music, recitations, orations, and practical demonstrations of “testing seed corn,” “cutting and making a skirt,” “judging and pointing a good horse.”

1894—During the pastorate of Rev. A. J. Marsh, the membership of the Court Street Free Baptist Church at Auburn, has increased fifty per cent.

1897—Horatio B. Parker is in the employment of A. B. Leach and Co., Bankers, New York City.

1899—Rev. W. S. Bassett closed his pastorate at Penacook, N. H., March 24th, to become chaplain of the state prison. He has been pastor of the Baptist Church, at Penacook, since March, 1904, and has been highly esteemed as pastor and citizen.

1900—Clara E. Berry is teaching in Mattawamkeag High School.

A son—Wallace Chandler Emrich—was born on March 16th to Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Emrich.

1901—Arthur J. Chick, principal of Monmouth Academy, is a candidate for State representative from Winthrop, Monmouth, and Litchfield.

R. S. W. Roberts is engaged in optical work in Whitinsville, Mass.

1902—The engagement has been announced of Miss Elizabeth Caroline Parmenter, of Antrim, N. H., to Mr. Ivan Isaiah Felker, of Pittsfield, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Childs are in Simsbury, Conn., not Linesbury as reported in the April STUDENT.

1903—Miss Edna Cornforth, teacher of English in Edward Little High School, Auburn, has been obliged to cease from her duties for a short time, because of an injury to her eye.

Ralph L. Hunt is meeting with great success in Montana, where he has been located for five years. He has been re-elected as principal of the Glendive High School with a salary of \$2700.

1904—Harry L. Edgecomb, formerly of 1904, is traveling for the Pennsylvania Shafting Co., of Spring City, Pa. His territory is Maine.

Dr. A. K. Baldwin is House Doctor this year in the Maine General Hospital, at Portland.

Adelaide L. Briggs is to spend the summer in Europe, visiting Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, and England.

Rev. G. Douglas Milbury is located in Parrsboro, N. S., one of the most delightful summer resorts along the Bay of Fundy. During this year many people have been received into the churches of which he has charge.

George G. Sampson is a graduate student in the Political Science Department at Columbia University.

Dr. John W. Abbott is located with the Traveler's Insurance Co., New York City.

C. George Cooper is Asst. Supt. of the Prudential Insurance Co., 40th Ave. and Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Rev. F. K. Conant has just completed a year's work as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Machias, and with his wife and children has moved to Woodland, where he is engaged to preach the coming year. Mrs. Conant will be pleasantly remem-

bered as Miss Mary Walton, of the Class of 1905. They are the parents of two children, Stanton and Elizabeth.

1906—John C. Merrill is meeting with success as District Superintendent of School in Machiasport, Machias, and East Machias. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill reside in East Machias.

Scott Austin frequently visits the Bates boys in Hartford Seminary. He is traveling for a jewelry house, his address being Attleboro, Mass.

1907—The engagement has been announced of William H. Whittum to Miss Helen B. Maxim of Newcastle, Indiana.

Rev. Jerome C. Holmes expects to spend the summer in California. Next year he will spend in graduate work in Hartford Seminary in preparation for his work in Japan.

1908—Miss Marion B. Longfellow, formerly of the Class of 1908, has a good position in the Washington County Registry of Deeds Office, at Machias.

1910—Through the efforts of Ray W. Harriman, principal of Machias High School, a Junior Exhibition has been arranged, the first affair of the sort to be given by that school.

Clarence P. Quimby, Principal of the High School at Hampstead, has been chosen for a University Scholarship at Harvard next year. He will study Economics.

A meeting of Bates alumni was held at the Metropolitan, in Washington, recently. Among those present were Thurston, '06; Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Blount, '06; Guy Williams, '08; Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tuttle, '08; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lancaster, '09; John Wadsworth, '09; Raymond Oakes, '09; Fay Lucas, '10; Miss Hall, '10; Deborah Blossom, '10; Ruth Towle, '11; Waldo Andrews, '11; Charles Clason, '11, and Alton Hodgkins, '11.

Owing to the absence of E. B. Smith, '04, copies of Professor Stanton's address entitled "A Retrospect of Life," may be obtained from Dr. W. N. Thompson, '87, 30 Washington Street, Hartford, Conn.



The *Sibyl*, from Elmira College has much attractive material. The editorial contains an essay on the reality of college ideals. It is often said, "Oh, you will lose your ideals when you are out of college," but in fact college is and should be the place where our ideas are established on so practical a foundation that they are not set aside after graduation, as useless.

In the *Williams Literary Monthly*, the story of "The Clock" possesses unusual interest and originality. The imagined and the real are so skilfully intertwined that the story seems to be both in the actual present and in the mysterious far away. The words are well-chosen and the power of suggestion adds much to the effect of the story.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* has a pretty etching, "And After That the Dark." It shows a deep, reverential mind with a keen appreciation of the great mystery of nature. The poem, "Another Reading (of Life)," shows that life is what we make it.

" 'Tis a ball if you'll but fling it,
A sceptre if you'll swing it,
A song if you'll but sing it,
And singing, find it fair."

The *William and Mary Literary Magazine* has an excellent story, "Fulfilment." It shows how much needless suffering is caused when a person knows only a part of the conditions that make him unhappy, and in a mistaken interpretation feels that he has been deeply wronged. The interest in this story is maintained until the last, but the conclusion is somewhat weak.

The *Oberlin Monthly* for April is an out-of-door number, and it is fresh with spring life. "The Romance of the Railroad

Track" is a pleasing narrative. Through the glimpses of the young man and woman in the Freshman, Sophomore, and then the Junior year, we see how much the college has been developing them, and how they have grown and changed.

The *Wheaton Bulletin* has an interesting article about the plans that are being formed to change the seminary into a college. The aim of the new institution will be to fit women for the "business of life," to make them efficient in the home and useful in society. This purpose to educate in a practical way the women who are to be wives and mothers, is but another indication of the greater movement to make all education useful and practical.

THE LAST SNOWS

On the wind-blown March hillsides
Reluctant to leave,
The last snows of winter
Remain overlate,
Where fond feet linger long
On the threshold of life,
Feebly trembling to enter
Through death's mysterious gate.

—*Holy Cross Purple.*

TO A LADY

Lady, shouldst thou love a poet,
Prithee let him never know it;
Fickle, frail, and false are they,
Shadows at the dawn of day,
Bees that pause at every flower
Pleased for scarcely half an hour.
But an should thy fancy free
Ever chance to light on me—
Lady, thou mayst here bestow it,
I shall never be a poet.

—*The Buff and Blue.*

TWO HEARTS

THE MAN

Alone he sat, his head was bowed,
 Again he lived his past,
 The *blotted* past of a great strong man
 Who played at life with a winning hand,
 And met a defeat at last,
 When a woman abhorred the cloud.
 And the heart of the man felt the heavy pain
 Of a deep, strong love that loves in vain.

THE WOMAN

Alone she sat, her face was sad,
 Again she lived her past,
 The *spotless* past of a noble life,
 Where pain and pleasure had held their strife,
 And pain had won at last,
 Through the very love that she had.
 And the heart of the woman was weighed with care,
 For the love of the man lay buried there.

—*The Brunonian.*

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VOL. XL

LEWISTON, ME., JUNE, 1912

No. 6

Entered at the Post Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter

SENIOR CHAPEL HYMN

Words written by EARLE DULEY MERRILL

Tune: Love Divine

Father, in Thy presence standing,
Now we plead in humble prayer
That, wherever we may wander,
Thou wilt be our guardian there.
May these morning hymns of worship
Give us faith in Thy great care.
May the words of love here spoken,
Give us strength to do and dare.

Firmly weld the bonds of friendship,
Let no jealous thoughts intrude,
Strengthen each unselfish motive
Brighten each despondent mood.
May those who shall take our places
Loyal, brave and honest be.
May they learn that life's full measure
Is a life of serving Thee.

Alma Mater, thou art gracious,
Thou hast nobly for us done,
Thou hast nourished us with knowledge,
We have wisdom through thee won.
As we work in life's great vineyard
May the labor of our hands,
May the fruits of our endeavor
Honor thee in many lands.



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Honor thee in many lands.

WAGNER'S HEROINES

CLARAMAY PURINGTON

To the students of music, the name of Richard Wagner is a familiar one; it brings to their minds at once conceptions of masterpieces in the realm of musical art, conceptions of music that tell a story—music that reveals to them a living soul. To all, however, is not given the rare power of interpreting music—only to the finer, more sensitive souls can that highest of arts speak in irrepressible language. And yet, not to them alone is given the privilege of hearing Wagner's message, not to them only does he reveal his interpretation of life. He has written his beliefs in far clearer symbols, has expressed himself in a language all can understand.

Although in the presentation of Wagner's operas the orchestra, the scenery, and the singing are absolutely essential for its success, yet upon none of these do the real character of the heroes and heroines rely for their charm. We admire and love them for what they are, for the truths of life they represent, regardless of their surroundings. In Wagner's earlier operas the heroines are idealized embodiments of certain traits of human character. Brünnhilde in the *Niebelungen Ring* is both compassion and renunciation; in her is the picture of womanhood as man sees it—exalted, poetic, complete. Kundry, in *Parsifal*, is the representation of two antagonistic principles in woman, the principles of feminine love and of feminine fascination. Throughout the opera of Wagner each heroine is, in a sense, a characterization and her deeds are ever in accord with her heart which, in its very essence, is pure.

In immortal tones does Wagner proclaim his theory of life—the same that we find in Göethe's *Faust*: "The woman-soul ever leadeth upward and on." Although his heroines, as human beings are wont to do, stagger blindly and stray far from the straight path, yet their influence over man is ever uplifting. They ennable his manhood, mould his heroism, and Wagner's heroes are always greater because of his heroines. Siegfried in the *Niebelungen Ring* is a hero who dares to kill the monster dragon, he is wonderful in strength and courage even before he sees

Brünnhilde; but what is he afterward? He feels as he looks upon her sleeping form a thrill he never felt before, his heart is stirred to its depths. Filled with love such as Brünnhilde inspires, he is transformed from a bold, daring hero into a man in the same measure that Brünnhilde is transformed from a virgin maiden into a heroic, majestic woman.

In the opera *Parsifal* it is beautiful to trace the development of the heroine Kundry. She appears in the very beginnings of the play as a sort of servant and messenger of the knights, a wild, unrestrained nature, apparently a witch, a sorceress. Yet she wishes to do good and her prompt service for the knights is valuable to them. As we next see her she is held in every word and deed under the power of the evil-enchanter, Klingsor. He has changed her from a witch into a ravishingly beautiful creature; he now compels her to reside in his magic gardens as a temptress and seducer of men. Her whole being abhors this work of evil; she shrinks in agony from tempting the perfect knight, *Parsifal*, to stray from his holy mission—but Klingsor wills it. Poor struggling Kundry! as unhappy as she is lovely, she is forced to do Klingsor's bidding. She, here, is the counterpart of the Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*; he describes himself as a part of that Power which always wills the evil but always works the good. Kundry's destiny was to corrupt men—no matter how much she might struggle to free herself from it. However, this is not the Kundry we remember best, the heroine we admire; she is the Kundry of the third and the last act. Here she has triumphed over evil and has been transformed into a *woman*, worthy of the love of Parsifal; who would recognize in the sad, sweet, pure face of the forgiven penitent, clad in the soft brown Magdalen garb, the dashing, wild nature of the sorceress, or the richly clad temptress of Klingsor's garden? Her sin is forgiven her because she has earned her forgiveness, her soul is purified because she has merited her redemption.

In all literature, there are no greater examples of self-sacrifice than we have given us in Elizabeth of The *Tannhauser* and in Senta of the *Flying Dutchman*. Tannhauser, guilty of crime, had been, through Elizabeth's intercession, saved from temporary punishment by the knights and it was decreed that should the

Sovereign Pontiff at the Holy City see fit to pardon him, he should go free in their land, his sin forgotten. So, attended by the prayers of Elizabeth, Tannhauser goes to the Holy City. He seeks pardon in vain. The Sovereign Pontiff pronounces him accursed forever, an exile to all his people. With sorrowful recognition, Elizabeth watches the returning band of saintly pilgrims; Tannhauser is not among them. Still she prays earnestly. Finally when Tannhauser does appear, exhausted with fatigue, with ragged clothes and emaciated face, supported by his staff, he tells us he is on his way to Venice in whose corrupting enchantments and delights alone can he now find pleasure. Wolfram does all he can to turn him from this unholy purpose, but nothing can stop him—nothing—but the name of Elizabeth. She, the angel of purity, has given up her life that she might plead for Tannhauser at the throne of God and through her self-sacrifice he is pardoned. Overwhelmed with grief and repentance he dies—a ransomed soul.

A different self-sacrifice is that of Senta in the *Flying Dutchman*, but one equally as complete. Senta is the human embodiment “of that love which is rather a blind, adoring faith than a passion, and which feeds and thrives upon complete self-abandonment.” She cares not at all whence the Dutchman comes, who he is, or whither he is going. From the moment she even hears of him she is his—body and soul; she dedicates all to him. In her we have one of those rare mortals who can love deeply without demanding love in return, who can bind their life to a worthy cause and let nothing come between them and it. It is this kind of love that the world needs to-day; not necessarily do we call for such self-sacrifice; but love that trusts, that is true and faithful, can free us from our narrow boundaries and limitations of life as did Senta’s love free the Flying Dutchman from his limited, storm-tossed life at sea.

In some way, each of Wagner’s heroines has a vital message for us of the present age; each speaks to us with a living forcefulness. In each are many of our own virtues, our own vices, our own traits of character. We see clearly the possibilities of true unselfish love, we see the good which one pure soul may do for every mortal man. Not merely to the adventures and fortunes of the heroine is our interest in her due, but to herself, to her individuality. In her we see life revealed—life as Wagner saw it, high, noble, complete.

CLASS POEM

GRACE JARVIS CONNER

Across the eastward shadowed fields and hills,
Slow as the flight of earthward falling star,
Soft-voiced, low-breathing, as the reed-bound rills,
The wind crept from the outer depths afar.
It touched the folded flowers as it passed,
And softly stirred the clover's folded leaf,
Nor paused its gentle flight until at last
It found a figure bowed in silent grief
Upon the river's edge, the reeds among,
Grief-bowed a youth knelt low upon the sands,
Long sprays of ivy, friendship's symbol, wrung
And bruised, by heart-felt anguish, in his hands.
Sadly the wind across the ivy crept,
And sang amidst the rushes of the stream,
Whispered within the ear of him who wept,
And eased the sorrow of his bitter dream.
Heaven-sped, the wind sang to the grieving youth,
And soothed his heart-pain with a heaven-taught truth.

"For every man there is an hour of grief
That leaves the soul life-long with wounds unhealed,
Deep-quivering from the anguish of a pain
That has no balm. In those untutored years
When unembittered youth forsakes the ways
Of self-communion, and goes forth to tread
Among the larger paths of Life, his heart
Responds to the soft call by friendship breathed
Attuned by sorrow's plaint, or joy's refrain,
And, yearning toward his fellowmen, lays forth
On friendship's altar of self-sacrifice
The dear, world-hidden treasures of his heart.
His soul, from self-denial sensitive,
Into the hearts of his companions reads
That all-enduring love that swells his own.
The burden-sharing love of man for man
Through cloud-dimmed years a wid'ning vista breaks,
That parts the veil of dread obscurity
And leads to God through earthly fellowship.

Then, while the power of such communion stills
The passion of youth's fire, the soul of youth
Opens the gateway of life's close-kept shrine,
And, as the dearest gift of life, goes forth
A sacrifice at friendship's altar place.
Then is the hour of grief, for as youth flings
The portals of his temple-shelter wide
And sends his soul from the accustomed room
To reverence with love-won prayer—he sees
The altar fires burn low, and careless hands
That finger 'mongst the golden altar gifts,
Impatient, thrust the priceless soul-gift back,
Deep-cut with wounds that know no healing power.
Of all the sorrows that Life gives to man,
No grief more deep, no wound so long unhealed
As that which marks the soul when friendship fails.
The friendly intercourse of men with men,
That would endure the years, necessitates
A sacrifice of each for each. The love
That takes the selfish part, nor understands,
Nor seeks to know the sorrows of his friends,
In hours of need regards the friendship bond
As slender spider threads across his way,
That may be lightly brushed aside and then
Forgotten. From the bitterness of hours
Like these, when lighter friendships fail, the heart,
Despairing in the anguish of its wounds,
Yet learns the utter sanctity of love.
But truest hearts and deepest friendships bear
The bitter hours, and the wounded soul
Hides deep the anguished of the unhealed hurt,
And loves unchanged through every bitter test."

Thus sang the heaven-sent wind to grieving youth,
Easing the agony of bitter dreams,
Singing in gentleness the heaven-born truth,
While the night dusk crept out across the streams.
And youth, arising from the night-long pain,
Threw off his grief, as one who understands;
He knew the God-sent truth, and knelt again
To kiss the emblem ivy in his hands.

HORACE, THE POET OF ALL TIME

RAY ALLAN CLEMENT

The true poet is the prophet of freedom and of social righteousness. To him are given thoughts beyond the reach of the masses. He enjoys the broadest and the truest vision. He sees, he feels, he knows, and he reveals, the varied experiences and emotions of all sorts and conditions of humanity from the aristocrat at his villa to the most humble menial toiling at his daily task.

No representative of the Augustan Age, that Golden Age of Latin Literature, enjoys a more valid and more eternal claim to these attributes than does Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the Horace of modern readers, and the most versatile, most enterprising, and the most frank of all the writers of the Augustan period. But Horace's place is not among those dim and indistinct figures of a hoary antiquity. Him Nature endowed with that sympathetic, that responsive soul which makes him the poet of all he meets. His sympathies are far-reaching to include the freedman, and the rustic, the common soldier, and the gentleman of leisure.

The real Horace is seen with the greatest distinctness when he sings of the beauty of Italy. To him she is no land of the imagination, of the vision, but the land of his own time, the land of to-day. He sings of the oak, the pine, the poplar, the beautiful flower, the short-lived rose, the vineyard, and the golden corn, the blazing dog day when not a breath stirs, of the grandeur of the Apennines and of the serenity of the Tibur in its placid course—all in charming reality.

In Horace's presentation of real life the same charm is to be noted. Where else in the entire realm of literature are such vivid pictures of real activity to be found, pictures which the ages have since been acting and which will continue to be enacted while time endures? We see the career of the merchant; the sportsman chasing the deer; the country rustic setting the snare for the greedy thrush; and the husbandman taking his rest on the hillside or tilling his acres with the oxen while his sun-browned wife is preparing the noonday meal.

Turning, now, to the philosophy of Horace, what could be more simple, more unassuming than his interpretation? He only sees what men have always seen—life is toil, death inevitable. "*Carpe diem quam minimum credula pastero*"—enjoy while you may, putting as little faith as possible in the future—is the rule of his life. In this there is nothing profound, nothing new, simply the experience of the race. Horace sums up an attitude toward earthly existence which all men of every station and con-

dition can understand, and he presents this attitude in a manner which is every way attractive, natural, characteristic. His philosophy is founded upon a sound, sympathetic vision of the joys and sorrows of this existence common to all men. With an eye of discontent he surveys the lot of humanity. He shudders at the apparitions of avarice, greed, ambition, passion, and care, fluttering about all mankind. He deprecates the fickleness of Dame Fortune who is ever forsaking men in their despair. Then he beholds the grim spectre of death lurking unseen at every turn, ready to release the wretched of their misery or to strip the proud of their power.

But we cannot justly conclude this to be the philosophy of a pessimist. It is based upon a more solid footing than mere striving for pleasure and paltry power. Horace stands for patriotic devotion, faithfulness in friendship, to the family, and to the country.

Thus Horace is revealed, not only as cosmopolitan but natural. No poet speaks more directly to his readers. He immediately establishes personal relations with them. True, he may address his odes, his letters, and his satire to a variety of persons, but by a touch of the imagination we may substitute ourselves for the person addressed, and feel the thrill of every emotion, of every brave deed, or the pangs of every sorrow therein depicted. Thus Horace becomes a personal friend; it is the real Horace we meet, and we commune with every side of his personality, the artist, the man, the spectator, the critic, and the poet.

Perfect equilibrium stamps the nature of this character, intellectually, physically, temperamentally. The Golden Mean is the rule of his action and he would make this golden mediocrity the guide to ours, with an argument that defies refutation. He deprecates publicity; he writes only for his friends; his works are not for sale. He lives for others, not for himself. He prays for prosperity, at home and in the field, for the weal of the State, for health of body and for contentment of heart.

That Horace has his limitations we are all agreed. In intellectual grasp, majesty of verse, piercing imagination, other poets of his time may rank above him. But as the depictor and poet of social life, of the life of the ages that have lived and of those to come, he is without a peer in the complete realm of poetry. It is worthy of note that his most ardent admirers and intimate friends have been of very diversified types in temperament and in spirit. Newman, Gibbon, Voltaire and Wordsworth, Thackeray, Rabelais and Gladstone, all found in Horace a magnetic attraction and close companion. And why? Behind the spell of his lyrics and odes, behind the wit and fascination of his epistles and

satires, lies that irresistible personal charm. With a cheerful smile on his face he stands, as it were, in the middle of life's highway and invites the average man and the exceptional man to come and look in his glass, where he sees no visions and where he dreams no dream.

This universal and sympathetic vision, this frankness and sincerity of speech, repose and charm of expression, render Horace truly "the friend of my friend and of so many generations of men"—in deed as well as in verse, the poet of all time.

IVY ODE

Tune: "Then You'll Remember Me"

I.

When o'er the land the bright June days,
In radiance shed their charm,
When God's whole universe is sweet,
With Summer's perfumed balm;
Then do we all in full accord,
For *Alma Mater* dear,
Some worthy tribute seek to bring,
To crown our Junior year.

II.

A token of our love for thee,
Our *Alma Mater* dear,
A gift from Nature's bounteous store,
To show that God is near;
Then do we to our college halls,
The clinging Ivy bear,
And this, O God, to thee, we give
Into thy tender care.

III.

And as the long years onward roll,
Far down Life's unknown way,
O, may we give a thought to thee,
Sweet Ivy of to-day,
How thou art struggling, climbing on
Forever to the light,
And this apply to our hard tasks
And we'll accomplish right.

—ALETHA ROLLINS.

THE MASTERY OF ENGLISH THROUGH THE STUDY OF LATIN

ELIZABETH MASON CAMPBELL

To-day, when the coming generation is no longer trained for a sheltered, roseate existence, but when, instead of the "Know Thyself" of Socrates, the theme of the Baccalaureate Sermon is too often, "Win Fame! Nothing Succeeds Like Success!" or the like, it is no time to ask indulgence for any part of our college curriculum on the strength of past favors. Materialism and Commercialism are threatening to usurp the thrones of our educational institutions. We have no right to weaken these institutions by expecting a distinctive and accepted place for any subject of the curriculum if we are not able to prove convincingly that the study in question can stand on an equal footing with any other in its ability to educate the student for his greatest usefulness.

In this so-called age of educational unrest, the supporters of materialism naturally single out, as the criterion of folly and uselessness, the most distinctive of the humanistic studies. Some of our most intelligent American people thoughtlessly regard the study of Latin as a deponent verb was once defined—"of passive form and active insignificance," but if they can be persuaded to look into the matter with open minds, they will describe it as "of beautiful form and dominating significance."

The mastery and appreciation of our own mother tongue is of no little importance among the problems which confront modern educators. Granted that an individual be in possession of the leading facts of the world's history, granted that his knowledge of and research in science be basic and exhaustive, granted that he understand the character of the greatest works of foreign writers, from Homer to Goethe, granted all this—if he cannot express himself intelligently and forcibly in his own English, to what end has been his so-called education? The study of Latin will not work miracles in this direction, but it will do much toward training him in the use of that instrument by which he must expect to exert a great part of his influence. The introductory work of the student of Latin—the mere translating of a passage with all its approach to monotony at times—is a wonderfully

valuable lesson in the correct use of the mother tongue. Often one of the greatest shortcomings of the supposedly educated man is his poor English and this defect needs persistent attention and work if it is to be removed in his student days. Careful and skillful translation with its drill in oral and written work is the nearest approach to original conversation and composition.

The student is given a passage to translate and a lexicon. It is his work to transpose the thought into such English as he considers the author would have used to convey the same thought. If done well, it is no easy task. Let us suppose that he is reading the account of some famous orator's speech as it was delivered before the Roman Senate. After reading the speech, he comes to the words "adsensus magnus," and in all probability, he looks in his lexicon without delay for "adsensus." He finds that it may be translated by the word "agreement," by the word "commendation," by the word "approval." He knows that the best word for the commendation or approval of an audience is "applause" and then he looks at the adjective. "Magnus" has been "large" or "great" to him since the first days of his acquaintance with Collar and Daniel. But "large applause" is out of the question, and "great applause" savors too much of modern slang. He must choose his own meaning for "magnus" in this case. How would he express it in English? "Adsensus magnus" can be nothing else than "hearty applause."

It all seems simple enough, but the results are worthy of consideration. First of all, he is unconsciously forming the habit of unity in thought and expression. He is learning to express his new thought in terms of the preceding, and the whole is a unit of carefully chosen English. Translation not only necessitates but cultivates the ability to exercise trained judgment in the finer shades of word-meanings.

Not only is this ability to use the choicest and most expressive English formed by a conscientious study of Latin, but an understanding of the formation of a great part of our English words is assured. It is a fact that if every word in our English dictionary of classical origin were printed with red ink, three-fourths of every page would be so colored. Are not the roots from which the branches grow, important enough to be considered, too? A

knowledge of Latin makes more intelligible the words in which the Latin stem may be seen and they assume an added significance. With what a different understanding and increased appreciation does the student read an English passage in which words or phrases like "impedimenta," "inhospitable," "undisputed ascendancy" occur!

And more—his advantage is creative. If, for a moment, he is at a loss for the exact word with which to express some thought, his knowledge of the composition of words comes to his rescue, and he has the right word, while his less fortunate companion probably substitutes another which has not the finer shade of meaning.

In adding to the student's command of his mother tongue through an increased vocabulary, in giving a deeper insight into the use of synonyms, in making him master of the principles of word composition, the study of Latin makes the student appreciate and benefit by the indebtedness of our current language to the classic.

These directly utilitarian values are of secondary importance, however. Of first rank is a benefit which cannot be stated in so many words, for it is in the abstract and is constantly increasing. This is the added understanding and enjoyment of the best of our English Literature as brought about by the study.

Carlyle says: "An education consists in learning to read." How many of our so-called educated people should relinquish all right to the name, then? But the Latin student, who retains his knowledge, cannot fail to read and interpret intelligently our English writing authors. For the individual who has but made a beginning upon this field of study, as well as for the one who is reaping the fullest benefits, an advantage most plainly seen is the understanding of the Latin allusions, mythical and historical, which occur in the best English works.

In the very beginning of English Literature we meet this element. Chaucer has a super-abundance of the classical phrase and allusion. We cannot read a page without meeting such lines as: "So pleasant was his In principio." "And also hadde he a significavit." "For soothly all the Mount of Citheroun." Or in Spenser:

"They are the bitter waves of Acheron
Where many souls sit wailing woefully
Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus,
His three deformed heads did lay along."

The reader who has not read in Latin, Vergil's description of the land beyond the Styx may reasonably ask, "What does it all mean?" Yet Spenser is one of the masters of English and an education is not complete without him. Or what can Shakespeare's description of the Elder Hamlet mean to him!

"See what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself.
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
A station like the Herald Mercury."

With the Renaissance, the ancient love of the classics was introduced again into England by such mighty thinkers as Milton and Dryden. We have to read only a page of our *Paradise Lost*, *L'Allegro*, or *Absalom and Achitophel* and we realize our dependence upon our Latin information for an intelligent reading of them. From Dryden to modern times, the same fact holds true. Of like nature in this respect are Pope's imitations of Horace and Vergil; Addison's contributions to the *Tattler*; the *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, *Prometheus Unbound*; *Virginia*; Tennyson's *Maud* and *In Memoriam*, and our American writers, Whittier, Lowell, and Mabie.

The legends and literary masterpieces of the Latin are a veritable fountain head from which modern writers have gained inspiration for many of their most sparkling productions. So we acknowledge the necessity of an acquaintance with the source in order to appreciate the dependent streams.

The influence of the Latin Literature upon the English is shown in another way, more abstract and elusive to be sure but just as real. Students of both recognize the refining influence which the Latin has had upon the English. Our writers, through their close association with the former in its dignity and beauty have brought into their English works a peculiar suggestion of that stately age with its irresistible charm.

There is no better school for the appreciation of a whole civ-

ilization and culture, long passed, than the study of Latin. Political reasons, perhaps, have lifted our tongue into its present prominence. If it is to hold this position, it will be through its own excellence, through the original work and development yet to be realized in it, and through the unity of its completed writings with the best literature of the past. Whatever forwards either of these two necessities is of value to our English.

Among all such forces, the study of Latin takes a leading place. By its drill in original composition, by the forming of an appreciation of what has been written it gives to the one who pursues it, the power to listen understandingly, to talk forcibly and to read profitably,—and with these equipments he cannot be prevented from his greatest service and his own personal enjoyment.

CLASS ODE

GEORGE H. EMMONS, 1913
(*Tune: Annie Laurie*)

Three years are lain behind us
As onward now we press,
And they're gone, but not forgotten—
Those days of happiness.
Those days of happiness,
Which never more will be
Tho they're past, we still will hold them
Fast in our memory.

Our path was hard and thorny,
With much of toil beset,
But we conquered all compelling
The end—it is not yet.
The end—it is not yet,
Another year must we
Forge on; add to our merit,
And gain the victory.

For we are a class of spirit;
We've earned a right to it.
Whoever's won more laurels
In friendly rivalry?
In friendly rivalry,
We've gained old '13 fame;
Our athletes, and our scholars
Have carved for us a name.

BRAIN AND SOUL

HOWARD ABNER WELCH

What is the nature of the human soul? To this profound and mysterious question the materialist answers: the soul is the brain, or at least the soul is the product of brain activities. A few years ago this view was held by many prominent leaders in the scientific world. The acceptance of the view tended to blot out the belief in personal immortality. The general attitude among scientific leaders to-day, however, is not to deny the immortality of the soul, although of course they admit the impossibility of proving it by scientific methods. It is significant that the two greatest English scientists living—Alfred Wallace and Sir Oliver-Lodge—are both profound believers in the future life. Haekel's dogmatic assertions in regard to brain and soul are as repellent to the open-minded scientist as they are to the philosopher or the religionist. Belated materialists still cling tenaciously to the idea that the brain secretes the soul as the liver secretes the bile. And yet, the late Professor James of Harvard, utterly exploded that idea years ago. According to the materialistic views the soul can be reduced to terms of chemistry. For mind or consciousness is but the product of certain chemical processes which take place among the molecules of the brain. Hence when the brain organ dies, consciousness or soul life is forever checked.

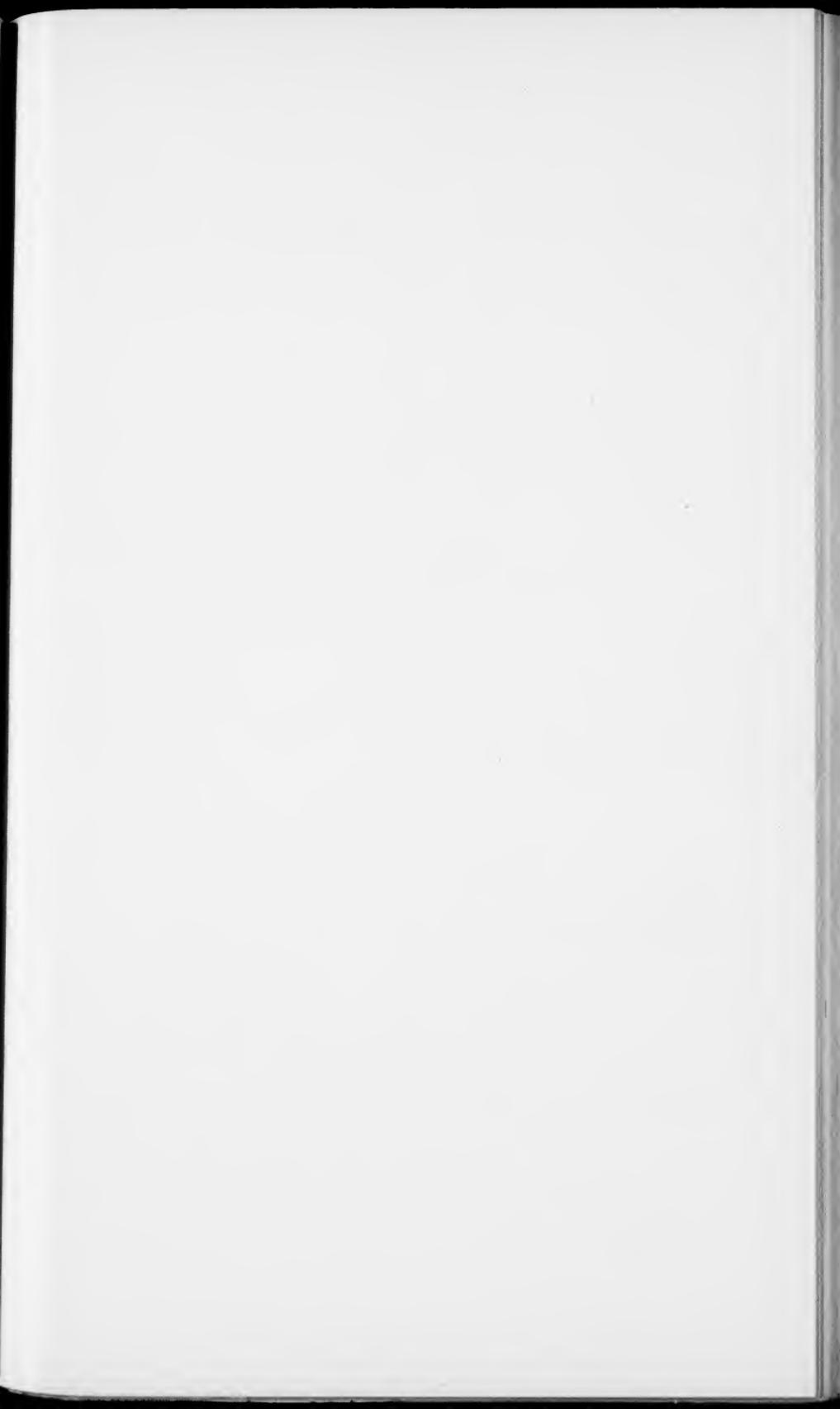
But—is consciousness the product of brain activities? James is authority for the statement that thought is a brain function. But not necessarily a *productive* function of the brain. If it can be proved that thought is a product of brain activities, then we must grant that the soul dies with the brain. But is thought a function of the brain as steam is a function of the teakettle, or as light is a function of the electric circuit? If so, it has never been proved. *Productive* function is not the only possible function in the world, says James. There is a releasing function, illustrated by the bow and arrow, and also a transmissive function illustrated by the prism and its power to break light up into its various colors. So it is possible that the brain is the transmitter of the soul and not the producer.

To hold this view, we must assume with the idealist One

Great Infinite Spirit or Thought of which finite spirits are but points. These finite spirits have their source in the Infinite, and in some way each bit of consciousness is transmitted through the brain and thus individualized. James grants that the whole universe of material things may turn out to be "a mere veil of phenomena hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities." Probably our brains are half transparent places in this veil, through which finite rays of consciousness, coming from the Infinite, break. Because of the great variety of our several brains, however, these conscious rays must be transmitted into the world in all sorts of restricted forms.

Still, James considers that even under the theory of the transmissive function, this stream of consciousness is dependent for its present individuality, upon the brain. When the brain goes to decay "the stream of consciousness which it subserved" he says, "will vanish entirely from this natural world." But the source in the Infinite Consciousness would still be intact, and there would still be the possibility of a conscious life in a more real world than this one. He does not attempt the "how" of the matter, but simply admits the possibility. The dogmatic materialist, on the other hand, will not grant even the possibility. He takes as ultimate the conclusions of scientific study, while men like James and Fiske are perfectly willing to grant the limitations of the scientific method.

Philosophy and religion have their rights as well as science. Says Fiske, "So long as our knowledge is restricted by the conditions of this terrestrial life, we are not in a position to make negative assertions as to regions of existence outside of these conditions. We may feel quite free, therefore, to give due weight to any consideration which makes it probable that consciousness survives the wreck of the material body. Because science cannot prove that the soul is by nature immortal, or at least has in it the possibilities of immortality, it certainly does not follow that the soul of man is a mere reflex of matter with no permanency beyond the brief time of its existence with the body. The scientific dogmatist sometimes speaks as though ninety-eight per cent. of God's universe has been interpreted through science. Wonderful have been the discoveries of the scientists and the world owes





them a great debt! But in spite of all the scientific discoveries made up to date, we are inclined to believe that the universe of God is yet teeming with realities still undiscovered by man. The bigot in the realm of science deserves no more commendation than the bigot in the realm of religion.

To men of such narrow vision as Haekel the following words of G. Lowes Dickinson might wisely be directed: "That the soul dies with the brain is an inference, and quite possibly a mistaken one. If to some minds it seems inevitable, that may be as much due to defect of their imagination as to a superiority of their judgment. To infer wisely in such a matter one must be a poet as well as a man of science, and for my own part," he continues, I would rather trust the intuitions of Goethe or Browning than the ratiocinations of Spencer or Haekel."

"But," some one asks, "what reasons can you bring forward to prove that after the soul leaves the body it remains a separate individuality?" We must admit that we cannot prove it. But certainly we have ground for believing that individual consciousness may continue. If the materialist could prove that consciousness is the product of the brain activities, our case might be hopeless. But psychology cannot go beyond a certain limit. It has helped us to understand the structure of the brain, and has taught us that certain thought acts accompany cellular activities. We know that conscious states accompany brain activities, but we do not know that they are *produced* by brain activities, neither do we know that this consciousness could not act independently of the brain cells. So far as science knows, there is no more proof of the existence of intelligence in a brain cell than there is in the cells of a potato. We know that man is intelligent, then add we know that conscious states accompany brain activities—but strange as it may seem, we do not know that those conscious states are *in* the brain cells.

Physicists even tell us that the brain cells which were in action during our conscious states a few years ago have, in the process of time, been replaced by entirely different cells, and yet *I* am consciously the same individual *I* was years ago. Science goes so far as to tell us that within a given period of time, our physical structure is entirely changed, so that a man in bodily substance



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to-day is an entirely different being from what he was a few years ago. But the same consciousness lingers, and the man knows that he is identically the same person to-day as formerly. The little brain cells which had definite experiences a few years ago have passed away. How, then, has consciousness been retained and how are those experiences of former years, when different brain cells were active—how are those experiences known to us to-day? It seems that there must be a consciousness, which is independent of the cells—a consciousness which may run parallel to brain activities but which is not dependent upon them for its own being. Says Fiske, "The natural history of the mass of activities that are perpetually being concentrated within our bodies, to be presently once more disintegrated and diffused, shows us a closed circle which is entirely physical and in which one segment belongs to the nervous system. As for conscious life that forms no part of the closed circle, but stands entirely outside of it concentric with the circle, which belongs to the nervous system."

Thus, with unshaken faith we may hold that the soul is a conscious entity in itself—an offshoot of the Divine Spirit. The soul may run along parallel with the brain activities, being influenced by them to some degree, growing and developing with the brain, and yet be independent. Thus we may come to think of death as the gate-way into a larger and more expansive life of the soul. The body is the harp; the soul is the harper. Can we believe that the instrument will outlive the master in the economy of God's universe? May not the soul find other harps in the unseen world, and upon them produce richer music than ever could be accomplished through the rebellious flesh of man? Sink the boat and the rower still lives; break the harp and the singer with his song sings on. Kill the body and the soul survives.

"So is myself withdrawn within my depths;
The soul retreated from the perished brain
Whence it was wont to feel and use the world
Through these dull members, done with long ago.
Yet I myself remain. I feel myself
And there is nothing lost. Let be awhile!"

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Once more we come to the close of the college year. Once more a class is leaving the college halls. Once more we experience the mingled feeling of pleasure and of sorrow that we have felt each year at commencement time, when we leave the campus and all our college friends, to turn our faces homeward. As the summer with all its pleasant prospects draws nearer, our college days pass and only the memory of them remains. College life is real life and college days are real days. The memories of our college days will stick by us long after many other things have passed into oblivion. If, then, we have none but pleasant memories of our college life, our vacation days will be pleasant indeed.

* * * * *

It is a pleasure, at the close of the college year, to review the accomplishments of Bates men, both on the debating platform and on the athletic field. Two debates have been held, one with Colgate and one with Clark. Altho we lost the Colgate debate, our men were winners in the Clark contest, and no small amount

of credit is due the debating team for its work. On the athletic field, perhaps, Bates men have won the most laurels. Their work at Brunswick, May 11, was a surprise to most of even the Bates sympathizers. Later, the tennis team won both singles and doubles in the state tennis tournament at Orono. With two championships to our credit, we sought the baseball championship to complete the trio. Confident that we had the strongest team in the State, our men played well at first, but decisions which were thought unfair, discouraged them, and they played so loosely that the team finally tied for the third place in the Maine college series.

There remained one more honor, however, for Bates this year, which not only completed the triple honor we sought, but reflects very great credit upon the college. Captain Blanchard won first place in the 110 metre high hurdle race at the Olympic Trials, June 8, which marks him as one of the contestants this season at Stockholm, Sweden, in the Olympic contests. This is an honor for Captain Blanchard, for Bates College, and for the State of Maine. It is the heart-felt desire of all Bates men that Captain Blanchard makes good at Sweden.





Local



Campus Notes The ground is being graded behind Coram Library, and about the new Science Hall, which will add much to the appearance of the campus.

Josephine Stearns, '12, and Frances Bartlett, '15, have returned to college after a short illness.

Amy Ballard, '13, has returned for the close of the year.

Faculty Notes Prof. H. H. Britan sailed from New York, on June 8, for Europe, where he is to meet Mrs. Britan for a summer trip.

Two meetings of the Bates Round Table have been held recently. At the home of Col. Nealey, on Frye Street, Mrs. Blanche D. Roberts and Mr. S. R. Oldham entertained. The speaker of the evening was Dr. A. T. Salley, and his talk on "Heredity" was one of the greatest interest.

On the evening of May 28, Prof. and Mrs. H. R. Purington entertained the Bates Round Table at their home, on Mountain Avenue. Mr. S. F. Harms spoke on the "Rise of the German Drama." The talk was particularly enjoyable for Mr. Harms speaks very interestingly on any German subject. The informal discussions, which take place at the end of each of these talks, were thoroughly enjoyed. At the close of the evening, Mrs. Purington served delicious refreshments.

**The
May Party**

On Saturday afternoon, May 25, was given the annual May party under the auspices of the Women's Athletic Association. The Queen, Miss Ada Rounds, '12, accompanied by her train, advanced to the throne and was crowned Queen of May by Dean

Woodhull. Dainty dances were then given by a group of Senior girls and by Miss Helen Vose, '13. Other dances followed a selection by the Girls' Glee Club. After the Maypole was wound, refreshments were served and a business meeting held in Fiske Reception Room. New officers of the Woman's Athletic Association were elected as follows:

President—Edith Macomber, '13, Winthrop.

Vice-President—Rena Fowler, '14; Farmington.

Secretary—Francis Malone, '15, Ellsworth.

Treasurer—Instructor in physical training.

Chairman of Executive Committee—Bessie Atto, '13, Bethlehem, N. H.

Tennis Manager—Mary Smith, '13, Sandwich, N. H.

Baseball Manager—Ethel Cutts, '13, Merrimac, Mass.

Hockey Manager—Lulene Pillsbury, '13, Rangeley.

Basketball Manager—Edith George, '13, Bedford, N. H.

**Jordan
Scientific Society**

Monday afternoon, May 20, the members of the Society went to Lisbon Falls and through the courtesy of the management were enabled to study at first hand the making of paper in the mills of the Pejepscot Paper Co. All voted the trip most interesting.

The first annual banquet of the Jordan Scientific Society was held at Lake Grove House, Saturday evening, June 1st. After enjoying the banquet, President E. H. Fuller, who acted as toastmaster, introduced the following speakers:

Society of the Past	C. T. Rhoades
Musical Organizations	W. E. Lane
Benefits Received	E. R. Brunquist
Female Auxiliary	C. C. Knights
Society of the Future	E. H. Adams
College Athletics	F. C. Adams
College Experiences	W. W. Watson
Bates	C. E. Turner

The following officers were then elected for the next year: Frank Clason Adams, 1913, of Belgrade, President; William Hayes Sawyer, 1913, of Limington, Secretary; Executive Committee, Joseph D. Vaughan, Enoch H. Adams, W. R. Kempton, all of 1913.

Class Officers Following are the officers of the different classes elected for the coming year:

1913—President—C. Ray Thompson, Lewiston.

Vice-President—Lulene Pillsbury, Rangeley.

Secretary—Helen Vose, Sabatis.

Treasurer—Abraham Feinburg, Marshfield, Mass.

Executive Committee—Wade L. Grindle, Penobscot; Aletha Rollins, Lewiston; John McDaniel, Barrington, N. H.; Jeanie Graham, Bethlehem, N. H.

1914—President—Roy A. Stinson, Wentworth, N. H.

Vice-President—Rena E. Fowler, Farmington.

Secretary—Marion R. Sanborn, Auburn.

Treasurer—Aubrey W. Tabor, Waltham, Mass.

Executive Committee—Louis R. Sullivan, Houlton; Eugene H. Drake, Pittsfield; Edna W. Pierce, Augusta.

1915—President, John Greenan, Jersey City, N. J.

Vice-President, Mary E. Wadsworth, West Gardiner.

Secretary—Mabel Googins, Portland.

Treasurer—George B. Moulton, Mechanic Falls.

Executive Committee—Forrest S. Nash, Cambridge, Mass.; John F. Corcoran, Norwich, Conn.; Carleton S. Fuller, North Turner.

Marshal—Kenneth F. Witham, South Paris.

Chaplain—E. Leroy Saxton, Meriden, Conn.

**Bates
Musical Clubs**

At a meeting of the Musical Clubs held in Hathorn Hall, the following leaders and managers were elected: Manager of the combined clubs, Henry W. L. Kidder, Richmond; leader of the Mandolin Club, Wm. D. Small, of Lewiston; leader of the Banjo Club, Harry A. Woodman, of Portland; leader of the Glee Club, Paul S. Nickerson, of Melrose, Mass.

The annual banquet of the Musical Association was held at Lake Auburn House, Thursday evening, June 8. Following the banquet speech-making took place with C. E. Turner as toastmaster. The following toasts were given:

H. W. L. Kidder,

Musical Clubs

L. S. Smith,	Athletics
J. H. Dickson, Jr.,	My Travels
J. F. Corcoran,	Elements of Music
E. W. Ellis,	Music and College Spirit
C. N. Stanhope,	Pipe Dreams
P. S. Nickerson,	The Treble Clef
G. E. Brunner,	Bates

At the business meeting the following officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

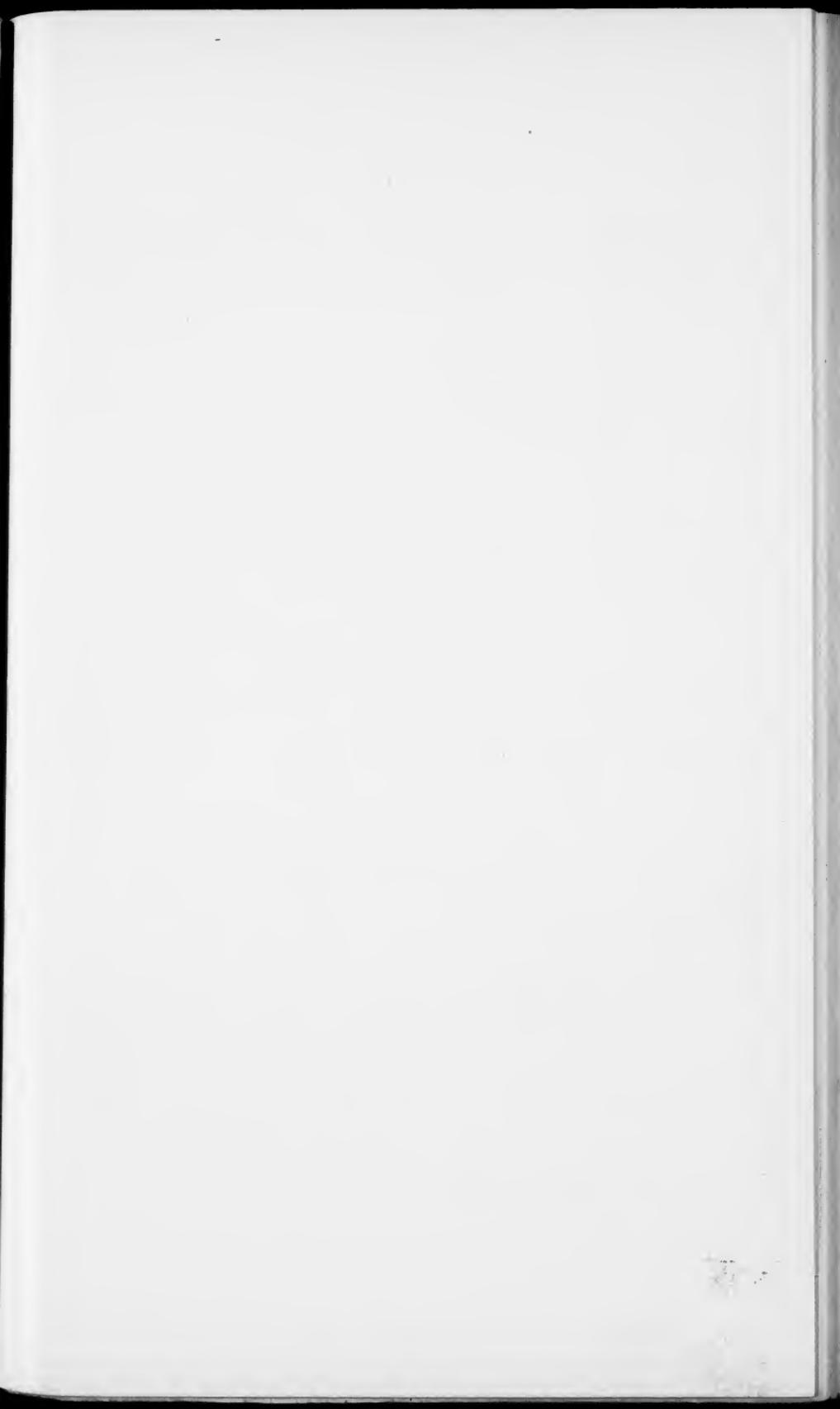
- President—P. S. Nickerson, '13, Melrose, Mass.
- Vice-President—Harry A. Woodman, '13, Portland.
- Secretary—Thomas H. Blanchard, '15, Gardiner.
- Treasurer—Eugene W. Ellis, '14, Wareham, Mass.
- Executive Committee—Henry W. L. Kidder, '13, Richmond; Guy H. Gove, '13, Dexter; William D. Small, '14, Lewiston; Elwood G. Bessey, '13, Dexter; Ralph V. Morgridge, '14, Dexter.

**Aroostook
Club**

On Tuesday, June 4, a meeting of the Aroostook Club was held in Parker Hall. George M. Seeley, '13, of Houlton, was elected president; Hazen R. Nevers, '14, of Houlton, vice-president; William Manuel, of Houlton, '15, secretary and treasurer. The executive committee consists of H. J. Coady, '14, of Patten; L. B. Knight, of Limestone; and the President of the Club.

Junior Orations

Members of the Junior Class read their orations before the committees on Friday, June 7. For the men the judges were Prof. Leonard, Prof. Robinson, and Mr. John P. Jewell. For the women, Prof. Hartshorn, Mr. Harms, and Mr. Cushman. The speakers chosen to deliver their orations at the Junior Exhibition, on June 24, are the following: Leon C. James, Christiansburg, Va.; Paul S. Nickerson, Melrose, Mass.; William F. Slade, Gray; Joseph D. Vaughan, Norridgewock; William A. Walsh, Lewiston; Lewis J. White, Bangor; Grace J. Conner, Auburn; Edith A. George, E. Walpole, Mass.; Marguerite E. Lougee, Lewiston; Lulene A. Pillsbury, Rangeley; Ruth E. Smith, Gorham; Jeanie S. Graham, Warwick, Mass.





STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK TEAM, 1912

**R. W. Hall
Officers**

Officers of Roger Williams Hall Association:
President—George M. Seeley, '13, Houlton.
Vice-President—Frederick Smith, '14, Mer-
edith Center, N. H.

Secretary—Leslie R. Carey, '15, Ashland, N. H.

Treasurer—Prof. Herbert R. Purington.

Executive Committee—Guy H. Gove, '13, Dexter; Roy A. Stinson, '14, Wentworth, N. H.; Horace J. Davis, '15, Rochester, N. H.

**Parker Hall
Officers**

Officers of Parker Hall Association: Presi-
dent—Walter P. Deering, '13, Bridgton; Vice-
President—Percy C. Cobb, '14, Gardiner.

Secretary—Enos M. Drumm, '14, Thomaston, Conn.

Treasurer—Prof. Herbert R. Purington.

Executive Committee—Ray A. Shepard, '13, Gardiner; John F. Corcoran, '15, Norwich, Conn.

The Commencement speakers, who were chosen from among those who had honors in the groups, follow: June Atkinson, Brunswick; Elizabeth M. Campbell, Westbrook; Helen I. Deering, Bridgton; Claramay Purington, West Bowdoin; Ray A. Clement, Derry Village, N. H.; Wayne E. Davis, Rochester, N. H.; Claire E. Turner, Harmony; Howard A. Welch, No. Attleboro, Mass.

At a meeting of the Student Council, held after chapel, Wednesday, June 12, the following officers were elected for the next year:

President—W. L. Grindle, '13, South Penobscot.

Vice-President—W. P. Deering, '13, Bridgton.

Secretary—R. A. Stinson, '14, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Besides the above men, the following men were elected to the council:

H. A. Woodman, '13, Portland.

J. F. McDaniel, '13, East Barrington, N. H.

R. L. Tomblen, '14, Montague, Mass.

H. R. Nevers, '14, Houlton.

C. I. Anderson, '15, Plymouth, N. H.

G. K. Talbot, '15, Gardiner



The meeting of the Y. M. C. A., on the evening of May 16th, was held in the Chapel of Hathorn Hall, at which time Rev. R. S. Emrich, 1900, of Mardin, Turkey, gave an illustrated lecture on the land of his work.

Harry H. Lowry, '12, Harry W. Rowe, '12, and Wayne E. Davis, '12, led the Y. M. C. A. meeting of May 22d. Their subject was "Efficiency in the Christian Life of the College Man."

May 29th, the Y. M. C. A. meeting was in charge of E. H. Brunquist, '12, who spoke on the need of sympathy in the world; Clair E. Turner, '12, whose subject was the civic opportunities of the college man; and E. H. Fuller, '12, who discussed the social opportunities for college-bred men.

The meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Wednesday evening, June fifth, was led by Clarence H. Brown, '12. His subject was "Contentment."

Dr. Frank N. Seerley, of Springfield Training School, gave a series of four lectures on May 25th and 26th, concerning the personal problems of a college man's life. Dr. Seerley is a man of long and wide experience, so that the lectures were of an inestimable value to those who attended them.

Monday evening, May 27th, the Bible teachers for next year's group Bible classes met in the vestry of the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Supper was served at six o'clock by the ladies' Sunday School class of that church. Following the supper, a syllabus on Bible teaching, prepared by Prof. Horn, of Columbia

University, was discussed by Dr. Purington and Dr. Leonard. The general discussion was continued the next evening at a meeting of the same group, held in the Chapel of Roger Williams Hall. Mr. Harms and Dr. Britan led the discussion at this meeting. This time spent in consideration of the essentials of Bible teaching should develop more efficient teachers, and, no doubt, the fruits of this work will be evident in next year's Bible study.

Miss Dixon, of the South End House, Boston, gave an interesting talk on social settlement work, before the young women of the College, at their vesper hour, 6.45, Sunday, May 19. Miss Dixon spoke of the work being done for the babies, children, and mothers of the tenements.

Friday evening, May 24, Miss Florence Jackson, Director of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, addressed the young women of the College on the subject, "Opportunities Other Than Teaching."

The vesper services at Rand Hall, Sunday evenings have been made especially interesting during the past few weeks. At the service May 5, Professor Robinson gave a reading from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Sunday, May 12, Mrs. Henry A. Winf, President of the Woman's Literary Union, of Androscoggin County, addressed the girls. May 26, Mrs. Alice Bonney Records, of Auburn, read Browning's "Abt Vogler." At the service of June 2, Mrs. F. E. Pomeroy gave delightful readings of "Guinevere," "Crossing the Bar," and "Psalm of Life."

Monday evening, June 3, Miss Amy Ferris lectured in Rand Hall, on the subject of "Interior Decoration." Miss Ferris described the different stages through which art has passed, treating its development from the Egyptians, through the age of the Greeks and Romans, down to the present day. She spoke particularly of the prevalence of Louis XIV. and XV. style in decoration. The speaker would condemn such style on the ground of insincerity. In her own words, "Good taste ought to be a matter of conscience. A person's individuality should reveal itself in her surroundings and decoration done merely for effect is a sham."

Tuesday afternoon, May 28, a reception was given on Mount

David to Miss Corbett, the Student Secretary of the Territorial Committee. Miss Corbett gave an interesting address on Silver Bay during the afternoon, and also devoted some time to conference with the different committees of the Y. W. C. A. After the conclusion of business matters, the afternoon was enjoyed socially. Refreshments of punch and crackers were served.

The following committees have been chosen to have charge of the different departments of the Y. W. C. A. for the ensuing year:

Chairman of Social Committee—Mary Smith.

Chairman of Bible Study Committee—Ruth Sylvester.

Chairman of Finance Committee—Rena Fowler.

Chairman of Prayer-Meeting Committee—Esther Huckins.

Chairman of Association News Committee—Edna Pierce.

Chairman of Social Service Committee—Edith George.

Chairman of Missionary Committee—Lulene Pillsbury.



Baseball At Durham, N. H., May 15, Bates defeated New Hampshire State College by a score of 7 to 2. Danahy of Bates, made a home run.

The score:

Bates	0	1	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	7
N. H. State	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2

Batteries—Lindquist, Stinson, and Griffin; Adams, Sanborn, Welsh.

In a very well-played game, Bates defeated Maine on Garcelon Field, Saturday afternoon, May 18. The features of the game were the box work of Stinson and the all-around work of Ridlon.

The summary:

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b	4	1	1	3	4	0
Reagan, 1b	3	0	0	10	0	0
Talbot, cf	4	0	2	0	0	0
Griffin, c	3	0	0	10	1	0
*Bates, 1f	2	0	0	0	0	0
Coady, 3b	2	0	1	3	0	0
Danahy, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Keaney, ss	2	0	0	1	2	0
Stinson, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	29	2	5	27	11	0

MAINE

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Gilman, 3b	4	0	1	2	2	0
**Cobb, ss	4	0	0	0	3	1

Abbott, c	2	0	0	6	1	0
Stobie, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Witham, 1b.....	3	0	0	11	1	1
Baker, rf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Hosmer, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Pickard, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	0
McCarthy, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	29	0	3x	22	12	2

*Ran for Coady in fourth.

**Also ran for Abbott on 1st and 9th.

x—Reagan and Danahy out for bunting third strike.

Two-base hit—Stinson; first base on errors, Bates, 2; left on bases, Bates, 6, Maine, 4; sacrifice hits, Reagan, Griffin, Keaney; struck out by, Stinson 10; by Stobie 5; first base on balls off Stinson 2, off Stobie 2; stolen bases, Ridlon, Talbot (2), Coady (3); double plays, Pickard, Witham and Abbott; umpire, Flavin; time, 1 h. 50 m. Attendance, 750.

Friday, May 24, on Garcelon Field, Bates defeated Tufts, 1 to 0. Anderson held the visitors to one hit.

The score:

Bates 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Batteries: Anderson and Griffin; Carter and Jameson.

In the first game with Bowdoin Tuesday, June 4, on Garcelon Field, Bates lost her chance to the U. of M. for the State championship.

The summary:

BOWDOIN

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Weatherill, 2b	4	1	0	0	2	0
Skolfield, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Tilton, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Lacase, rf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Russell, 1f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Means, p	4	0	1	0	4	0
Brooks, c	4	1	0	15	0	0

Cooley, ss	3	0	1	0	1	0
Joy, 1b.....	3	0	0	8	0	0
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	34	2	4	27	8	0

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	0
Reagan, 1b	4	0	0	6	0	0
Talbot, cf	4	1	2	1	1	0
Griffin, c	4	0	0	15	1	0
Coady, 3b	4	0	2	2	2	3
Shepard, 1f	4	0	0	2	0	0
Danahy, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Keaney, ss	3	0	0	0	0	2
Stinson, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	32	1	4	27	9	5
Bowdoin	0	0	2	0	0	0—2
Bates	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Two-base hits, Talbot, Cooley, Coady. Sacrifice hits, Weatherill, Lacase. Struck out, by Stinson, 12; Means, 14. First base on balls, off Stinson, 2; Means 1. Stolen bases, Griffin. Hit by pitcher, Weatherill by Stinson. Passed balls, Brooks 1. Umpire, Carrigan. Time, 2 hours. Attendance, 800.

The longest game ever played between two Maine Colleges was played between Bates and Bowdoin, at Brunswick, on Friday, June 7. The game lasted 18 innings and was played in 3 hours, 20 minutes.

The summary:

BOWDOIN

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Weatherill, 2b	9	0	1	2	6	0
Skolfield, cf	7	1	3	1	0	0
Tilton, 3b	8	1	2	1	2	0
LaCasce, rf	7	1	0	2	0	1
Means, p	8	0	2	1	13	0
Cooley, ss	8	0	1	4	4	1

Tuttle, lf	8	1	3	1	0	1
Brooks, c	8	1	0	15	8	1
Joy, 1b	8	0	2	27	2	3
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	71	5	14	54	34	7

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, ss	5	1	0	5	7	2
Reagan, 1b	8	1	1	19	0	1
Talbot, 2b	8	1	3	2	5	0
Griffin, c	5	1	2	16	1	0
Coady, 3b	8	0	0	0	6	0
Shepard, cf	8	0	3	4	1	1
Bassett, 1f	6	0	0	2	0	1
Bates, rf	4	0	0	4	1	0
Cobb, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Stinson, p	7	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	62	4	9*	52	26	6

One out when winning run was made.

Two-base hits—Tilton, Means, Shepard. Three-base hit—Skolfield. Home run—Tuttle. Sacrifice hits—Griffin (2), Bassett. Struck out—by Means, 17; by Stinson, 10. First base on balls—Off Means, 4. First base on errors—Bowdoin, 6; Bates, 5. Stolen bases—Skolfield, Tilton, Ridlon, Griffin (2), Talbot (3). Left on bases—Bowdoin 16; Bates 11. Double plays—Means, Weatherill, Joy and Brooks; Shepard and Griffin. Hit by pitched ball—By Stinson (Skolfield, LaCasce). Wild pitches—Means (2), Stinson. Umpire—Carrigan of Lewiston. Time—3.20. Attendance, 1,000

Colby made her hold on second place secure by defeating Bates at Waterville, June 8.

The summary:

	COLBY					
	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Good, cf	5	1	1	2	1	0
Bowker, 3b	5	0	0	0	2	4
Sturtevant, c	4	1	0	9	2	0





Reed, 1b	4	1	2	11	1	3
Fraser, 2b	4	1	2	3	1	0
Burroughs, rf	3	1	1	0	2	0
La Fleur, ss	3	1	1	2	7	2
Mooers, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
James, p	4	0	0	0	2	1
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	36	7	8	27	18	10

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ridlon, ss	4	1	0	0	1	0
Reagan, 1b	4	0	2	11	0	0
Talbot, 2b	4	0	0	0	5	2
Griffin, c	4	0	1	5	0	1
Coady, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Shepard, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Bassett, lf	3	0	0	4	0	0
Danahy, rf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Lindquist, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
*Ellis, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cobb, *.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	35	2	5	24	8	4

*Cobb batted for Ellis in ninth.

Colby	2	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	*—7
Bates	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2

Two-base hit—Fraser. Sacrifice hits—Off Lindquist 4 in 3 2-3 innings. Stolen bases—Colby, 8; Bates, 7. Double plays—Bowker to Reed to Sturtevant; Good to Sturtevant. First base on balls—Off James, 2; off Lindquist, 1; off Ellis, 1. First base on errors—Colby 3, Bates 5. Hit by pitcher—Burroughs. Struck out—By James, 6; by Lindquist, 2; by Ellis, 2. Time—2 hrs. Umpire—Flavin.

The final standing of the teams is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Maine	5	1	.833
Colby	3	3	.500



BATES 3
HARVARD 2
1912

Reed, 1b	4	I	2	II	I	3
Fraser, 2b	4	I	2	3	I	0
Burroughs, rf	3	I	I	0	2	0
La Fleur, ss	3	I	I	2	7	2
Mooers, lf	4	I	I	0	0	0
James, p	4	0	0	0	2	I
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	36	7	8	27	18	10

BATES

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E	
Ridlon, ss	4	I	0	0	I	0
Reagan, 1b	4	0	2	II	0	0
Talbot, 2b	4	0	0	0	5	2
Griffin, c	4	0	I	5	0	I
Coady, 3b	4	0	I	I	I	0
Shepard, cf	4	0	0	I	0	I
Bassett, lf	3	0	0	4	0	0
Danahy, rf	4	I	I	2	0	0
Lindquist, p	2	0	0	0	I	0
*Ellis, p	I	0	0	0	0	0
Cobb, *	I	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	35	2	5	24	8	4

*Cobb batted for Ellis in ninth.

Colby	2	0	0	4	I	0	0	0	*—7
Bates	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2

Two-base hit—Fraser. Sacrifice hits—Off Lindquist 4 in 3 2-3 innings. Stolen bases—Colby, 8; Bates, 7. Double plays—Bowker to Reed to Sturtevant; Good to Sturtevant. First base on balls—Off James, 2; off Lindquist, 1; off Ellis, 1. First base on errors—Colby 3, Bates 5. Hit by pitcher—Burroughs. Struck out—By James, 6; by Lindquist, 2; by Ellis, 2. Time—2 hrs. Umpire—Flavin.

The final standing of the teams is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Maine	5	I	.833
Colby	3	3	.500

Bates	2	4	.333
Bowdoin	2	4	.333

Although Bates has to take a back seat in baseball, she can feel well satisfied that she has won the championship in tennis and track. We have lost, but we have, at least, played fairly.

**Intercollegiate
Baseball**

At this writing six games remain to be played in the Intercollegiate Baseball League. There are seven teams in the league, with the following men as captains: Bartlett, '12; Crandlemire, '14; Feinburg, '13; James, '13; Smith, '12; Tabor, '14; and Thompson, '13. Each man on the winning team will receive a silver cup. The standing to date is:

	Won	Lost
Tabor	4	0
Thompson	4	1
Feinberg	1	2
James	1	2
Bartlett	0	1
Crandlemire	0	1
Smith	0	3

Tennis

The Maine State Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was held under the auspices of the U. of M. management, on Friday and Saturday, May 24 and 25. The matches played on Friday were on the courts of the Meadowbrook Country Club at Bangor, while the tournament was finished at the University on Saturday.

Bates won the championship in both singles and doubles, Capt. Woodman and Tomblen annexing the doubles championship easily, while Tomblen after a hard match, defeated Capt. Bird of Maine for the honors in singles.

The first interscholastic Tennis Tournament ever held at Bates was played off on Saturday and Monday, June 8 and 10. The L. H. S. tennis team showed up especially well, reaching the finals in doubles and winning the championship in singles. Cony High won the doubles championship.

The schools which participated were Edward Little High School, of Auburn; Lewiston High School, Hebron Academy, and Cony High School, of Augusta. A shield and cup were awarded Pool and Flynt of Cony High as double champions, and Edwin Purinton of Lewiston High, as single champion. It is hoped to make the tournament an annual affair and to secure a larger number of schools next year.

Track At the N. E. I. A. track meet at Springfield on Friday and Saturday, May 17 and 18, Bates won fourth place with a total of twelve points.

Capt. Blanchard took second in the high hurdles and third in the low hurdles. Shepard took second place in the shot-put, Gove third in the discus throw, and Woodman third in the high hurdles.

At the Olympic Trials held in the Stadium, June 8, Capt. V. S. Blanchard, running under the colors of the B. A. A., won the 110 metre high hurdle race against the best college and club hurdlers in the East. Consequently, Blanchard left New York for Sweden, on Friday, June 14, to compete for the United States at the Olympic Games to be held at Stockholm. Every college man in the State of Maine is delighted at the honor won by the Bates captain.

The Athletic Association has awarded "B's" to the following men:

Track—Blanchard, Woodman, Deering, Thompson, Nevers, Kempton, Drake, Gove, Shepard, and Manager Adams.

Tennis—Tomblen, Woodman, and Manager Pratt.

Baseball—Griffin, Stinson, Lindquist, Reagan, Ridlon, Keaney, Coady, Bates, Shepard, Danahy, Talbot, and Manager Brunner.

Managers for the various teams and officers for the Athletic Association were elected at the meeting on June 3.

The officers for the coming year are:

President—Henry W. L. Kidder, '13, Richmond.

Vice-President—Leon E. Davis, '14, Lubec.

Secretary—Geo. K. Talbot, '15, Gardiner.

Treasurer—Prof. H. R. Purinton.

Members to the Maine Arbitration Board: Prof. F. E. Pomeroy; R. B. Stanley, of Boston; C. R. Dennis, '13, Worcester, Mass.

Advisory Board—L. B. Costello, J. L. Reade, Esq., Wade L. Grindle, '13, Clarence A. Dyer, '14.

Manager of Baseball—Frank H. Jewett, '13, of Dexter; assistants, Eugene W. Ellis, '14, of Wareham, Mass.; Lawrence R. O'Connell, '14, of Millinocket.

Manager of Track—Louis R. Sullivan, '14, of Houlton; assistants—Eugene W. Ellis, '14, of Wareham, Mass.; Lawrence R. O'Connell, '14, of Millinocket.

Manager of Track—Louis R. Sullivan, '14, of Houlton; assistants—John T. Greenan, '15, of Jersey City, N. J., Fred J. Lynch, '15, of Cambridge, Mass.

Manager of Tennis—Onsville J. Moulton, '14, of Gorham; assistants, Howard M. Wight, '15, of Harrison; Allan W. Mansfield, '15, of Jonesport.

Ray A. Shepard, '13, of Gardiner, has been elected captain of the track team.

The men of the college showed their appreciation Tuesday, June 11, of the splendid work of V. S. Blanchard, '12, captain of the first championship track team ever turned out at Bates. Before he left for New York, on his way to the Olympic Games, the track men presented him with a silver loving cup and the student body made up a purse to show their enthusiasm. More than two hundred men of the college accompanied him to the train in the afternoon and gave him a fitting send-off.





1871—Hon. O. N. Hilton, of Denver, Col., has presented the Bates Library with several valuable law books.

George W. Flint arrived in Pasadena, Cal., last October. By his testimonials, he has secured from the State Board of Education a certificate which entitles him to teach in that state, and he hopes to enter the profession at the beginning of the next school year.

1875—Rev. A. T. Salley, pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, was a delegate to the Northern Baptist Convention, held in Des Moines, Iowa, May 22-29.

1876—A book of poems entitled "Wayside Garniture," by Rev. Thomas Hobbs Stacy, of Concord, N. H., has recently been published. Mr. Stacy has presented a copy to the Bates Library.

1885—Newman Drew, formerly of Bates, '85, recently took a trip to Washington. He called on President Taft.

1888—Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Townsend, both of Bates, '88, are to move from Nebraska to Cumberland Centre, Maine, where Mr. Townsend is to be pastor of the Congregational Church.

1891—Miles Greenwood is engaged in photography in Melrose, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pugsley, both of '91, live at Melrose Highlands, Mass. Mr. Pugsley is a lawyer, and a member of a large business firm in the vicinity of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Howard, both of '91, reside at Hingham, Mass., where Mr. Howard is Superintendent of Schools.

Mrs. Lilla Bodge Wilson, wife of Scott Wilson, Esq., of Portland, recently reported to the secretary at Lewiston, the receipt of the class letter. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson reside at Woodfords.

Mrs. Stella Chipman Johnson lives at Mechanic Falls.

Two members of the Class of '91 live at Manchester, N. H.: Mrs. Kate Prescott Cox, wife of I. N. Cox of the *Manchester Union*, and Mrs. Harriet Pulsifer Libby, wife of George H.

Libby, principal of the Manchester High School. Mr. Libby and Mr. Cox were members of Bates, '89.

F. S. Libbey, principal of the Berlin, N. H., High School, has originated a new method of teaching Latin. It has stood the test of two years' use, and has been adopted in many institutions in and out of the state.

Miss Leonora B. Williams, who resides at Brunswick, Maine, spends a portion of each year in travel. This year she visited Washington, D. C., and other points in the South.

Dr. Charles R. Smith, of Livermore Falls, has resided in that town for nearly the whole of his career as a physician.

Mrs. Maude Ingalls Small, of Lewiston, is planning to spend July and August at her summer home at Harpswell.

Mrs. Gertrude A. L. Nickerson, of Bridgton, is business partner of her father, and has an important part in the management of their store. She has resided in Bridgton since the death of her husband, Rev. W. L. Nickerson, who was also a member of the Class of '91.

F. W. Plummer, principal of the Chelsea, Mass., High School, usually makes an automobile trip to Maine in the early summer.

W. S. Mason is in business at Epping, N. H., and manages a large farm in addition to his other work.

F. J. Chase, who is a lawyer in Kansas City, Mo., with offices in Massachusetts Building, makes a trip East once in several years.

F. W. Larrabee is a physician at Alton, Illinois.

1893—Nathaniel C. Bruce is principal of Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial School for Colored People, at Dalton, Missouri. The closing exercises were held May third.

1895—Rev. L. W. Pease has accepted a pastorate in Vermont.

1896—Rev. L. D. Tibbetts, pastor of Free Baptist Church at Steep Falls, Maine, is master for a Troop of Boy Scouts.

1898—On June 22d at the bride's home in New Bedford, Mass., occurred the marriage of Miss Ada M. Tasker and Dr. Ralph Herman Tukey, both of the Class of '98. Mrs. Tukey formerly taught in Lewiston High School, in Bridgton Academy, and for the past ten years has taught in New Bedford. Dr.

Tukey is head of the Department of Greek in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. He took his degree from Yale, studied for a year in the American College, Athens, Greece. He was instructor at Bates after his graduation. Dr. and Mrs. Tukey shared the honors of '98 at Bates.

1899—Rev. E. B. Tetley was a recent visitor at Bates.

1900—Rev. R. S. Emrich recently gave a lecture before the students at Dartmouth College.

Clara M. Trask, for four years teacher of French at Arlington, Mass., High School, sails from New York, June 20, for three months' study in Paris and Grenoble, and travel on the continent and in England.

1901—A son, Charles Sheldon, was recently born to Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Anthony of Lewiston. Mrs. Anthony was formerly Miss Gertrude B. Libbey.

1902—Rev. A. A. Walsh and Mrs. Walsh (Ruth Pettengill, Bates, '02) are located in Sabetha, Kansas.

1906—The South F. B. Church, of Laconia, N. H., presented to their retiring pastor, Rev. M. L. Gregg, a silver loving cup. Mr. Gregg is to take a pastorate in Halifax, N. S.

Rev. Harold N. Cummings was married on June 11th to Miss Katherine Austin Taaffe, of Albany, N. Y.

1907—Mrs. J. Henry McIntire recently died at her home in Connecticut. Her body was brought to Whitefield, N. H., for burial.

1908—Elizabeth W. Anthony, who is engaged in Social Service work in New York City, spent two weeks at her home in Lewiston recently. She addressed the women of the College one evening, giving some very interesting details of her work.

1911—Roy Strout, who is principal of the High School at Dexter, Maine, visited Bates, recently. He attended the Intercollegiate Track Meet at Brunswick.

Miss Nola Houdlette, who is graduate assistant in Biology at Bates this year, will take a Training Course for Field Workers in Eugenics, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, this summer.



The *Collegian* from Hillsdale, Michigan, contains an oration which won the second place in the State Peace Contest. It shows what the God of War has done, what the age of peace is to do. "Nobler and deeper becomes his longing, until his patriotism, love of country, bursts gloriously forth into love of man, which eliminates warfare and attains its final consummation in the federation of the nations."

The *Laurentian* from St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, has an interesting account of the passing of Tree Holiday. The original purpose of the holiday was to plant trees on the campus, but like many another good thing, this holiday outlived its usefulness, and became a day of class rivalry and fighting. Therefore, it was abolished three years ago, and it is felt that better things have taken its place.

The *Vassar Miscellany* comes with its fund of articles, both interesting and instructive. The story, "That Other Dear Charmer," shows the many perplexities that may harrass a high school boy when from his many friends he cannot select the one girl to invite to the Senior Prom. The choice was reduced to two, and between the two girls he carefully deliberated, and at last without having settled the pros and cons, he hastily wrote the invitation to one of them. The trouble began when he could not remember which one he had invited. From then until the day before the prom he was an uneasy lad, trying to find out which girl it was. Finally, to his chagrin he discovered that he had written the note to one girl and sent it to the other. This story was cleverly told, and the interest increased as the boy's troubles multiplied.

Here and There

THAT DEADLY KISS

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as Young Love's dream"
This is the theme that bards have sung
Since babes were born and Love was young.
No bard e'er waked his tuneful lyre
To nobler theme than love's pure fire,
And sung for aye romantic bliss,
Forever sealed in love's sweet kiss.
Ye all have read the tender thought,
Which England's bard in verse hath wrought,—
"Dear as remembered kisses are,
"When Death has left the gates ajar,
"And love has crossed the harbor bar,
"And landed on that golden shore,—
"Those halcyon days that are no more."
Remembered kisses after death,
Germ-laden, like Avernus' breath!
And England's bard himself did earn
His laureate wreath without a germ!
E'en Homer mentions Hector's kiss,
When parting from that wife of his
To meet the mighty Peleus' son
In deadly combat never won
By him, the bravest warrior far,
That brandished spear or scimitar.
Let critics all their satire fling,
On earth love *is* the greatest thing,
Or *was*, till Science gave us tips
On germs that lurk in ruby lips,
And every lover should beware
Of rosy lips, for germs are there.
And that's not all! Where'er one turns

Are millions, trillions beastly germs,
 And if we shun their realm afar,
 We meet the vile bacteria,
 And myriad microbes everywhere,
 In food, in water, and in air.
 Oh, wondrous tale, that men survive,
 And at old age do e'er arrive!
 But Cupid dear, you'll have to stop,
 Both bowers are out, the game is up,
 For as the bard his verse he turns
 He'll introduce those dreadful germs.
 Since Science holds the king and ace,
 You can't "stand pat," you'll have to face
 The stern decree, and quit your place.
 You're euchred now, for all the bliss
 In Young Love's dream lies in that kiss.
 O, why did Science lay such curse
 On ruby lips, which ne'er shall purse
 Their rosy tips to catch the bliss
 And thrill of joy in true love's kiss!
 Were *we* two lovers fond and true,
 'Tis fully certain what *we'd* do.
 Though ruby lips with germs were crammed,
We'd say to Science, "Germs, be d——d,"
 And demonstrate that Young Love's dream
 Is sweeter far than nectarine,
 And *some* things are not what they seem.

—GEORGE W. FLINT, '71.

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TWILIGHT PHANTOMS

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

When balm-bestowing Twilight weaves her thrall,
And slowly stealing shadows, one by one
Sway back and forward on my study wall
In silent combat with the dying sun—
Then sitting just without the back-log's rays
I hearken how the hand of Memory plays
Upon the sacred harp of far-fled days—
And Sadness winds my spirit with her pall.

Dear, long-loved phantoms throng the mystic air,
In silent benediction, softly, slow
Their unseen fingers smooth the whit'ning hair
About my throbbing temples; and I know
That they are poring o'er the page I read.
My heart makes distant pilgrimage; indeed
Now is the hour I sense my greatest need—
To feel thy presence and thy gentle care.

I sit and listen to those phantom lays,
So sweetly sounding in my study here;
I see those far-off vistas, veiled in haze
Of reminiscent tears;—Ah, Love, draw near—
Ah, nearer yet;—thy love is best of all—
And lay in mine thy hand so soft and small—
For balm-bestowing Twilight weaves her thrall,
And Memory sorroweth o'er far-fled days.

THE RACE OF SIX NINETY-ONE

ROXIE E. SPILLER, '12

It was a magnificent winter night. The ground was covered with snow, and the pines were loaded with its white feathers. The half-full moon was rising on the other side of the lake, putting to sleep with its silvery lights all but the most wakeful of the stars. Alice Martin walked briskly through the crisp air, her cheeks tingling beneath its sting. She was a slim, trim, little girl of some nineteen years, with soft, brown eyes and dark, wavy hair. She ran quickly up the steps of the station and threw open the door. Damon, the second-trick man, looked up with a swift smile.

"Good evening, Miss Martin," he said. "I'm glad you're a bit ahead of time; my wife isn't feeling very well to-night."

"Better early than late," said Alice, taking off her coat and hat, and pulling a magazine from her muff.

Damon hurried away, whistling cheerily, and Alice settled herself in the operator's chair, preparing to read, although no story, however interesting, could prevent her from hearing the "call of the key." Number Three Fifty-Four pulled in—and waited for Sixty-Three, the fast express, to pass. Then both hurried off into the night. It was now 12.15.

Alice heard a slight noise at the window, and glanced up. She saw a man's face peering in at her. Her intuition sprang to the conclusion that he was a tramp, and she quickly locked the door, which she had neglected before. The man tried to open the window, but it was fastened. With a club he broke the glass. Instinctively Alice seized the first weapon which she could find; she pulled open a little drawer in the desk, and caught up a small monkey-wrench which the station-agent had been using the day before. She pointed it at the man, crying:

"Don't you dare come in here"

The fellow seemed nonplussed for a moment; his hand fell back limply.

"All right," he said, "but I'll soon get you rattled."

Holding the monkey wrench still pointed at him, the girl fumbled for the key, and sent a cry for help flashing over the wire. It was answered quickly; she knew that if she could hold out for half an hour at the longest, she would be safe. The face had gone from the window; evidently the man was reconnoitering; she could hear his steps on the platform; by the sound he must be just outside the window of the office where she was standing; then the noise passed on. She prayed that he had gone away down the track.

Ten minutes later he re-appeared at the broken window, tho' she had not heard him approach.

"Well," he said, "ready to let me in?"

Alice made no reply. The man scowled.

"Well," he said, aloud, "I guess I'll risk it. Girls can't shoot straight anyway, and I'll bet the thing ain't loaded. Hand over the cash, and I don't care if I don't come in. Do you hear?"

Still Alice stood looking at the man, a growing terror in her eyes, her hand holding the wrench pointed stiffly at him.

"Hustle up now!" he commanded, threateningly.

Oh, if she could only gain time! She must say something to him.

"There isn't any money here," she gasped, her voice clearer than she had thought it possibly could be. "The station agent took it all home with him."

The man laughed sneeringly.

"Huh! I know better! It's in the drawer under the ticket window."

And Alice, frightened, and knowing that the money was there, could only draw a long, quivering, sobbing breath.

"No more fooling! Hand it over, or I'll take the chance of your shooting. I've got to be in Canada to-morrow, or at least out of reach."

The utter absurdity of her shooting him with a monkey wrench would have made Alice laugh, if the situation had not been so desperate. As it was, she almost smiled, in spite of her fear. The man caught the expression, and, with an oath reached through the broken pane, in order to unfasten the lock of the window. The girl saw the movement and sprang forward. With

the wrench she struck his fingers a sharp blow. The pain made him draw back his hand quickly, but her action had given him the opportunity he had been waiting for. He saw that she had no revolver. Laughing brutally, he reached in again. She tried to drive him away as before, but he was quicker than she, and, catching hold of the wrench, he tore it from her grasp. She staggered back as he laughed exultantly,

"All right, I'll be with you in a minute."

He turned the lock, thrust up the window, and sprang into the room. Alice rushed for the office, but before she could close the door, he had seized the knob. Before she realized what had happened, he had torn away her grasp, and was shaking her roughly by the shoulders.

"Is the drawer locked?" he demanded.

She nodded.

"Give me the key!"

"I won't."

The man shook her an instant longer, then she felt both wrists grasped in one hand, while the other closed, slowly, grimly, about her throat. She struggled desperately in his grasp trying in vain to cry out, although she knew it would do no good. Then an intense blackness came before her eyes, she felt too weak to struggle longer, she did not care what happened. A merciful oblivion seized her.

At Bradbury, thirty miles away, Six-Ninety-One was just taking on water. MacConnell, the operator, rushed out of the station, shouting:

"There's a tramp trying to get into the station at Caxton, and the kid's there alone."

Engineer Stuart gasped. Then he turned to his fireman with a queer look in his eyes.

"Uncouple her!" he said.

The fireman obeyed instantly, and Six Ninety-One started toward Caxton, leaving the water streaming from the pipe. Malcolm Stuart sat tense at the right side of the cab, one hand on the reverse, the other on the throttle, urging the engine, moment by moment, to greater speed, his eyes fixed on the rails ahead, gleaming silver under the brilliant electric headlight. The fireman vi-

brated between the tender and the firebox, feeding old Six Ninety-One with "black diamonds," steadily, swiftly, pausing only to test the water or to glance at the steam gauge. Faster and faster rushed the mogul through the white moonlight, and yet, to the anxious enginer, she seemed barely to crawl. Gently, as if she were a chlld, he urged her on. After hours, as it seemed to him tho' in reality it was barely twenty minutes, the switch lights at Caxton flew by. He closed the throttle and poured the sand beneath the throbbing wheels. Staggering, panting, the great engine stopped. Stuart and the fireman sprang to the station door. It resisted their efforts. Going to the corner of the building, the engineer perceived the open window, and, placing his hands on the sill, the frantic Scotchman sprang inside just in time to see Alice Martin fall limply backward with the tramp's hands still grasping her throat. With a wild cry he sprang upon the man. He would have killed him on the spot, but the thought that Alice was dying, perhaps dead, made him stop only long enough to secure the fellow, with the fireman's help.

Then he turned to the girl, lying face downward upon the floor. Tenderly he lifted the motionless form and carried it to a bench beneath the open window. Kneeling by her side he chafed her icy hands, while the fireman ran for water. Malcolm dashed it in the pale, girlish face. She moaned and stirred uneasily. Malcolm laid his head against her breast; he could hear the heart faintly beating. Anxiously he bent over the girl; he pressed her hand; he covered her cold face with kisses.

"Alice," he murmured, "Alice, darling! Oh, my God! Is she dead? Alice!"

Again she moved, and opened her eyes. Faintly she smiled into the blue eyes so near her own, then wearily closed them again. With the sudden reversal of feeling, tears filled the engineer's eyes. Gently he pressed her to his bosom, imprinting passionate kisses on her pallid lips, murmuring endearing words. She smiled and clung closer to him.

"Malcolm," he whispered, "Malcolm, I'm so glad you've come; I was frightend before."

Her slim hand reached up and nestled in his strong one.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, "sweetheart."

LONGINGS

JUNE ATKINSON, '12

When the dusk creeps o'er the meadow,
And the stars gleam in the sky,
When the zephyrs rustle the sedges,
Oh, then for thee I sigh!

When the day dawns, faintly flushing,
And the dew-pearls deck the lea,
When the lark begins his carol,
I wake with thoughts of thee!

THE JUDGMENT DAY

ALETHA ROLLINS, '13

Hardscrabble village was simply Hardscrabble village, no more and no less than the name implied. Whether the lack of thrift among the people had invested the village with such a name, or whether the name of the village had influenced the people, was a question. One thing, however, was apparent—that the name of the village was justified to an astonishing degree by the general appearance of the town and the characteristics of the inhabitants.

Hardscrabble was situated in a wilderness of barren hills and gray, uninviting crags. So rocky was the land that had an enthusiastic, enterprising person attempted to wrest a living from the soil, the results would have been meagre, but when a person of Hardscrabble temperament attempted such a feat in his characteristic lazy way, the crops that resulted would have sickened the heart of even an ordinary farmer. The houses of Hardscrabble were in a general state of dilapidation. One street sloped down rather a steep hill and all the houses slanted in the same direction and threatened, with each storm, to collapse like a row of dominoes. This street was, nevertheless, the principal one in the

village. Down below the hill it turned abruptly and ran out beyond, to the world of noise and life. The Hardscrabble inhabitants knew little of what lay beyond that curve except through a weekly newspaper which found its way into this seedy community. Moreover, this paper was read by only a few people who had managed to burden their brains with a knowledge of reading. What these good people read they believed, word for word. There was no reason why they should not, for their simple minds could bring no arguments to contradict any statements set forth in the paper.

Just now, before Christmas in 1885, however, a moderate excitement was stirring this sluggish hamlet, for an electric road was to be put through the village and the tracks were to run along the main street where the toppling homes stood.

Month after month the gang worked on the road. After about two years it was completed and the day arrived when the first huge cars took the trip on the new road. Everybody gathered in the front yards, in windows, and at every vantage point, to see the new cars go by. The cars went hourly during the day, but it was the general opinion that they could not be run at night.

In one of the poorer cottages, just over the brow of the hill, lived Pa and Ma Staples, two old and respected inhabitants. Pa possessed the wonderful ability of knowing how to read, but with this exception his education did not extend far beyond that of his shiftless neighbors. These old people were religious and believed the Bible as well as their newspapers, word for word, from the very bottoms of their kind old hearts. More vivid than any other conception they had formed from the good book, was their idea of the Judgment Day. Rather heated discussions had occurred at frequent intervals in their otherwise tranquil married life, as to just what would happen at that eventful time. Ma expected that lightning would flash, Gabriel's trumpet would sound afar off and the dead would rise. Pa always insisted that wings would grow on all the good people so that they could "get to Heaven easy." Ma, however, maintained that "everybody would be caught up to Heaven in a great, white cloud, all jumbled together, and then they'd be picked over after they go there."

On the evening when the cars began to run on the new line,

Pa and Ma were sitting in their shabby little kitchen. Pa was comfortably reclining in a rickety wooden rocker with his feet resting on the back of the stove. He was reading *The Evening Star* of the preceding week.

The Evening Star was a daily paper, to be sure, but Pa always said that he didn't see what folks wanted a daily paper for. It was all he could do to get a paper read through in a week, that is, when he read the advertisements, and he usually did read them, for, as he said, "they wouldn't be put in if they warn't intended to be read."

Ma sat on the other side of the stove by the window. She was busily knitting a gray woolen stock and softly humming a doubtful tune, probably "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"Well," ejaculated Pa, "here it says, Ma, right here in this paper that there's some folks as believe the Jedgement Day is comin' to-night. There's a whole parcel o' people a-waitin' down in Georgy. They say the Lord appeared to one o' their elders an' told him to make ready. Now, 'pears to me, that looks reasonable. When such a parcel o' people as there is down there believes the Jedgement Day is comin', why shouldn't it come?"

"Land alive!" gasped Ma, "it does look reasonable now, don't it? Think of it, Pa, after we've waited all these years, to have the Jedgement Day come now so that we can see ev'rything that happens. But land! I wouldn't want Gabriel to see me in this old dress. Now I'm goin' right up-stairs an' put on my best black dress, an' Pa, you come right along, too, an' get on your Sunday-go-ter-meetin' suit."

"Now, Ma, the Lord'll love me jest as well in these old clo's as in my best ones," protested Pa.

"Thet's all right, Pa, probably He will, but we don't want to take no chances, an' we might's well look as well's we can."

So Ma dragged him off to the upper region, where, with feverish haste, she decked herself in her Sunday best. Pa, not quite so much excited, dressed at a snail's pace as it seemed to Ma, and so with many a vigorous twist and pull, she helped him fix his tie and adjust his cuffs, and after a few seconds, he stood transformed and ready for the Judgment Day.

They went downstairs immediately and Ma sat primly in her

chair with her hands folded, thinking this too holy a time to knit woolen socks, but Pa insisted upon reading the paper, saying that he wasn't a-going' to git himself all nerved up a'thinkin' about it."

For half an hour they sat silent. Then, suddenly, across the heavens flashed a lurid glare. Ma leaped from her chair.

"There now, Pa, I told you so. It's come. That lightnin' is the herald of the Judgement Day."

But Pa was not visibly excited.

"Land! Ma, that's only heat lightnin'."

"Heat lightning'!" ejaculated Ma, "heat lightnin' in the middle of December with the thermometer below zero. I tell you, Pa, it's the Judgement Day a-comin'!"

At this moment a shrill whistle sounded and the light flashed across the heavens a second time.

Ma could endure it no longer. "Come, Pa," she commanded, "I'm goin' out. That was the angel Gabriel's trumpet an' there won't be but one more flash o' lightnin' as a warnin' afore the Judgement Day is here. I call three flashes enough warnin' for any man."

So Ma dragged her reluctant husband out into the snowy yard to await the third flash.

"Pa," confided Ma, as they stood shivering in the cold winter night, "I want to tell ye, I'm sorry for the way I treated ye sometimes. I s'pose I aint been jest patient all the time, but you'll forgive me now, won't ye, Pa? I'm sorry I didn't give ye jelly-cake more for supper, an' made ye put on your coat when the parson come to tea."

"Now, now, that's all right, Ma," said Pa. "I know I been kind er grumpish but we'll call it all square now."

A moment of silence intervened, and then Ma gave Pa a sudden nudge. "We ought to go to the buryin' ground an' be there when our relations rise up. They'll mebbe be expectin' us. There's poor old Uncle Jacob an' sister Lize an' brother Samuel, besides poor little Timmy that died when he was only four years old. Come quick, Pa, we must go afore that third flash comes!"

"But," protested Pa, "it's so cold. We better put on some wraps."

"O, no, no, we can't wait," urged Me, "we've got to hurry, an'

then mebbe we'll be hot enough soon anyway, provided we ain't among them that can stay up there in Heaven after they git taken up."

So down along the cold, wintry street to the little cemetery half way down the hill, where the Hardscrabble inhabitants had buried their dead for many a year, the two old people hurried, hand in hand. They did not stop until they reached little Timmy's grave, and there by the small white tombstone they stood and waited. Strange noises came to their ears, the trees creaked with the cold, the frost made queer noises beneath their feet, and overhead there was a strange singing, whistling sound. Suddenly there came another long-drawn whistle through the clear, sharp air, and again a light flashed across the sky. Far off, a noise like distant thunder sounded.

"O, Pa," quavered Ma, grasping her husband's hand more firmly, "we ought to tell the other folks what's a-comin'! Mebbe their houses will fall in on top o' them an' they won't have the pleasure o' seein' the angel Gabriel an' the hosts o' the Lord."

She started back through the graveyard toward one of the tumbling, shaky houses, but Pa restrained her.

"No, Ma, the Lord'll give 'em all a fair chance."

"But"—began Ma, as the rumbling grew louder. She had no time to finish her sentence, however, for suddenly, around the curve in the road thundered the big electric car with its shining searchlight streaming far up the track.

Ma stood for a moment dazzled by its brightness, only partly realizing that the Judgment Day had not yet dawned. A cynical expression overspread Pa's face.

"Humph," he grumbled, "Guess that's your Gabriel and Jedgement Day, ain't it? Reckon we better go home seein' it's sort er chilly out here, don't you, Ma?"

"Land alive," answered Ma, as she turned toward the street with a shiver, "I guess we better, but things did look kind er suspicious."

"LEBE WOHL"

(Being a translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.)

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Beauteous cradle of my woe,
Darling tombstone of my ease,
Noble city, I must go;—
Fare thee well, I go in peace.

Fare thee well, thou sacred sill
That her gentle footsteps cleared;
Fare thee well, thou holy hill
Where to me she first appeared.

Had I not beheld thy face,
Charming sovereign of my heart,
Grief would not have come apace,
Nor my tears, unbidden, start.

I have never sought thy heart;—
Ne'er aspired to the prize,—
I would only dwell apart
When thy presence softly sighs.

Yet thy bidding drives me hence;
Bitter words thy red lips frame;
Madness havocks with my sense,
And my heart is sore and lame.

So with foot-steps, weary, slow,
Forth upon my way I'll plod,
'Till my heavy head lies low
'Neath its coverlet of sod.

Editorial

STUDENT

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As the new college year opens, we welcome new faces, but miss those that we no longer see about the campus. Time and change go hand in hand. Soon our own college experiences will be those of retrospection and memory rather than those of realization. The campus, too, has changed. The recently completed Carnegie Hall and the rapidly rising walls of the new chapel mark new epochs in the history of Bates College. New and greater privileges will come to those who shall in the future select Bates as their *Alma Mater*.



**The
Bates Chapel**

The work on the new chapel is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped that it will be completed by the first of May. The building will afford seats for nine hundred persons, eight hundred upon the floor, and one hundred in the gallery. The latter will be at the front end of the building and above the main entrance. On exceptional occasions, such as at commencement, the seating capacity can be increased to more than one thousand by utilizing the spacious chancel. There will be two large rooms connecting directly with the chancel—one on each side. One of these rooms will be for the choir, the other for those officiating in the religious services. The organ will be placed directly over the choir room. The building, which is to be of granite, will be of Gothic design, after the order of the English collegiate chapel. There will be four towers, two at each end, in conformity to the general style of the architecture, and the edifice will lend beauty and dignity to the entire campus.

**Carnegie
Science Hall**

The opening of the college year found the new Science Hall complete, and ready for use. In its general appearance the building sufficiently resembles Coram Library to satisfy the demands of architectural harmony. Over the main entrance the seal of the college, bearing the charter date 1864, is cut in stone, with appropriate symbolic device of oak leaves. The building, with its thirty-six rooms affording facilities for laboratory work, lectures, recitations, demonstrations, and experiments in various branches of Biology and Physics, is thoroughly modern in its equipment and appliances. The advantages afforded will greatly increase the value of science courses at Bates.



**Northfield
Student
Conference**

The annual Northfield Student Conference was held at East Northfield, Mass., June 21 to 30, 1912. It was attended by over six hundred delegates from colleges and preparatory schools.

This year Bates was represented by a delegation of eight men. The Bates men, as was their custom, lived in tents and boarded themselves. Owing to the skilful management of J. F. Greenan; and the good cooking of "Doc" Cushman and "Doc" Grindle, the men survived the ten days of the Conference without serious suffering from hunger.

The Conference sessions in the forenoon consisted of conferences on association methods, Mission Study, Bible Study, and an auditorium meeting. The afternoon was given over entirely to recreation. Baseball games, tennis, and walks were enjoyed by many of the delegates. In the evening there was a Round Top meeting and an auditorium meeting.

At the Auditorium and Round Top meeting, addresses were given by John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Raymond Robbins, E. T. Colton, and many other prominent men.

Oliver F. Cutts, a Bates graduate, who now has charge of the alumni work of the Y. M. C. A., was one of the leaders at the conference.

The following Bates men attended the conference: A. G. Cushman, General Secretary; J. F. McDaniel, '13; W. L. Grindle, '13; F. H. Jewett, '13; J. R. Packard, '14; K. D. Lee, '14; J. T. Greenan, '15; R. L. Dunn, '15; and J. L. Moulton, '15.

The first Y. M. C. A. prayer-meeting of the college year was led by John McDaniel, '13, on Wednesday evening, September eighteenth. A large number of the seventy men present took part in the meeting.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 18, the Y. W. C. A. of the College gave a reception to the young ladies of the entering class. The uncertain weather prevented the use of the grove on Mt. David, and the affair was held in Fiske Reception Hall. Miss Florence I. Day, as President of the Association, gave the welcoming address.

Mrs. George C. Chase also gave a welcoming talk to the new girls and announced the gift of Mt. David to the College. This was received with great pleasure, for Mt. David has long been dear to the students. Following this there were talks by Clara Neal, '14, on "College Customs;" by Edna Pierce, '14, on "Silver Bay;" by Mabel Googins, '15, on "Athletics;" by Esther Wardsworth, '15, on "Bird Walks." Dean Woodhull then explained to the girls some of the ideas and ideals of the Y. W. C. A.

At the end of the afternoon Miss Lora Hall, '13, assisted by Edith Macomber, Bessie Atto, and Mary Smith, all of '13, served dainty refreshments.



Athletics

After the first few days of getting settled were past, athletic work in all departments was taken up with enthusiasm. Of course football occupies first place. The men have been getting hardened up for the past two weeks and on Saturday, Sept. 21, had an opportunity to try out the new rules against a team from the Maine Central Institute. While not so heavy in the line as in years past, the team has some unusually consistent line plungers and it is hoped to work out a speedy offence for the Maine series. Owing to the changed rules, the forward pass will be of greater importance than ever this year, and Coaches Purinton and Moody will drill the men thoroughly in this play.

Coach Lathrop was expected to be on hand Monday, Sept. 23, and get the track squad out to work. Track prospects seem the best this year in the history of Bates and there seems to be good reasons for looking forward to a repetition of our victory in the Maine Intercollegiates. Cross-country running will be encouraged this fall. Although nothing definite has as yet been decided upon, the Bates cross-country team will undoubtedly compete in at least one and possibly two runs with other colleges.

Tennis will be of even greater interest than before, for all four men on the tennis team last spring have returned to college, and next spring the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament will be held on the Bates courts. Unless upsets occur, the Bates team should again make good in both singles and doubles. Woodman, '13, has been re-elected captain for this year. Preparations for the annual fall tournament are now being made and it is expected that the college championship will be fought for with great eagerness this year.

In the first game of the season, Bates swamped the boys from M. C. I., easily running up a large score. Coach Purinton used

his full squad and gave the substitutes a good tryout. The features of the game were the line plunging of Capt. Dennis and Dyer, and the successful use of the forward pass by the M. C. I. boys.

The summary:

BATES.	M. C. I.
Danahy,, l.e.....	r.e., Walsh
McNish	
Lovely	
Walsh	
Shepard, l.t.....	r.t., Stanhope
Haggerty	
Morgridge, l.g.....	r.g., Manual
Harding, c.....	c., McCausland
Fossett	
Gove, r.g.....	l.g., Robinson
Clifford	
Jecusco	
De Lano	
Stillman, rt.....	l.t., Milo
Johnson	
Small	
Thompson, r.e.....	l.e., Hurd
Hill	
Cobb	
Nevers	
Talbot, q.b.....	q.b., Thurston
Griffin	
Sawyer	
Dennis, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Bridges
Bates	
Joyce	
Eldridge, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Ranger
Kennedy	
Woodman	
Dyer, f.b.....	f.b., Green
Kennedy	
Dennis	

Score—Bates, 34. Touchdowns—Dennis, 3; Dyer, Thompson. Goals from touchdowns—Dennis, 3; Thompson. Umpire—Cummings, Bates, '10. Referee—Moody, Bates, '02. Linesman—Professor Oldham, Bates. Time—four seven-minute periods.

**Sophomore-
Freshman
Baseball**

The annual Freshman-Sophomore baseball game took place Saturday P.M. on Roger Williams field. The game speedily developed into a pitchers' battle, between Anderson, '15, and Miller, '16. Anderson proved steadier and was given better support. At the end of the seventh inning, rioting occurred, and the game was called by Umpire Griffin, '13.

The summary:

1915

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	F
Fuller, s.s	3	1	2	1	0	0
Witham, 1b.....	4	0	0	5	0	0
Talbot, c.....	4	1	1	12	2	0
Bates, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Wight, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Moulton, 1.f	2	0	0	0	0	0
Pidgeon, 1.f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
McCullough, 1.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mullen, c.f.....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Perry, c.f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Perkins, c.f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Blanchard, r.f.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Manuel, r.f.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gerry, r.f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Anderson, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	26	2	6	21	4	1

1916

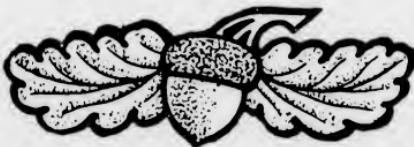
	AB	R	BH	PO	A	F
Marston, ss.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Littlefield, 2b.....	3	0	1	2	2	1
Swicker, 1.f	2	0	0	0	0	0
Benvie, 1.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Miller, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	1

Cross, 1b.....	2	0	0	7	0	0
Hutchinson, 1b.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Lord, c.....	3	0	0	11	2	1
Waterhouse, c.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Dunning, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	1	0
Tucker, r.f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Drew, r.f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Peasley, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gray, r.f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	24	1	3*	22	7	3

*—One out when game was called.

1915	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2
1916	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Two-base hit—Dunning. Struck out—By Anderson 12, by Miller 11. Base on balls—By Miller 5. First base on errors—1916, 1915 2. Stolen bases—Littlefield, Talbot. Left on bases—1916 3, 1915 8. Double play—Dunning and Cross. Hit by pitched ball, by Miller, Wight. Passed ball—Lord. Umpire—Griffin. Time—1 h. 45 m.





1868—President George C. Chase deliverd an address at the Litchfield Academy reunion, in August.

Dr. Grenville Cyrus Emery, founder of the Harvard Military School for Boys at Los Angeles, California, since its beginning in 1900 one of the important schools on the Pacific Coast, has recently placed the school under the care of the Episcopal Church.

1869—Rev. William Henry Bolster, D.D., for many years a prominent Congregational minister, died suddenly at South Paris, Maine, on August 12. Dr. Bolster was to have given the historical address at the centennial of the South Paris Congregational Church, October 27.

1870—Professor L. G. Jordan was a delegate at the International Conference upon Chemistry, held in Washington and New York early in September. Professor Jordan is to represent Bates upon the New England College Entrance Certificate Board.

1873—Almon C. Libby is a civil engineer, located at North Yakima, Washington.

1876—Rev. James O. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational Church at Roxbury, Conn. He has a daughter in the Freshman Class at Bates.

1883—E. A. Tinkham, Esq., of Duluth, Minn., has recently died.

1884—Principal D. L. Whitmarsh of the Whitman, Mass., High School, has a daughter in the Sophomore Class at Bates, entering this year from Middlebury College.

1886—John Henry Williamson, Esq., of Madison, South Dakota, has recently died.

1888—Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Townsend, both of Bates, '88, have recently moved from Albion, Neb., to Cumberland Center, Me., where Mr. Townsend is pastor of the Congregational Church. Their son, Clarence, enters the Junior Class at Bates, from Doane College, and their son Erland is a Freshman at Bates this year.

1889—Rev. F. M. Baker, of Contocook, N. H., has a son in the Bates entering class.

1893—Rev. George L. Mason, of Green Harbor, Mass., received the degree of A.B., at the last Bates Commencement, and is enrolled with the Class of 1893.

C. C. Spratt, Principal of the High School at Putnam, Conn., has recently been elected to a similar position at Woonsocket, R. I.

1894—Miss Elizabeth W. Gerrish, of the Roxbury, Mass., High School, spent the summer in an interesting trip to Alaska.

1896—Professor Fred A. Knapp has resumed his full duties as Professor of Latin at Bates, after a year of absence.

1897—Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Farrell (Mrs. Farrell was Miss Mary Buzzell, Bates 1897) have a little daughter, Frances.

1899—Dr. Annie Maria Roberts, Bates 1899, was married on Tuesday, July 2d, to Dr. Irving William Slack, at East Providence, R. I.

Alton C. Wheeler, Esq., of South Paris, Me., republican representative to the next Maine Legislature, is a prominent candidate for Speaker of the House.

Bennet Homer Quinn is located at St. Helens, Oregon. He is engaged in lumbering. Mr. Quinn is married, and has two children.

1900—Frank P. Ayer, Esq., Bates 1900, was married on July 6th to Miss Jennie Burnham, at Bridgton, Maine. They will be at home after October 1st, at 32 Miller Ave., Providence, R. I.

1901—Rev. and Mrs. Joseph E. Wilson are located at Fredericksburg, N. B.

1902—Samuel E. Longwell, for several years principal of the High School at Woodbury, Conn., is to take graduate work at Brown University this year.

Georgiana Lunt is assistant cataloguer for the Maine State Library at Augusta.

Frank B. Moody is to coach the Bates football team this fall.

Walter E. Sullivan is superintendent of schools and principal of the High School at New Gloucester, Me.

Arthur L. Dexter, recently principal of the High School at Milford, N. H., has been elected principal at Orange, Mass.

Irving C. Foss has moved from New Hampshire to Ashland, O., where he is employed in the book business.

Ernest Fairlee Clason has moved from Gardiner to Lisbon Falls. He is in the employ of D. C. Heath & Co.

1903—On July 27th occurred the marriage of Miss Clara Bearce Pingree, Bates 1903, to Mr. Urban Pinkham Hutchings, of Providence, R. I.

1904—Harry L. Bradford is principal of Lincoln Academy, at Newcastle, Maine.

1905—Della D. Donnell is a teacher in Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

1906—The engagement has been announced of Miss Myrtle Blackwood, Bates '06, and Mr. Henry Phillips Boody. Both are teachers at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill.

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Salley, of Florianopolis, Santa Catherina, Brazil, have a little son, Ashmun Grant.

1907—True C. Morrill, Bates 1907, superintendent of schools at Norway, Maine, was married, in the summer, to Miss Doris M. Tobey, of Gardiner.

Lawrence N. Wight, who for several years has taught at Williston Seminary, is now teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Emily R. Williard is a teacher in the High School at Morrisstown, N. J.

1908—Elisabeth W. Anthony is employed in work for the Associated Charities, in Providence, R. I.

Ervette E. Blackstone, Bates 1908, was married on August 27th to Edgar W. Bailey.

Wallace A. Clifford has just been elected principal of the Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.

D. Herman Corson is superintendent of schools for the Jonesboro, Maine, district.

Roy B. Fraser is engaged in efficiency engineering with the New England Butt Co., Providence, R. I.

Harriet C. Rand is a teacher in the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1909—Rev. and Mrs. William P. Ames are located in Sprindale, Wash.

John Murray Carroll is taking graduate work at Harvard University. Mr. Carroll is to return to Bates as instructor in Economics.

Miss Grace E. Holbrook was married on June 24th to Mr. Oliver M. Blood, of Dorchester, Mass.

Wallace F. Holman has left his position as principal of Freedom Academy to take a similar position at Guilford, Maine.

John P. Jewell, Instructor in Latin during the last year at Bates, is to spend the year 1912-13 in graduate work at Harvard.

Dana S. Jordan is principal of Greely Institute at Cumberland Center, Maine. He was married September fourth to Miss Ethel Mathes, of Lancaster, N. H.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen M. Merrill, Bates 1909, to Mr. Carl R. Bryant, of Waterville, Maine.

Raymond S. Oakes, Esq., has just been admitted to the Maine Bar.

Carl R. Purinton is principal of the high school at Winthrop, Maine.

John B. Sawyer is submaster and teacher of sciences for the high school at Wakefield, Mass.

Joseph B. Wadleigh is to take up graduate work in the department of English at Harvard.

1910—Grace Harlow begins her work this year as teacher of English in the Dexter, Maine, High School.

Minnie W. Pert is a teacher in Monmouth Academy, Monmouth, Maine.

Clarence P. Quimby, who has been for two years principal of the Hampstead, N. H., High School, has entered Harvard University for a graduate course in Economics.

1911—Sidney H. Cox has entered upon graduate work at the University of Illinois.

Helen J. Davis is teaching in Hadley, Mass.

Miss Gertrude M. French, Bates 1911, was married, on August 14th, to Mr. Frederick L. Packard, a teacher in Montclair, N. J.

Roy M. Strout and Lillian C. Jose, both Bates 1911, were married in Portland, on June 26th. They will live in Dexter, where Mr. Strout is principal of the High School.

Frank W. Keaney has made an excellent record in his work as a teacher in the Putnam, Conn., High School.

William Y. Morrison, Bates 1911, was married, June 26th, to

Miss Elizabeth Ellen Edwards, of Biddeford. Mr. Morrison is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Dexter, Maine.

Charles E. Taylor is principal of the High School at Oakland, Me.

1912—Charles H. Abbott is superintendent of schools for Turner and Canton.

June Atkinson is a teacher in Richmondville, N. Y.

May E. Audley is teaching in the High School at Rumford.

George M. Bartlett is teacher of Sciences at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H.

Leo W. Blaisdell is principal of the High School at Canton, Maine.

Clarence H. Brown is principal of the Scarboro High School.

Ernest H. Brunquist is Assistant in the Department of Biology at Bates.

Elizabeth M. Campbell is teaching in the High School at Port Jervis, N. Y.

Ross P. Chamberlain is instructor in Mathematics at Orange, Mass.

Clarence I. Chatto is principal of the High School, Island Falls. Mr. Chatto was married in August to Miss Lillian Norton Stone, of Brunswick.

Ray A. Clement is a teacher in Pennington Seminary, Pennington, N. J.

Helen I. Deering is a teacher in the Presque Isle High School.

Minerva F. Dunlap is teaching in the Caribou High School.

Hazel E. Howard is a teacher in the Bath High School.

A. E. Jennings, Jr., is taking graduate work and has a position as assistant in Science at Princeton University.

Charles Clarke Knights is assistant in Chemistry at Bates.

Harry H. Lowry is teaching in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.

Florence A. Rideout is a teacher in Bridge Academy, Dresden.

Christiana A. Ring is teaching in the Buckfield High School.

Harold T. Roseland has a position with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Harry W. Rowe is employed in the Maine Y. M. C. A. work, with offices at Waterville.

Josephine B. Stearns is a teacher in Leavitt Institute, Turner.

Margaret T. Tubbs is a teacher in the High School at McIndos Falls, Vt.

Walter H. Walsh is teaching at Hope Valley, R. I.

Donna L. Yeaton is a teacher in the Port Jervis, N. Y., High School.

A. R. C. Cole is teaching in the Cony High School, Augusta.

A SONG OF THE OPEN

Rather a bird on the wing
Flitting along
Than thou, O powerful king
Prince of a throng.
Into the mellow eve
All care and sorrow leave,
Come, do not sigh or grieve
List to my song.

Rather a drumming bee
Sipping the flower,
Rather a wave on the sea
Just for an hour;
Than to be delving deep,
Into the dungeon keep,
Where thoughts of sages sleep;
Plucked of their power.

Let the dull plodders go
Trailing away;
Let their dim visions grow
Dimmer each day.
Under the open sky
Free as the butterfly
There let me live and die,
List to my lay.

—BERNARD F. DOOLEY, in *The Holy Cross Purple*.



Exchanges

Princeton has found its preceptorial system, inaugurated by Governor Wilson, a success, and is extending it to Freshmen. The entering class is to be divided into small groups, each of which will come into close contact with some professor. The aim is to develop more intimacy between the faculty and students. This movement is rapidly spreading among the colleges and its influence for good is being felt and appreciated wherever it is tried.

A report from Columbia University shows how an undergraduate made a tour to Europe with an expense of only eighty-three dollars. He worked his way across the Atlantic, and he travelled much on foot. If college students could read of his experiences, more of them would feel encouraged to visit Europe during their undergraduate days, when their means are still slender.

At Wells College an unusually large number of graduate students have registered this fall.

There is on hand a movement for more flexibility in the college entrance requirements. The United States Bureau of Education has been making investigations and it reports that of the one hundred sixty colleges already examined only forty still refuse to allow admittance on but one foreign language and that several require no foreign language at all. Bryn Mawr and Roanoke, however, still require three.



CLASS OF 1916 DIRECTORY

Name	Home Address	College Address
Adams, Mellen Vinton	Belgrade	12 Science Hall
Adams, Mildred Gertrude	Monmouth	
Allen, Harold Wesley	Lewiston	562 Main St.
Aikins, William Edwin	N. Yarmouth	18 Frye St.
Ballard, James Robert	Limestone	68 Wood St.
Bearce, Lillian Hazel	Auburn	13 Holley St., Au.
Benjamin, Marguerite	Riverhead, N. Y.	Rand Hall
Benvie, Frank William	Danvers, Mass.	
	17 Roger Williams Hall	
Blaisdell, Joseph Everett		12 Science Hall
Boothby, Richard	Lewiston	256 College St.
Boyd, William	Norwich, Conn.	16 Parker Hall
Bradbury, Margie Miller	Biddeford	Rand Hall
Bridgham, Marian Francis	Auburn	Upper Court St., Au.
Bright, Carl Aubrey	Franklin, Mass.	34 Vale St.
Bryant, Agnes	Chester, Vt.	
Buker, Harold Wilder	Contoocook, N. H.	133 College St.
Bumpus, Harold Perham	Turner	11 Manley St., Au.
Bumpus, Velma Clair	Turner	11 Manley St., Au.
Cartland, Laurence Winslow	Saco	21 Science Hall
Chapman, Annie Enola	Kezar Falls	Whittier House
Cross, Russell	West Bowdoin	147 Wood St.
Cummings, William Hiram	Auburn	21 Western Prom., Au.
Curtis, Bennett H.	West Burke, Vt.	34 Vale St.
Doe, William E.	Kingston, N. H.	
Drew, Harold	Patten	
Dunning, George Howard	Yarmouthville	339 Minot Ave., Au.
Emerson, Aura Bell	Hudson, N. Y.	Cheney House
Esters, Louis	Houlton	17 Science Hall
Everett, Marion Josephine	South Paris	Rand Hall
Farnham, Ruth Stevens	Richmond	Whittier House
Farris, Nancy B.	Mechanic Falls	Whittier House
Fowler, Joseph	Monmouth	24 Science Hall

Gahan, Laurence Elwyn	Dresden
Gibbs, Charles Shelby	Portland 142 Wood St.
Goba, John	Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 195 Oak St.
Gould, Owen C.	Pittsfield
Gould, Sherman Jewett	New Portland 22 Science Hall
Grant, Herman A.	Patten
Gray, Fred Clinton	Rochester, N. H. 5 Science Hall
Greene, Owen Carroll	Vinal Haven 256 Main St.
Greene, Robert Alvava	Vinal Haven 256 Main St.
Gregory, Alma Frances	Franklin, Mass. 32 Ware St.
Harding, Agnes Ellen	Auburn 11 Manley St., Au.
Harriman, Irving Russell	Wilson's Mills 68 Wood St.
Hayden, Amy G.	Norway Rand Hall
Hill, Charles H.	So. Scituate, R. I. 92 Wood St.
Hodnett, Mona Pearl	Danforth Whittier House
Hollis, Truman Wilson	Auburn 69 Western Ave., Au.
Hood, Bernice Elva	Auburn 11 Manley St., Au.
Hubbard, John Warren	Cambridge, Mass.
Hutchins, Marian Elizabeth	Portland 340 College St.
Hutchinson, Edward Blake	Buckfield 12 Science Hall
Jewers, Sybil Isabelle	Eastport Cheney House
Johnson, Harriet Moses	Bath Rand Hall
Johnson, Henry Peter	Machiasport 94 Nichols St.
Joyce, Williams Ignatius	Danvers, Mass. Rand Hall
Kane, Harlene Martha	Spencer, Mass. Rand Hall
Kelly, Sarah Hazel	Richmond Rand Hall
Keneston, Shelton	Norwich, Conn. 103 Wood St.
Kennedy, Frank E.	Walpole, Mass. Science Hall
King, Alice Gertrude	Tilton, N. H. Whittier House
Knowles, Eleanor G.	Bangor 26 Mountain Ave.
Lawrence, Elmer Walcott	Falmouth, Mass.
Littlefield, Perley C.	Rochester N. H. 5 Science Hall
Lord, George Edward	Patten Science Hall
Lovely, Harry Richard	Gardiner 4 Science Hall
Marston, Bonnie O.	Livermore Falls 173 Oak St.
Marston, Elizabeth Farwell	Auburn 124 Winter St.
McCormack, Michael J.	Ansonia, Conn. Saugus, Mass. Parker Hall
Miller, Clayton O.	

Merrill, Ralph Edward	Patten
Mitchell, Hazel Alma	Auburn 143 High St., Auburn
Moor, Sarah A.	Lynn, Mass. 48 Howe St.
Moreau, Emily D.	Presque Isle Cheney House
Morton, William Sargent	Conway, N. H.
Mountfort, George Richard	West Falmouth 16 Frye St.
Mower, Gladys L.	Melrose, Mass. 43 Rand Hall
Murphy, Maud Gladys	Merrimac, Mass. Whittier House
Murphy, William J.	Brighton, Mass.
Nelson, Florence Althea	Rumford Whittier House
Norton, Floyd W.	Cumberland Center 17 Science Hall
Oakman, Walter Frank	No. Marshfield, Mass. 46 Parker Hall
Parker, Albert Cushman	Buxton Science Hall
Parker, Ruth Lea	Windham Cheney House
Peaslee, Edward Warren	Gardiner 4 Science
Pickard, Guy Allen	Hallowell 244 Oak St.
Pinkham, William Dwight	Lewiston 151 Nichols St.
Piper, Elizabeth Charlotte	Biddeford Cheney House
Prington, Arthur Leonard	Lewiston 36 Mountain Ave.
Rankin, Charles Stephens	Mechanic Falls Mechanic Falls
Rankin, Clark Colby	Mechanic Falls
Robertson, Hildred Ellen	Rangeley Rand Hall
Russell, Alice Hall	Gorham Whittier House
Russell, Dana Merrill	Gray 3 Science Hall
Sanford, Leroy Benjamin	Woodbury, Conn.
Scott, William Michael	Lewiston 88 Shawmut St.
Shaw, Edward Silas	Auburn 113 Spring St.
Shibles, Madeline Marietta	Rockport Whittier House
Simpson, Robert Justin	Monmouth 24 Science Hall
Smith, Annie L.	South Portland Cheney House
Smith, Donna Marjorie	Houlton Whittier House
Snow, William Franklin	Lisbon Falls 21 Science Hall
Spaulding, Frederick Henry	Boston, Mass. 22 Science Hall
Stevens, Marjorie E.	Lewiston 167 Holland St.
Stillman, Raymond Durgin	Saco 94 Nichols St.
Swett, Francis Huntington	Norway 142 Wood St.
Swicker, Victor Calvin	Townsend, Mass. 3 Science Hall

Syrene, Harry N.	Worcester, Mass.	14 Science Hall
Taylor, Maurice Holway	Exeter, N. H.	476 College St.
Thompson, Louine Adele	South Portland	32 Rand Hall
Townsend, Erland	Cumberland Center	23 Science Hall
Tucker, Elmer Woodbury	Litchfield	147 Wood St.
Wade, Richard Allston	Portland	107 Nichols St.
Wakefield, Roland Adell	Auburn	470 Court St., Au.
Warman, Grace Marion	Danforth	
Warren, Flora May		Whittier House
Waterhouse, Fred	Ogunquit	15 Science Hall
Watson, Harry H.	Patten	78 Nichols St.
Wentworth, Clarence	Limerick	15 Science Hall
White, E. Florence	Lewiston	13 Oak St.
Wight, Ronell	Harrison	
Wilson, Edward Kenneth	Bowdoinham	103 Wood St.
Wing, Grace Lelia	Old Orchard	Whittier House
Woodman, Orlando Charles	Woodfords	14 Science Hall
Worth, Orrie Elmina		Whittier House



BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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TO A MAPLE TREE

ELAINE CURRIER, '13

Gaily gowned in scarlet splendor,
Richly robed in golden glory,
Flashing warmth like rays of sunshine,
Emblem art thou of my story.

Bringing joy to weary eyelids,
Bright'ning life in every crevice,
Giving hope to downcast mortals,
Maple tree, thou liv'st for service.

Thus may I in helpful kindness,
Cheer the lives of those about me,
Carry sunshine into shadow,
Live as thou, my maple tree.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIPS

LEON E. CASH, '13

It had been a disappointing game in many ways. Maine had come up suddenly and won out in the ninth inning. Perhaps it was the mental despondency naturally following such a defeat, united with the fact that fate necessitated my walking eight miles home with a University of Maine student that evening, or perhaps it was only the effects of the quiet, sombre, ghostlike moon shining over the hills and fields; at any rate it is certain my spirit was depressed more than usual and my mental alertness below the ordinary.

We had said but little after we had left the electric car, and had walked over a mile and a quarter out into the country, when the road came presently to the side of the Little Androscoggin River and ran along by its bank for quite a distance. The water flowed smoothly down, filling a tiny pond before an old sawmill. Along the banks on the opposite side was a small growth of bushes, through which the moon cast shady, myth-like figures out over the water. Several hundred yards farther the water fell over rocks for a short distance, making a slight but pronounced series of rips.

As I gazed up the stream through the rips, my heart gave a sudden jump, and my blood ran cold through my body. A white misty figure of a woman rose from the spray on the rips and seemed to half leap, half float from rock to rock along the opposite shore. I rubbed my eyes trying to dispel the vision, but it rose only the more plainly into view, and, hovering several feet above the rips, floated back toward the shore and disappeared among the bushes, while at the same time from the distance came a long, weird hoot of an owl. Fear seized me in every limb. Panic coming upon me, I grasped the arm of my companion with shaking hands, and cried in a hoarse, unnatural whisper,

"Charles! Did you see it? That figure there by the rips!"

He started quickly at the tone of my voice and the fierce grasp of my hands, and, following the direction of my finger to the spot where the figure had disappeared, broke out into a sharp exclamation.

"No! where? Did you see her? What luck! Why it must have been the 'Girl at the Rips' looking for her brother! Haven't you heard that story?"

And as we continued on our way home, he related to me the following legend.

It was a few years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and people had just begun to come into this section of Maine. A small settlement had grown up near what is now Norway.

The new settlers had but little trouble with the Indians. Occasionally a band of seven or eight, following the trails along the Androscoggin River, branched off up the Little Androscoggin and passed through the settlement on their way into New Hampshire. These, however, were of a very peaceful disposition, intent only on making a quick journey, and as the settlers treated them kindly, giving them food, drink, and shelter often-times when necessary, no danger or harm was thought of from them.

One of the latest arrivals who had come from Massachusetts to the village, was Eli Lovejoy. Lovejoy had been a member of the Continental Army during the war, and at its close had received a large tract of land in Maine in lieu of the pay for his services. Here, hoping to regain his broken health by a quiet, out-of-door life, he had removed his family from Boston and, clearing the land, planned to settle down to farming. However, misfortune came upon him at the start. Lovejoy's wife, a frail, weak woman, was unable to stand the rougher hardships of frontier life and died of pneumonia the first winter, leaving the care of the household and the bringing up of a tiny sister to Prudence Lovejoy, a shy, quiet girl of seventeen, who took hold bravely of the task thrown upon her and tried to make as pleasant a home as possible for her father and elder brother, Ernest.

One forenoon, in the summer following this bereavement. Prudence, having finished a large washing and spread it on the grass before the house to dry, took a tin pail and started for the spring a quarter of a mile up in the adjoining pasture to get fresh water for dinner. On nearing the spring, she was startled to see a young Indian warrior lying upon the ground. Her first instinct was to flee, but realizing that he was in trouble and could do her

no harm, she advanced and, kneeling by his side, hastily examined the pulse and feverish forehead. It was clearly a case of sunstroke. The dull, dark eyes followed her movements with scarcely any recognition of what she was trying to accomplish. Without wasting a moment's time, Prudence tore off a strip of her apron and bathed the hot forehead of the sufferer. Then she ran to the house and brought back a blanket and a small flask of liquor, a few mouthfuls of which she forced down his throat, and, having wrapped him in the blanket, watched by his side until he was sleeping quietly, out of all immediate danger.

In a few days he had recovered sufficiently to resume his journey. His name, he said, was Makohi and he came from the western part of Vermont, among which tribes he held some power and leadership. His eyes had never ceased, during his stay, to follow every movement of Prudence, and it became evident that the young warrior was deeply smitten by the charms of her person. This discovery brought only a contemptuous toss of that worthy's little head, but furnished much amusement to Ernest, who twitted her of her "Redskin sweetheart." Her father, however, looked very grave and said nothing.

Several months passed and the incident had become almost forgotten, when, one evening, Prudence was surprised to see the tall form of Makohi standing in the doorway. He was clothed in the wild war formula of his tribe and bore in his hands several magnificent silver-grey fox skins. Behind him stood an Indian youth with four ponies, loaded with valuable skins and furs.

"Ugh!" said the warrior. "Will the fair white lily, the tender nurse of the spring, accept these skins, so highly prized by the white sisters, and hold in her heart love and affection for the red chief, Makohi?"

With these words, he laid the beautiful gift at the feet of Prudence, and before she comprehended their meaning, had turned and was addressing her father with all the oratory and formalism of his race.

"Oh, Chief of the Pale Faces! Father of the fair maid of the Eastern trails! I, Makohi, address thee. A flitting bird from the southern winds hath entered into my breast and whispered to me, 'Thou lovest oh Makohi! Thou lovest the daughter

of the White Father. It has been long decreed at the council by the camp-fire of the Departed that thou shouldst lead her to thy wigwam. Thy tribe murmurs for the need of a chief to succeed thee. Return Makohi! take thy wealth and purchase of the white chieftain his daughter.' And I listened to the voice of the bird, Father, and am here. Take, I pray you, these tokens of my love for your daughter. Are they not enough, then I swear they shall be doubled. I have spoken, I, Makohi."

With a magnificent gesture, the Indian threw back his head and awaited the answer.

In spite of herself, Prudence admired the manly poise of her suitor; she realized that he came only according to the customs of his tribe, and that he was suing her in honest marriage. But before she could reply, a cry of scorn and anger burst from her father. "Dog of an Infidel! Thou savage! Dost thou dare venture to come here and insult my daughter beneath my own roof? Out of my sight! Out of my home! Away!"

The heavy hand rose, and fell full upon the cheek of the Indian. Makohi started back, eyes flashing. His hand leaped to the knife in his belt, but again his native dignity rose and saved him. Drawing himself erect, he glanced to the staring Prudence.

"I love," he said, simply.

A flush of scarlet swept over her face, with one deliberate move of her foot she sent the priceless furs before her rolling about the floor. The dusky countenance of the Indian paled beneath his conflicting emotions. His poise and dignity threatened to desert him. Without a word, he turned his back and stalked from the room. Once outside, he motioned to the boy to follow and the two were quickly lost sight of in the forest.

This time there was but little mirth left in the cabin. Ernest's face was graver than usual, and he no longer teased concerning "Prudence's lover." The father said little, but more attention was paid to loading the musket when going out to work and a closer watch was maintained while in the fields.

It was October when the blow fell. Lovejoy was absent in Portland, where he, together with the greater portion of the older inhabitants, had gone to buy their winter supply of salt and other necessities. Ernest had worked late into the afternoon, harvest-

ing, and had not been to the house since early morning, when he was startled to hear the blowing of the alarm horn from the house. Hurrying quickly home, he found a group of neighbors gathered. The house was in confusion, showing signs of a struggle. The baby was crying in the cradle.

"What's happened," he gasped. "Prudence, where is she?"

"Gone," cried one of the men. "Carried off by a party of Indians. Hurry, we are just starting in pursuit."

Ernest hastily left his little sister in the care of one of the women and joined them. There were only five grown men and a couple of boys in the whole party, so many were there away in the city. It was almost evening when they caught up with the Indians down near Page's Mills. The raiding party had succeeded in crossing the river and had rejoined their main body, over a hundred in number, who were camped on the opposite side of the rips. When Ernest and his companion came up, they were already taking down their wigwams and preparing to leave. The appearance of the pursuing party was greeted with hoots and taunts by the Indians, who swarmed upon the bank and dared them to cross. The settlers were bold enough, and their courage was beyond all question of doubt, but to attempt a rescue in the face of such impossible odds blanched the cheek of every man.

Ernest ran up and down the bank distracted. Would not some power in heaven intervene to rescue his sister. Grasping his rifle he rushed as far out upon the rocks as he could go. Instantly, a dozen rifles covered him, but a tall form whom he recognized as Makohi, strode forward and motioned them to be lowered. Ernest ground his teeth and shook his fist at the figure of the warrior. At this moment, just as the long procession of ponies and squaws were beginning to disappear into the forest beyond, a white figure burst forth from the line, ran down to the bank, leaped out upon the rips, and, kneeling on the rocks, stretched out her arms towards her brother.

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest!" she cried piteously, "shoot me! Oh, my God! won't you shoot me? Don't leave me to such a life! Oh, Ernest!"

The brother's heart was torn in pity and helpless anger. He rose to hurl himself into the roaring rips, hoping to span the dis-

tance between them, and at least to die at her side; but the helplessness of it all crushed him. He tried to raise his rifle, but his hands shook and he could not aim. The tears surged down the cheeks of the girl and she raised her arms again to her brother. A red figure suddenly appeared on the rocks and started towards her.

"Ernest!" came a last pathetic cry across the rips.

Something seemed to snap in the boy's brain. His eye grew clear, his nerves as steady as iron.

"Crash!" flashed the musket across the waters. Without a sound, painless and motionless, the figure of the girl dropped upon the rocks.

For a moment, surprise and consternation held motionless the occupants of both banks. Makohi stood facing Ernest from the spot where but a moment before the girl had knelt.

From both there broke out at almost the same instant a wild shriek, and, leaping into the rips, they met and seized each other, and sank whirling and tossing and struggling down into the pond below.

A LAMENTATION

'13

A dimpled face, fair eyes of brown,
Two lips of rosy hue,
A haunting dream of days gone by,
A broken heart for you.

How dared I, simple, foolish youth,
For such fair beauty pray?
God sends not such with us o'er long
On Earth's dull face to stay.

SUNSHINE VS. STORM

VERNE BLAKE, '13

Steve Harris was going to college—in fact, that had been settled some twelve years ago, when Steve, upon reaching home after his first day at school, announced his intentions to his widowed mother. They had been twelve long years of toil, and often privation, but the mother's indomitable courage won in the hard struggle.

The morning at last arrived. Such a morning as it was! To be sure, the sun penetrated with its piercing rays into the Harris home as in the past, but they seemed brighter this morning, and fairly danced in and out of the rooms, searching into every nook and corner. Somehow they felt they were needed here, and in spite of the widow's sorrow in having her boy leave her, these carriers of cheerfulness permeated her whole being. Laughing and chatting she packed the last few things into Steve's suit case.

Eight hours later, and Steve Harris found himself in the little world of which he was to be a member for the next four years. Such a confusion! Such a hurrying to and fro! Greetings were being shouted and exchanged—every one seemed to know every one else—so Steve thought.

Was *this* the place he had been looking forward to for so long? Was *this* the college he had dreamed about for the past twelve years? No, he wasn't exactly disappointed, and yet an indefinable mingling of feelings stole over him—it couldn't be he was homesick, and still, well—it was surely queer, the thought, what made him feel so.

While he was trying thus to analyze his sensations, a knock came upon the door. Before he had time to swallow the big lump in his throat and recover his voice, the door burst open, and in bounded half a dozen fellows. Poor Steve was more mystified than ever, but he tried faithfully to assimilate the different rules and by-laws, expounded to him. Their chief purpose, though, in interrupting his musing, was to invite Steve for a stroll about the campus.

Although naturally a shy fellow, Steve gladly consented to their proposal, and was soon viewing with all the astonishment

and bewilderment of which a Freshman is capable, the beauties of his *Alma Mater*.

About an hour was passed in this manner—a very pleasant hour so Steve thought, as he was returning to his room.

To be sure the sun wasn't shining so brightly as it had been, and as it occasionally peeped from behind the massive dark clouds, that were gradually obscuring it, it seemed to tell of an approaching storm.

Steve was wholly oblivious to all these signs, as with a light heart he climbed the four flights of stairs, not heeding the slouching form that crept stealthily past him. Gayly he opened the door and—

His suit case had been opened! The contents which the mother hands had packed so tenderly were scattered hither and thither upon the floor.

In a minute Steve was upon his knees hunting frantically among the disordered effects,—in vain he searched for the little bundle which meant the hard savings of so many years,—the little suit case still refused to reveal the treasure, or offer any explanation as to its mysterious disappearance.

Oh, why had he been so careless! Why hadn't he taken it with him! It was hard for him to believe that in college any one could be so base, so mean, and sink so low, as to steal, and yet slowly this fact began to make its imprint upon Steve's mind. With a moan of anguish the lad flung himself upon the bed, and there gave utterance to his overwhelming grief.

The slouching figure in the hall had returned, and was making its way past Steve's door—the ears caught the sobs, and heard each muttered phrase—a thrill passed through the form, and, crouching, it pressed itself against the door, restrained, as it were, by some powerful influence which prevented its passing on.

Louder now the moans became, and now dying away into a hoarse whisper—the form without shuddered as it caught the word "mother." As the grief within became more composed, more clearly could the one without catch the broken phrases, and weave them together into the sorrowful tale it told.

As though the story were being acted before him, even so clearly could the crouched figure without follow the life of the

one within—upon its keen imagination was imprinted all the labor, the toil, and the sacrifices of a mother for her son.

The sobs died away, the words ceased, all was quiet within. A step on the stairs was heard—the figure passed on.

Under his coat was hidden a bundle—to him it meant merely money itself, nothing more and nothing less. Now the debts of his wrong doings would be paid; his creditors no longer would annoy him;—ah, how well it all had come about. These were his thoughts, only a few moments ago, but now—try as he would, the pitiful little story he had just heard had a wonderful and strange effect upon him.

He, too, had had a mother once. He had almost forgotten her—she had died so long ago. Somehow he could seem to see her face again, at first faintly, but gradually growing clearer and clearer. Ashamed, he turned aside. Still those pleading eyes followed him—eyes in which some deep trouble and sorrow welled forth—now in this direction, and now in that. He tried to escape, but still those eyes haunted him. He devined only too well the words they seemed to say.

The seconds lengthened into minutes, and the minutes were fast approaching the hour, when Steve was startled by the appearance of a stranger. But it was not the stranger wholly, nor the quiet way in which he had entered that startled the lad. It was what the stranger removed from beneath his coat that excited Steve's emotion. Yes, there it was, that precious bundle—his treasure!

The stranger knelt by the bed, placed the parcel into Steve's trembling fingers, and after a whispered, "Forgive me," told the astonished lad how and why he had stolen the money and the reason for returning it.

Gradually the revelation of it all dawned upon Steve. Impulsively he clasped the hand of the form beside him and forgave the wrong.

The storm had passed away, and the contending elements seemed at peace with one another. As the rays of sunshine came pouring in at the window, some entered a heart already promising the fulfillment of a beautiful manhood; others entered a heart where hope was still dormant—needing but the rays of light to awaken and arouse the good impulse within.

Editorial- STUDENT

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The writers of Bates College history will record the change made in the name by which one of our halls has long been known. The hall at the eastern end of our campus, which was formerly the building of the Nichols Latin School, and which has for many years been the headquarters of the Physics and Biology departments, can properly be called Science Hall no longer. During the summer season, a complete renovation of the interior has been made. The laboratories and offices of the science departments have been transferred to the new Carnegie Hall, and the three upper floors have been remodeled into large and pleasant suites of room. This being the case, the faculty has voted that until further change seems wise this hall shall be designated as

East Hall. Old Science Hall is, then, no more. The new Carnegie Hall, in taking its place, becomes one of the waymarks by which the progress of the development of the college is indicated.

Again, Mount David, which has been one of the familiar landmarks around the college, has become a part of the college property. Bates students have long felt the right of ownership, and have found themselves only a little surprised when the news came of the transfer of the property to the college. Mount David offers excellent advantages for the erection of an observatory, when in the promising future of the college, this seems possible. Such changes as these mark an epoch of rapid progress for Bates.

Bates College has always stood for the highest ideals, since the date of its establishment. In two or three particulars it has taken a stand which has marked it as distinctively individual. One of these principles to which it has always firmly adhered, is to discountenance all hazing. Each year the Sophomore class, aided, perhaps, by the president of the college and the faculty, has arrived at the decision that hazing should be dropped, and thus far Bates has been free from the extreme forms of hazing which have disgraced some other institutions. There has been, however, a tendency to impose certain unpleasant ceremonies upon the members of the entering class, which have many times been unduly severe and undeserved. This year, hastened, perhaps, in arriving at their decision by the solicitations of President Chase, the Class of 1915 has voted unanimously to discountenance and to discontinue all forms of hazing. This decision rigidly adhered to, reflects much credit upon the Class of 1915, and marks another step upward. Of all college customs and mannerisms, nothing more savors of the age of barbarism, of the age when primitive man's chief delight was in torturing and killing, than this survived custom of hazing. Infinitely more credit will be reflected upon the college, if the Sophomores of the future decide to abandon this custom, and to respect the rights of those in the entering classes.



Local



Faculty Notes The opening of the fall semester sees several new faces among the faculty. To all those new to us this year, we extend a cordial welcome, and in order to become better acquainted, we give the following information.

Mr. Walter Jamison, instructor in Freshman English, graduated from Yale in 1911. While in college, he took part in debating and athletics, and made special study of history, English, and German. He also was interested in boys' club work. The year following his graduation, he tutored in Detroit, Mich. His home is in Hazleton, Penn. That Mr. Jamison is a Phi Beta Kappa man is evidence of his ability as an instructor.

Miss Edna Manship, of Marshfield Hills, Mass., is a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Before coming to Bates, Miss Manship taught at Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I., and at Smith College. Miss Manship is Physical Director for the young women.

Miss Theodora S. Root, instructor in Domestic Economy, studied at the Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Miss Frances R. Whitney, assistant to Dean Woodhull, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke. Her home is in Norwich, Conn., and she has taught in Stamford, Ct., before coming to Bates. While in college, Miss Whitney was leader of the Glee Club and active in the Y. W. C. A.

Dean Woodhull has just gone to South Hadley, Mass., where she will attend the 75th anniversary exercises at Mt. Holyoke.

On Thursday afternoon of October 3 Mrs. W. R. Whitehorne of College Street, Lewiston, delightfully entertained the Bates Needle Club. Mrs. A. N. Leonard served as chairman for a very brief business session. Mrs. Whitehorne, Mrs. Blanche Roberts, Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, and Mrs. A. N. Leonard, were the committee of arrangements. At five o'clock dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

The next meeting will be held in two weeks at the home of

Mrs. A. N. Leonard, when Mrs. A. G. Cushman will assist Mrs. Leonard in entertaining.

Musical Clubs Greater interest than ever before is being shown this fall in the work of the musical clubs. More than forty candidates have been tried out under the direction of P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, leader of the Glee Club, and W. D. Small, '14, of Lewiston, leader of the Mandolin Club. The initial appearance of this year's organization will be in the annual concert, to be given in Lewiston on December 9. Through the Christmas recess, the combined Glee and Mandolin Clubs will take a trip through Southern Maine and Massachusetts, the schedule, as arranged by Manager H. W. L. Kidder, '13, of Richmond, calling for seven concerts. From the material on hand, it is expected that the reputation for splendid musical clubs which Bates now enjoys will be more than maintained.

Hare and Hound Chase Tuesday afternoon, October 1, all the young women of the College were excused from recitations to attend the annual Hare and Hound chase. The starting place was the field at the foot of Mount David, where four attractive posters marked the beginning of each of the four trails. From the four posters trails of red, yellow, blue, and white confetti marked the routes to be followed by the four divisions of "hounds" in order to reach the "Hares' Retreat." These trails led, as usual, thru fields and across fences, over hills and across swamps, ending, at last, in a picturesque spot on the river bank where the "hares" were assembled. Fires were built and refreshments were served, consisting of baked beans, sandwiches, cake, and coffee. Corn was roasted and bacon cooked over the coals. In spite of the sudden shower which drove everyone to the nearest shelter, the usual time was spent in giving class songs and class yells. Much credit is due to the committees chosen from the Girls' Athletic Association, who were in charge of the affair and helped to make the Hare and Hound chase of 1912 a decided success.

East Hall

Old Science Hall is no more, for now it is to be known as East Hall. The inside of the building was extensively remodeled during the summer vacation, so that now it stands an excellent dormitory where a large majority of the men of the entering class room.

The Passing of Hazing

The men of the Class of 1915, at a recent meeting called by President Greenan, discussed for an hour the merits and disadvantages of hazing, after which they unanimously voted to abolish hazing, feeling that this action was in keeping with the general progressive movement among the colleges, and that it was for the best interests of Bates. The class hope to have established a precedent for all future sophomore classes.

Art Collection

By courtesy of Messrs. Foster Bros., of 4 Park Square, Boston, privilege has been given to the College to exhibit a large collection of Medici Prints. The Medici Prints are the best known reproductions of the famous old masters and are exquisite works of art in themselves. An art gallery has been arranged on the top floor of Carnegie Hall, where 121 of these beautiful prints are on exhibition. Every student should make an effort to study a few of the prints, at least, for they are well worth a great deal of time.

Girls' Mandolin Club

The Girls' Mandolin Club is already at work under the new officers, and although regular practice hours have not yet been assigned, some good results have been accomplished. The club is under the management of Amy L. Weeks, '13, with Marguerite Lougee, '13, as leader.

The Girls' Glee Club has not been organized this year as yet.

Freshman Class Ride Probably the most important event of the year for the Freshmen occurred on the afternoon of Sept. 28, when Professor Stanton gave them the annual Class Ride. For years Professor Stanton has taken each Freshman Class up to the State Fish Hatchery, introduced them to the delights of Lake Auburn, and endeared himself in the hearts of every one. This ride was the most enjoyable ever experienced as is always the case.

Track Meet On Saturday evening, Oct. 5, the Class of 1913 entertained the Freshmen girls in the gymnasium at Rand Hall. The entertainment took the form of a track meet in which there were many interesting events. The "Standing Broad Grin," "Peanut Yard Dash," and many others were very amusing and very much enjoyed. At the end of the evening ice cream was served in boxes.

From the Appropriation:

New Library Books Muther: History of Modern Painting, 4 vol.
Montesquieu: Lettres Persanes.

Gale: Friendship Village.

Lounsbury: The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning.

Maeterlinck: Aglavaine and Selysette.

Strindberg: Plays.

Schelling: The Elizabethan Drama 2 vols.

Bennett: Syntax of Early Latin.

Cosenza: Petrarch's Letters to Classical Authors.

Harrington: Live Issues in Classical Study.

Richardson: Helps to the Reading of Classical Latin Poetry.

Stranahan: History of French Painting.

From the Geological Department:

Butler: A pocket handbook of minerals.

Hobbs: Characteristics of Existing Glaciers.

Milham: Meteorology.

Pirsson: Rocks and Rock Minerals.

Willis and Salisbury: *Outlines of Geologic History*.

From the Astronomical Department:

Flammarion: *Popular Astronomy*.

MacPherson: *The Romance of Modern Astronomy*.

From the Alumni Association:

Alden: *Democratic England*.

Cambridge Mediaeval History, vol. I.

Fletcher: *The Making of Western Europe: The Dark Ages*.

Goodnow: *Social Reform and the Constitution*.

Goodnow: *Municipal Government*.

Haskin: *The American Government*.

Richard: *History of German Civilization*.

From the Bates Fund:

Bateson: *Mediaeval England*.

Cazamian: *Modern England*.

Belloc: *The French Revolution*.

Graham: *The Mother of Parliaments*.

Haney: *History of Economic Thought*.

Howe: *Wisconsin, an Experiment in Democracy*.

Levine: *The Labor Movement in France*.

Nearing: *Wages in the United States*.

Selbie: *English Sects*.

Squier: *Old Age Dependency in the United States*.

Thayer: *Life and Times of Cavour*.

Uyehara: *The Political Development of Japan*.

Stockton: *The Closed Shop in American Trade Unions*.

Who's Who in America, 1912-13.

Jenks: *The Immigration Problem*.

Paxson: *The Last American Frontier*.

Archer and Kingsford: *The Crusades*.

Earle: *Stage Coach and Tavern Days*.

Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne*.

Graves: *History of Education*, 2 vol.

Jusserand: *English Wayfaring Life*.

Mathews: *The Expansion of New England*.

Roberts: *The New Immigration*.

Whitehead and Russell: *Principia Mathematica*.

Wood: *Physical Optics*.



1916 Reception The reception in honor of the Class of 1916, given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. on the evening of September 21st, in Fiske Hall, was a very informal and enjoyable occasion. All were furnished with tags upon which they wrote their names, class, nickname, and home address. In this way it was a very bashful person who could avoid making several acquaintances.

The following program was given, after all present had been welcomed by President Chase, Dean Woodhull, Mr. John McDaniel, president of the Y. M. C. A., Miss Florence Day, president of the Y. W. C. A., and others of the receiving line.

PROGRAM

Overture	Mandolin Quartet
Reading	Partridge
Selection	Vocal Quartet
Welcome to 1916 by President Chase, President McDaniel of Y. M. C. A., and Miss Day of Y. W. C. A.	
Selection	Mandolin Quartet
Bates Song	
Refreshments	

Morrison, '13, led a very helpful prayer-meeting for the Y. M. C. A. on Sept. 25th.

"The Place of the Bible in the Life of the College Man" was the subject of Mr. Oldham's remarks at the Y. M. C. A. Meeting on October 2d. In a very forceful manner he

treated the following three reasons why every college man should study the Bible: First, for its literary value; second, because the world will expect and demand that the college man know the Bible and its standards of morality; and third, because it will bring the man in touch with the greatest personality of the ages, Christ.

Bible Study Twenty prospective teachers of Y. M. C. A. voluntary Bible classes, met at the home of Prof. Purinton on the evening of September 24th. Prof. Purinton has consented to lead the normal class. He briefly outlined the year's work, which will be "Studies in the Life of Christ," by Edward T. Bosworth. The group classes are to be formed soon.

Dr. Seerley's Lectures Dr. F. N. Seerley, of the Springfield Training School, who visited Bates last spring, delivered four very instructive and helpful lectures to the men of the college, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6. The lectures were well attended, showing the appreciation of the young men for Dr. Seerley and the message that he had in store for them, the attendance being about 125 at each lecture. Dr. Seerley is a very earnest, forceful, and entertaining speaker, making a deep and lasting impression upon his hearers. His pleasant manner and sunny smile immediately win him friends. The men of Bates hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again, and it is safe to say that should he visit us in the future, he will receive a rousing welcome.





Owing to the strong showing made against Harvard by the University of Maine football team, the up-state college is being generally picked to win the college championship. Bates men, however, remember how Maine has been defeated in the past when supposedly a championship team had been developed, and there will, no doubt, be a fierce battle when these two teams meet on Garcelon Field. Bowdoin and Colby are so far unknown quantities.

**Dartmouth 26
Bates 0**

On Sept. 28, at Hanover, Dartmouth defeated Bates 26 to 0. It was simply a heavy and more experienced team against an undeveloped squad and the result was not unexpected.

The summary:

DARTMOUTH.	BATES.
Brady, l.e.....	l.e., Danahy
Estap. l.t.....	l.t., Shepard
Beer, l.g.....	l.g., Stillman
Whitemore, c.....	c., Harding
Hinman, r.g.....	r.g., Leavitt
Rector, r.t.	r.t., Leavitt
Loudon, r.e.....	r.e., Swanson
Llewellyn, q.b.....	q.b., Talbot
Whitney, l.h.b.....	l.h.b., Eldridge
Morey, r.h.b.....	r.h.b., Dyer
Snow, f.b.....	f.b., Dennis

Score—Dartmouth, 26; Bates 0. Touchdowns—Morey, 2; Hogsett, Brady. Goals from touchdown—Ghee, 2. Umpire—McGrath, Boston. Referee, Bragg, Wesleyan. Head linesman

—McConnell. Time—Four eight-minute periods. Substitutes: Dartmouth, Lafferty and Ashton for Brady; Ghee and Comiskey for Llewellyn; Hogsett for Whitney. Bates, Russell for Stillman; Dyer for Leavitt; McNish for Dyer.

Bates 19 On Saturday, Oct. 5, Bates defeated New
N. H. State 14 Hampshire State College by the score of 19 to
 14. The Bates team fumbled considerably. Brackett made a 60-yard run for a touchdown.

The summary:

BATES.	N. H. STATE.
Danahy, l.e.....	r.e., Kiley
Dyer, l.t.....	r.t., J. Thompson
Shepard, l.g.....	r.g., Willard
Harding, c.....	c., Holton
Russell, r.g.....	l.g., Peavey
Gove, r.t.....	l.t., Jenness
C. Thompson, r.e.....	l.e., Clark
Talbot, q.b.....	q.b., Brackett
Dennis, l.h.b., f.b.....	r.h.b., Bissell
Eldridge, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Jones
Hubbard, f.b.....	f.b., Woodman

Substitutes, Bates: Manuel for Harding, Leavitt for Russell, McNish for Eldridge, Kennedy for McNish, Joyce for Dennis; N. H. State: Williams for J. Thomson, Haines for Woodman.

Referee, Mitchell (Wesleyan); Umpire, Jones (Wyoming); Head Linesman, Randall (Wesleyan); Assistants, Cummings (Bates), and Perley (N. H. State). Time, three 11-minute periods. Score—Bates 19, N. H. State 14. Touchdowns—Eldridge, Dennis (2), Woodman, Brackett. Goal from touchdowns—Dennis, Woodman, Haines.

Track It has finally been definitely decided to hold a cross-country run at Lewiston between the four Maine colleges, probably on Nov. 2. Some time before this date, a dual run will be held at Lewiston between

Bates and Bowdoin. The interclass track meet will be held on Oct. 24 and 25. With all these meets ahead, the track men are working harder than ever before. The most promising candidates for the cross-country team are Capt. Deering, '13; Kidder, '13; Sawyer, '13; Tibbets, '13; Parker, '14; Baldwin, '15; Mansfield, '15; and Syrene, '16. Seven men will be picked for the team. Coach Lathrop believes that the great interest at Bates in cross-country work will develop good distance men for the Maine Intercollegiate Meet to be held at Orono next spring. Prospects for a championship track team were never brighter.

Tennis The annual fall tennis tournament has been in progress for more than a week, and several very good matches have been played. As an innovation, all the tennis players were placed in one of two classes; the members of the team and Dr. Britan and Mr. Oldham were placed in Class A, the rest in Class B. This arrangement hastened the progress of the tournament and made the matches more even.

SINGLES—CLASS A

First Round

Woodman, '13, defeated Alley, '13; 6-1, 6-3.

Tomblen, '14, defeated Dr. Britan.

Nickerson, '13, defeated Mr. Oldham; 6-3, 6-3.

Second Round

Nickerson, '13, defeated Tomblen, '14; 1-6, 6-0, 6-4.

Nickerson and Woodman play for the championship of the college this week.

SINGLES—CLASS B

Morrison, '13, and Hall, '13, will play for the championship of Class B sometime this week.

No matches in doubles have yet been played. Good contests should be the rule in Class A, for the men are paired up as they played in the tournament last spring, and the faculty team is also strong.

The tournament has been made much more enjoyable for both spectators and players by the excellent condition in which the management has kept the courts.



1876—Thomas H. Stacy, D.D., of Concord, N. H., is to deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates Chapel.

1880—Rev. Francis L. Hayes is pastor of the California Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago.

1888—Charles W. Cutts has left his position as principal of the Merrimac, Mass., High School, and is Superintendent of Schools for Derry, Londonderry, and Windham, N. H. His residence is in Derry.

Alvin E. Thomas has left Centre Strafford, N. H., where he has met with singular success as principal of Austin Cate Academy, and is now principal of the Provincetown, Mass., High School.

1895—Ralph E. Files, for several years principal of the high school at Haverhill, Mass., is now principal of the East Orange, N. Y., High School.

1896—Miss Gracia Prescott, who teaches Latin in South Portland High School, was obliged to remain for a month after school began at her home in Warren, N. H., because of her mother's illness. She has now resumed her work.

1897—Fred W. Burrill is superintendent of schools at Brewer, Maine.

Hon. Carl E. Milliken, of Island Falls, is President of the Maine Free Baptist Association, which holds its annual meeting at Springvale, this month.

E. F. Cunningham is principal of the High School at Merrimac, Mass.

1900—Dr. Ferris Summerbell, Bates 1900, was married on October first to Miss Josephine King, of Omro, Wis. They will be at home after January 1 at Nahma, Mich.

1901—H. H. Stuart is principal of Cony High School, Augusta.

1902—Miss Helen Knowlton, formerly of Bates, 1902, a grad-

uate of Mt. Holyoke College, has accepted a position as instructor in Sanitation at Cornell University.

1903—Hazel Donham is teaching in the High School at Passaic, Mass.

1904—Bessie Cooper remains in charge of the English department in the Presque Isle High School, where she has been very successful.

Alta Walker Rankin is living in Worcester, Mass.

Amber L. Parlin has returned to her position in the Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

Rev. George A. Senter is located in Tamworth, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. William Trufant Foster have a young daughter. They are located in Oregon, where Mr. Foster is president of a new college. Mrs. Foster will be remembered as Miss Bessie Russell of 1904.

Dr. and Mrs. Irving E. Pendleton of Lewiston, Me., have another son. Mrs. Pendleton was formerly Miss Flossie Hodgson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Dunfield are in Milford, N. H., where Mr. Dunfield is principal of the High School.

Grace V. Thompson is teaching in the Hartford, Conn., High School.

Gertrude Hartley is living in Portland, Maine.

John A. Sinclair still remains at New Hampton Literary Institute, New Hampton, N. H., where he has been very successful.

On October second, Miss Alice Laura Sands was married at her home in Lewiston to Mr. Sidney Ernest Stockwell, of Hartford, Conn. The wedding was a 1904 affair. Misses Parlin, Phillips and Milliken were present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Eugene B. Smith. George Ross was the caterer. After Dec. 1 they will be at home at 37 Mountain Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

1905—Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Conant of Woodland, Me., have a young son. Mrs. Conant was formerly Miss Mary Walton of 1905.

Mr. Guy P. Benner, formerly of Bates, 1905, was married to Miss Julia C. Whitney, on August 14. Mr. Benner is located in Monmouth, Me.

1907—Miss Caroline W. Chase has been appointed Clerk for

the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

N. Harold Rich is principal of Bridgewater Academy.

E. P. Freese is principal of Austin Cate Academy, Strafford, N. H.

Eugene Foster is principal of the High School at York Village, Maine.

L. B. Farnham is principal of the South Portland High School.

Miss Alice Quinby of Westbrook, has taught in the South Portland High School for a month, substituting for Miss Prescott of Bates, '96.

1908—Gladys Ferguson is teaching in South Hamilton, Mass., High School.

Katherine Little is teaching in Merrimac, Mass., High School.

Eva Wentworth has a fine position in the High School at Gilbertville, Mass.

1909—Miss Grace E. Haines is teaching in Belleville, N. J.

On October seventh, Miss Laura M. Weare was married at her home in Auburn to Mr. Hubert Tanner of Providence, R. I.

1910—Florence A. Pinkham is a teacher in the public schools of Peekskill, N. Y. She is taking work in Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Jane Edwards is taking graduate work in Latin Columbia University.

Sarah Little is teaching in Hanover, Mass., High School.

Isadore Harmon is teaching at Presque Isle High School.

Leon Luce is studying photography at Presque Isle.

1911—Nola Houdlette is taking a course this year in Bliss Business College.

Sarah McCann is teaching English in Livermore Falls High School.

Winnifred McKee is teaching in Alton, N. H.

Gulie Wyman is teaching in Gloucester, Mass., High School.

Rita Cox is at her home in Lewiston.

Isabel Kincaid has left her position in the South Portland High School to accept a similar one in Portland.

Effie Stanhope is Assistant Teacher of Languages in Foxcroft Academy

Charles L. Harris and Walter E. Matthews have begun their studies in Harvard Law School.

Samuel Anderson Aas, formerly of Bates, '11, was married August 15th to Miss Tella Qualset of Closter, Nebraska. They will make their home at Bode, Iowa.

Fred R. Weymouth has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

1912—Because of poor health, Miss Gertrude Cox is not teaching, but is at her home in Poland, N. Y.

Zela Bridgman is teaching in Jefferson, N. H.

Melissa Robinson is teaching in the High School at Milo, Me.

Ada Rounds is teaching at Sherman Mills, Me.

Iantha Irvine is soon to leave for Salem, Oregon, where her father is to be pastor of the Methodist Church.

Evangeline Redman is teaching French and German in the Dexter High School.

Wilhelmina Noyes is spending the year with relatives in North Dakota.

Angie Smith is teaching in the Kennebunk High School.

Helen Meserve is teaching in Livermore Falls.

Mary Pingree is teaching in Newmarket, N. H.

Bessie Hart is a teacher in the Franklin, Mass., High School.

Ruth Humiston is at her home in East Jaffrey, N. H., recovering from a recent illness.

Edward Fuller and Vaughn S. Blanchard are at the Springfield Training School.

Hubert Davis is leader of the orchestra at the Empire Theatre, Lewiston.

H. M. Bickford is teaching in Chicopee, Mass.

S. L. Allen is teaching in Parsonsfield Seminary.

Charles Stanhope is principal of the Sangerville High School.

Paul Yeaton is principal of the High School at Abbott, Me.

Wayne Davis and Carl Rhoades are taking graduate work at Brown University.

THE STUDENT is giving the Class of 1904 excellent service, isn't it? This is because a member of 1904 sent in some items which he had gathered during the summer. If members of other classes would do the same they would get the same good service. Please help the alumni editor to locate all the members of your own class.

Be making your plans to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of Bates which is to be held in 1914.



Exchanges

Once more has fall returned, once more have the college doors opened to welcome eager students, and once more are the editors of the college magazines collecting material for their papers. After the summer vacation, which has been so full of work and play, there is an abundance of subjects to write about, but from all this superfluity, what material is there for the exchange editor? Anxiously the coming of every mail is watched, in the hope that some magazine will appear which will give an opportunity for review, but patience and hope are not rewarded, and even the very last mail fails to answer the cry of the waiting. Then despair? No, not exactly, because the exchange editor knows that there must be many others in the same position and misery finds its consolation in realizing that it is not alone. Then cheer up and remember that before the next issue is ready, there will be more magazines than are needed to satisfy even the exchange editor.

THE HARP-PLAYER

God of the stillness, the night-thrill, the thundertone,
 Making, destroying thy world evermore;
 God of the sun-streaks that quivering, glimmering,
 Whirl down the surges to flash by the shore—
 Fash'ning with sound I create thy world after thee.
 Glinting of birches and pine swaying strong,
 Sweetness of thistle and coolness of gloaming-time,
 Live like an echo in throbs of my song.
 Far in the forest I heed thy great silences
 Thrilled with a dream of a world to be born;
 Sing a new saga for joy of thy wonderlight,
 Sing a new god in a temple outworn.

—ELIZABETH TOOF *in the Vassar Miscellany.*

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Entered at the Post Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter

THE CHARGE OF THE LANCERS

JAMES FRANK HILL, '14

Charge! to the front, the lancers,
The pride and the pick of the clan,
The fighting brigade of the army
Since ever the army began.
Mount, then, pride of the legions.
Charge, to the fore of the fray.
Spare not rein, spur, or charger,
Fighters are needed to-day.
Hear not the roar of the cannon
But the roar in your ears of the wind.
See but the banner, all tatters,
And the black masses swarming behind.
Before, all about, thunder-heads of the storm;
Remember, remember the Legion
And ever and ever, on! on!

On down the dark valley, breathing
The dragon-smoke of the fight,
Down in the hell mouth grim, seething
With slaughter. On! charge with thy might.

Of heroes who never were conquered,
Of the sword of the victories won!
On with the speed of the Death-blade
And ever and ever, on! on!

FOR THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE

LEON E. CASH, '13

"All right, Professor, shall I let go?"

"Let go, Johnson."

"Jump!"

A quick scramble followed, and a moment later, a ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, athletic young fellow stood beside an elderly college professor, in the basket of a dirigible balloon, and watched the earth fall rapidly away from beneath his feet.

Professor Norton, a man of about fifty years, was at the head of the Astronomical Department of Perham University. He was considered one of the foremost scientists of the country, and for several years had been spending infinite time and labor in the spectrum analysis of the planet Uranus. In this labor he had been glad to receive the interest and assistance of his star pupil, Johnson, whose earnestness and appliance was a source of constant wonderment to the worthy professor. "No other young man in all my knowledge," he told his wife and daughter, "has ever shown such interest and application for scientific research, and such apparent fascination for his work. I predict a great future for him. A great future."

The Professor was right in his judgment of his pupil. No youth of Johnson's age could associate intimately for two years with such an enthusiastic astronomer as Norton without catching something of his spirit and ideals; moreover, association with this versatile scientist was a college education, many times over, in itself. Besides, if the professor's shy, little daughter, Florence, was often in the observatory, and quiet glances and whispered sentences passed between her and Johnson, even under the professor's unobserving nose, that was nobody's business, and it certainly kept Johnson entranced with astronomy and eager for more scientific investigation.

The balloon, in which the two had just ascended from the lawn of the professor's summer cottage, was one especially designed and constructed for their purpose. It was spherical in shape, made of the finest fabric and filled to overflowing with Hydro-Helium gas, a product manufactured by the professor and

his pupil themselves, through burning a quantity of the rare metal helium in a fierce hydrogen flame, the resulting gas being of a density sufficiently light to be marked almost minus. With the aid of this gas it was the hope of Professor Norton to be able to reach a sufficient altitude above the earth, such that he could successfully carry on his light analysis without the effects of our earth's atmosphere which up to this time had completely baffled his efforts.

"Five thousand feet, professor," read Johnson from the barometer. "We had better be putting on our oxygen helmets, or we shall soon be distressed. The balloon is rising rapidly."

"Yes, yes, you are right," said the professor, "the experiment is a greater success than I dreamed. Thanks to your suggestion for the change in that upper valve, I believe we are going to rise to undreamed heights and surpass all possible forecasted records."

"Eight thousand—ten thousand feet—two miles—three miles—five miles," read the imperturbable student from the barometer. In silence, the delighted professor looked over his shoulder.

"We shall succeed," he murmured, "we shall succeed."

A life time's labor seemed as nothing to him, compared with this, at last, assured success.

Higher and higher the balloon rose. Beneath them, the earth stretched out, a flattened hemisphere, the outlines of waters and lands laughed up at them through the passing clouds.

"Fifty—one hundred—two hundred—four hundred miles," came the silent report. An extremely nervous, frightened student and a delighted, excited, nerve-shaking old man, watched with fascinated gaze.

Then with hurried movements lest the balloon should begin to sink, the professor began his observations. With shaking hands he passed quickly from one instrument to another. Duplicate after duplicate photographic plate was taken of the spectrum shown in the spectroscope. Result after result verified the long life-thought theories. Evidence after evidence was taken of data which would revolutionize the world of science. The name of Norton would go down through the ages of time from the results that afternoon.

As the professor finished his labor, he was startled by a con-

cussion, an explosion rendered terrific in that slight atmosphere and by the quick, horror-stricken grasp of Johnson upon his arm. The barometric instruments had exploded. With terrified signs the pupil asked to know the meaning. With a white face and ashen countenance, the professor stared at his broken instruments, then around about at the blue, airless void about them. In no direction was aught to be seen but the same terrifying blankness.

"What does it mean?" signalled Johnson to his companion.

"I do not know. Let me investigate," telegraphed back the professor.

Five minutes of tense anxiety followed, during which Professor Norton examined closely his remaining guides and dials, and scribbled unending figures and formulas upon his notebook.

"We have passed, my dear boy," he began, "apparently from beyond the earth's atmosphere. The density of our invented gas is truly a negative quantity, which was larger than we dreamed, and has been sufficient to carry our combined weights and what little oxygen we have stored up, beyond the gravitational effects of our planet. Where we will go I do not know. The situation is unparalleled."

More minutes of figuring and calculating followed, then he continued :

"The nearest celestial body to us now is the moon, but owing to the present conjunction of Mercury and Venus, we are being rapidly drawn towards one of the latter, Venus in all probability. Do not be afraid, our rate of speed is tremendous and is increasing rapidly. We are not falling, but are being drawn magnetically forward. Our present supply of oxygen will undoubtedly permit us to reach that planet without much suffering, for Venus is just now in opposition with the Earth only 25,700,000 miles distant, and we are traveling, thanks to this wonderful gas, nearly—don't be frightened, boy—5,000,000 terrestrial miles per hour."

Hours passed, the Professor and the boy alternated watching dials and celestial influences; at the expiration of the fourth hour, the boy drew up beside the white-haired Professor and began nervously to engage him in conversation.

"Professor," he signalled, "I have much I wish to speak of to you—before," shuddering, "we reach that place there beyond."

"Yes," returned Professor Norton. "You and I, my boy, are about to enter upon experiences never yet encountered by human beings. Upon us devolves the discovery and exploration of a new planet. We may well pause before beginning such an undertaking."

"I know, I realize," returned Johnson, "and there is something of which I wish to speak that has lain close to my heart for a long time. Florence, sir—I, sir—we're very much in love, sir, and—"

"Ah!" sighed the Professor. "Is it possible, my boy! my boy! I am overwhelmed. To think that I should ever have led you into such an adventure. The thought overcomes me. My boy, if we ever succeed in returning to earth again, I promise you nothing will make me happier than the knowledge that my Flossie has chosen so wisely."

The two men clasped hands and tears shone in their eyes.

"Edward," he signaled, dropping the stereotyped college formula, Johnson, "the atmospheric dial is beginning to show activity. We must be very near to the planet now and can be said to be truly falling. Let's hope the gas will hold out sufficiently to ensure us a safe landing."

"Let me see," he mused, "the earth's density is 5.53 compared to water, and Venus only 4.89. In mass, Venus is 0.82 that of our planet. The atmosphere must be somewhat similar, and though extremely rare, still sufficient probably to enable us to live. We must, however, be prepared to endure all kinds of discomfort."

By this time the surface of the planet was clearly visible. The speed of the balloon began to decrease as the atmosphere thickened, and the two strangers sank slower and slower down towards the mysterious unknown.

As the balloon settled upon the ground Professor Norton leaped quickly out, trembling with suppressed excitement. Johnson followed a moment later and busied himself making the balloon fast. The professor smiled at the inferred respect through which his younger companion had permitted him the honor of being the first terrestrial being to set foot upon the new planet. Overhead the sun beat down with scorching fierceness. The field in which they had landed was a broad, meadow marsh, the grass reaching nearly to their waists.

"Edward," said the awe-struck professor, in subdued tones. "We are assuredly upon the planet Venus. The seasons here are shorter, apparently, than at home and farther advanced, due, perhaps, to the small mass of the planet and its closer proximity to the sun. Moreover, the vegetation would be much more luxuriant, for the amount of light and heat per unit area is almost double that of the earth, and it is no wonder we find the grass here already so deep."

"In what part of the planet, Professor, do you think we have landed," inquired Johnson, as he finished securing the balloon.

"I have hardly determined as yet," answered Norton. "I should judge from the changed position of the sun, and its altitude on the horizon, that we must be somewhere near one of the planet's poles."

"Why, Professor!" gasped the astonished pupil. "Can we find swamps and marshes here on Venus at the poles."

"Certainly, certainly, my boy, the increased solar energy received per unit area is sufficient according to this thermometer, to raise the planet's temperature at least thirty per cent. above that of our earth. This is sufficient to extend the terrestrial hot belt to the poles and to give tropical conditions over the entire planet, but come let us make our way to that higher ground over there, and consider our next movements.

With painstaking care the two made their way gingerly through the marsh and muck of the swamp till they reached a small knoll, a few hundred yards distant on the side of a widely extending meadow. Just as they reached this position, something stirred at their feet and leaped in the grass. A sharp cry arose from the professor, and springing forward he fell upon his knees and made frantic clutches at the disappearing object. A second leap was more successful and the professor rose to his feet, mud-besmeared from head to foot, but the proud possessor of a tiny object that kicked and squirmed in his hands as he held it up to view.

"A bull frog!" cried Johnson, thunderstruck, staring bewilderedly at the unique figure before him—"a bull frog! On Venus!"

"No, no, my boy! A *Rana Catesbeiana* of the sub-order *Firmisternia*, of the order of *Anura*, of the division *Chordata*. This is undoubtedly the nearest approach to human habitation which we will find upon the planet. We are in a world which is undoubtedly millions of years less developed than ours. We have been graced with the good fortune of being able to make first-hand investigations of the Paleozoic period. Prehistoric mammals and reptiles are all we may hope to find. Prepare yourself, at any moment to fight for life with these creatures."

At this instant, the professor's conversation was interrupted by a deep, thundering challenge from the distance beyond the meadow. Again, both faces blanched with conflicting emotions and both men stared across the meadow into the woods beyond.

"Honk! Honk!" Again came the challenge and a large red touring automobile ran suddenly out of the woods and along a hitherto unnoticed road down toward the two adventurers. Johnson averted his face, the professor's eyes dilated, his mouth drooped, and open-eyed consternation showed in every feature.

"Father," came a clear musical cry, and a white figure leaped from the slowing car and ran rapidly across the intervening grass.

"Father, are you back all right? Oh, you wicked, wicked man to go way off up in that horrid balloon, and never say a word about it to any one. Why!—"

Her torrent of words ended in a sharp gasp, as she saw the dumbfounded, expressionless face before her, and the queer, mud-soiled, dirt-grimed figure of her father.

"Father Norton! Are you crazy? What have you been doing? Oh, see the funny bullfrog."

Her merry laugh broke over the meadow. Suddenly she turned with a snap and stamped her foot.

"Ed Johnson, are you mad? What wild prank have you been playing on my poor, dear father."

With a guilty look Johnson came forward and stood by the side of the professor and began sheepishly.

"Dear Professor Norton, I didn't intend to do this really. It's all a hoax. We have simply dropped back to earth and are on *terra firma* again. I am very sorry, forgive me."

The old man stared, first at Johnson, then at Florence. Low-

ering his eyes he dropped the frog, which, after several frantic leaps, disappeared in the swamp beyond.

"But the instruments, boy, the data. It was unquestionable!"

"I know it, professor, and I am, oh, so sorry! When I saw how everything was working so splendidly, and there was no possible chance of failure, I couldn't help holding a match beneath the barometer and seeing it go up; and I was too careless and it exploded, and then you seemed so earnest, and it was such fun, I could not help it. I am sorry."

"But my spectrum analysis, my plates?"

"All your work, professor, is correct. We did, really, reach an altitude of fifty miles, and we have accomplished enough to revolutionize science and to perpetuate our names through all time. Oh, professor! Won't you forgive me?"

The big blue eyes filled with tears, and a very repentant boy stood before the professor. For a moment Professor Norton hesitated, then a broad, deep light of understanding broke over him and reaching forward he grasped the hand of his pupil.

"Edward, I forgive you! What a fool I have been, but it was sublime, that flight of the imagination. I shall be indebted to you for the rest of my life. I have accomplished enough for science and the world. My life's work is successful and I can die happy. I fear I must leave the discovery and exploration of the planet of Love to you and Florence. It is a task for younger hands than mine. But Edward Johnson, so long as ever you live, don't you ever dare, nor you, you little scamp Flossie, to breathe the slightest word about this escapade of the frog. Now promise!"

It was a happy, blissful pair of young people who placed their hands in those of the grimy professor and promised.



RAYMOND—A FRAGMENT

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

Still watching by the window Raymond spoke
To those who served within his father's house:
A lad, I dwelt within this castle hall
And listened to your tales about the King,
Who conquers all the evil foes without,
Yet rules his subjects with a kindly heart;
Who turns away in scorn from those who seek
The selfish aims of weak and little minds;
Yet bids the weary, heaven-laden come.
By night I dreamed that I had seen him; pledged
To him my deepest fealty; and by day
I played with painted soldiers on the floor,
And fought the mighty battles of the King,
Yet oft, I left the tumbled armies there
To watch his valiant knights go riding by.
Long years have passed since then; to manhood grown,
Impatiently I wait my turn to go.
I've learned the lessons which you've taught to me
Of courage, faith, and deepest loyalty,
Of mercy and of love for all mankind.
O hark! I hear, without the castle wall,
The thud of troop upon the dusty road—
And see! the gleaming helmets of the knights,
The flaunting banner of the mighty King.
Will he not turn to see my eagerness.
Does he not know that I have pledged my faith
To serve him with all strength and loyalty,
And follow him against the foes without
To spread the rule of right throughout the world?
Ah, look! The King has stopped before the gate;
His silver bugle sounds upon the air.
Oh, reach me down my shining sword and shield,
And buckle all my splendid armor on.
I must away to fight beside my King,
At last I hear the call, I hear the call.

AN HOUR WITH A CYNIC

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '14

"Come on," said the Man in Red, as I left the eating club one morning, "I fear that your education here at Bates is getting a little one-sided. You should look around in your country more."

I looked at him in astonishment. Scarcely four feet tall, in an all-enveloping cloak of dull red, he presented a picture both strange and humorous; but a certain sparkle in his eye showed a will-power and determination that would brook no interference. So I meekly followed him back toward the dormitory.

"Now, we will begin at home," he said, when we had reached the top floor of Science Hall. Pointing to the library a few rods away he asked, "Now, what is your opinion of *that*?"

"Why, that's where we can go to look up subjects and read them up more minutely than in our regular text-books."

"That's what I thought you'd say," he returned, shaking his head slowly and dejectedly. "Indeed, things are in a bad way."

"But isn't it for *that*?"

"Of course not. The library is the place to go for gossip, or read up the jokes in some of the new magazines, or to make a sufficient disturbance to warrant Miss Robins interfering."

"Oh," said I, half convinced, "there *are* a few, come to think of it, who know how to use the library, then. And is it the same in all departments?"

"Very similar. That piano in Roger Williams Hall should be used only when there are recitations going on; then it should be played with a good banging technic that can be heard more than half way to the door."

"But you were going to broaden my outlook, you said."

"Why, so I did." Sitting down in my desk-chair, he helped himself to some candy on the table and began to give me the promised "education."

"Did you ever read the Constitution?" he asked, suddenly.

"What constitution?" I was bewildered for a moment by his apparent digression.

"Why, the Constitution of the United States."

"Of course I have. But why?"

"Do you believe it?"

"Certainly, at least all that I can remember."

"All men are created free and equal," he began in the tone of one reading from a very uninteresting volume. "And have equal rights in the pursuit of life, liberty, happiness—" here his voice trailed away.

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Did you ever hear such tommyrot," he queried, "of course that's a string of lies. The idea of saying that Prof. Brinton—pointing to a passing professor—would have piled up Rockefeller's millions if he had started in his place, or that John D. himself would have got beyond the first elements of biology! It's ridiculous. And if all have equal rights to happiness and all the rest, please explain the slums of our great cities, where you must know exists such misery that even philanthropists shudder and are inclined to give up in despair."

"We-e-ll, there may be something in that, but the country does all it *can* to help them out."

"Oh, yes, certainly. This year the United States is going to spend half a billion dollars for war and the results of past wars. This year congressmen are going to send mail free of charge that *costs* the government half a million. This year grafters in our state and city governments are going to get millions more than their just dues. And this year bills for the suppression of liquor and opium traffic—the great cause of this misery,—bills for the formation of a national employment bureau, bills for the needed improvements in many a harbor, bay, or inlet, bills for the reclamation of public land, bills for the foundation of a national scientific investigation plant—all these bills will be defeated. And yet they would not cost half the money paid out for pensions alone."

"Oh, I know all that, but then, you never can tell. We're going to have a new president before long, I guess, and then perhaps things 'will take a turn.'"

"You mean that man Roos—"

But here the chapel bell began to ring.

The Man in Red looked at me curiously as I arose and began to get my books together for the recitations after chapel.

"I suppose you think chapel is meant to attend. Well, it isn't; it's meant to cut, as your own professors often show you. Why don't you follow their example? Stay here and learn a little more about the way our great and glorious nation is run."

"Come out of that brown study!" shouted my roommate. "You've been dozing and scowling the last hour."

"Beat you to chapel!" I shouted, as the Man in Red disappeared into thin air.

THE CHAPEL BELL

MARGUERITE E. LOUGE, '13

The old bell hangs in the belfry,
Where 't as hung for many a year,
Calling us now together
As it called our fathers here.

We listen in the morning
For its rich and vibrant hum,
As it summons us to chapel
With its "Come, come, come."

Again and again from hour to hour
Do we hear the bell resound,
As it bids us back to classes
And the tasks of the daily round.

And then in the time of vict'ry,
When the hard-fought game is done,
How it peals forth the joyful tidings,
"We have won, won, won."

Yet it seems sometimes as we listen
To the echoes of its refrain,
That it speaks of those other students
Who come not back again.

There's a minor chord in the undertone
Heard ever and anon,
A sound of grief, it seems to say,
"They are gone, gone, gone."

Thus we feel that aloft in the belfry
There's a great, big throbbing heart,
Which echoes our moods of gladness
And sorrows when we depart.

Ah! dear to every student
Is the voice of the chapel bell.
At morn, at noon, at evening,
We hear and love it well.

Ring on, oh bell, in the belfry!
Ring on for many a year!
Call other students hither
When we've gone out from here.

And perhaps of us, in the future,
As you vibrate on and on,
You will say in your mournful accents,
"They are gone, gone, gone."

TIDDY McGIBB

RUTH M. MOREY, '14

"An' do yez take it, Tiddy McGibb, and nivir let me see yez again,—bad cess to yez! And to think yez was onct my Acushla!"

"But, Nora Darlint! Let me tell yez how it happened!"

"Not another word, ye varmint!" The door of the little hut was slammed in the bloated, perspiring face of Theodore McGibb. But who would call him Theodore—the big, raw-boned foreman of the brick works; as Nora Baggerty, his sweetheart, said: "It's Tiddy ye be, and Tiddy's yez name. Theodore—Theodo-r-re! Ha! Don't make me laugh again—it hoits!" And fat, happy, Nora Baggerty had held her sides, and shook like a well-developed jelly-fish. To be sure, Tiddy drank, but then—he had so carefully explained to Nora—he couldn't "be the odd one, ye know." But for once in his life, all was not going well. He had

lost his position because he drank too much, and now he had lost Nora. Bad 'cess to his household god! So he took the ring Nora threw at him, and put it carefully in his pocket. Then Nora was not fooling—she meant it! She didn't want to see him again—ever! Sobered by these thoughts, Tiddy walked toward the station, and boarded a west-bound freight.

* * * * *

All that happened twenty years ago. Nora was dead, and Tiddy, having met streak after streak of ill-luck, finally landed in the poorhouse. It was Christmas Eve. Stronger than ever did the picture of Nora come into the old man's mind, as he sat before the stove, with his head in his hands. He owned nothing—nothing—except the clothes on his back, and—Nora's ring! He took it out and looked at it. It shone back at him, and seemed to say: "Tiddy, me darlint!"

"An' I ain't got nothin' to send to me Katie,—and her goin' to be married nixt week!" Tiddy heard an old woman—an inmate of the same poorhouse—weep feebly, and in her hand he saw a photograph of her beloved Katie!

"Whin is it she's going to be married?" queried Tiddy—shaking with excitement.

"Tuesday nixt," sobbed the old lady. "But what in th' divil are yez listenin' to me ravin's for! It's an old fool yez be!" She blazed furiously at him.

Unheeding, Tiddy held out his hand, and dropped something into the knotted fist of the old lady.

"Here, take it, it was me Nora's—we was to be married this night—Christmas eve—twinty years ago. Now she's dead, an' I'm goin' soon. Send it to Katie, wid me love!"

The old lady turned to thank him, but he was gone.

* * * * *

On Christmas Day, blessed with the feeling of having helped a needy person, Tiddy's potatoes and corn mush were as honey to him, and his black coffee was as nectar. For had he not tasted the fruit of unselfishness, and then—Nora would have wanted him to do it!

"Nora, yez is wid me! Yez be right here! I feel yez, Nora, Acushla!" And his soul sang, as he sipped the bitter black coffee!

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A very suggestive thought was expressed at the Bates Night celebration by Hon. Carl E. Milliken, Bates '97, when he quoted the words of the celebrated Dr. Gordon. Mr. Milliken was introduced as a Bates man, and Dr. Gordon said: "Young man, remember that the world is before you and Bates is behind you." It is an inspiring thought that Bates with her reputation is behind every man that she turns out from her halls, and yet every man and woman of the Alumni can testify to the truth of the assertion. However much Bates owes to her graduates, they owe more to her. Theirs is the heritage of two generations, theirs is the support of a college that stands for the highest physical, intellectual, and spiritual development of manhood and womanhood. Besides the enthusiasm and spirit created in the atmosphere of such an occasion as the annual Bates Night, there is

developed in the minds of the far-seeing a broader outlook upon life, a truer conception of the meaning of Bates to her sons and daughters. The "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" feeling comes over a student when he hears an Alumnus exalting his college, and speaking highly of his own college career, and he begins to wonder if he, as a student, is realizing all his opportunities and is making the most of the possibilities which lie before him. It is well that Bates men pause in their activities and think of the realities of college life, of the tremendous meaning of Bates to them, as college men and as future citizens of this country.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology is the first American Institution that has established on American soil a volcanic observatory.

The University of Michigan has made an important concession to the high schools in the revision of its entrance requirements. The candidate for admission will no longer be forced to offer three or four years preparation in any one subject, and thus the road from the primary school to the university was never so easy as now.

Bryn Mawr is one of the few colleges which does not aim to be large. At the most it will not admit more than four hundred women, believing that they can teach that number better than they could a larger number. The faculty wishes to continue to have personal knowledge of the students and to come into close contact with them.





Local



At a meeting of the Class of 1914, Miss Helen E. Humiston, of East Jaffrey, N. H., was elected Vice-President of the class. At the same meeting, Mr. Herbert W. Hamilton, of Brockton, Mass., was elected manager of the class track team.

Frank O. Leavitt, '14, who has been absent from college, has returned and resumed his studies.

Miss Elsie Lowe and Miss Curtiss of '11, Helen Meserve, Ada Rounds, Evangeline Redman, Melissa Roinson, Mary Audley, Florence Rideout, Claramay Purington, and Iantha Irvine, all of '12, have been guests of the College recently.

By courtesy of T. T. Kitagawa, there is at

Art Collection present in the Art Gallery a collection of Japanese prints and other bits of Japanese art. Among the prints are some oddly quaint reproductions of old Japanese masters, and exquisite bits of the modern laquer-work. The collection is certainly a delight to those who appreciate the unique, delicate art of that country of the far East.

A very delightful form of the cross-country

Picnic Walks walk has been recently introduced by Dean Woodhull, among the young women of the College. On Tuesday afternoon, a party of girls, as guests of Miss Woodhull, tramped for some distance through the fields and woods. Then having found just the best possible spot to rest, they proceeded to enjoy a picnic supper. These walks have been a great pleasure to every one participating.

The Bates College faculty members attending

Faculty Notes the Maine State Teachers' Convention, at Portland, were President George C. Chase, Dean Woodhull, Professor George M. Chase, Professor W. H. Hartshorn, Professor L. G. Jordan, Dr. A. W. Anthony, Dr. H.

H. Britan, Professor R. R. N. Gould, Professor A. N. Leonard, Miss Theodora Root, Mr. S. F. Harms, Mr. S. R. Oldham and Mr. W. W. Jamison.

President Chase and Dr. Anthony lectured before the college section; Professor Leonard gave a talk before the Department of Modern Languages; and Professor Hartshorn spoke before the Library Department.

On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 24, Mrs. A. N. **Bates Needle Club** Leonard and Mrs. Arthur Cushman entertained the Bates Needle Club at Mrs. Leonard's home on Riverside Street, Lewiston. The house was very pretty in its decoration of autumn leaves, ferns, and flowers, and the afternoon was much enjoyed. A very dainty lunch was served by the hostesses. In two weeks Mrs. Arthur F. Hertell and Mrs. George M. Chase will entertain at the home of Mrs. Hertell, Main Street.

Of special interest in view of the prevailing **Polymnian Rallies** political enthusiasm have been the rallies in the Polymnian Society. Hon. Jesse Libby, of Mechanic Falls, gave a talk on the Progressive Party. Mr. Libby was a delegate to the last Taft Convention and his views and impressions were very interesting.

No less interesting and enthusiastic was Dr. W. R. Whitehorne's talk on Woodrow Wilson in the Democratic Rally a week later.

Thursday evening, October 31, the annual **Hallowe'en Party** Hallowe'en party was held in Fiske Room, Rand Hall. Each newcomer was admitted at a side entrance and conducted through subterranean passages and up darkened stairways where ghostly forms were in waiting to welcome the guests. After the grand march, those who were in costume unmasked, and Miss Mabel Durgan entertained the com-

pany with a weird ghost story. Later in the evening, refreshments, appropriate to Hallowe'en, were served in the dining-room.

Jordan Scientific Society

A meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was held in the Carnegie Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 21. In the absence of President Adams, Secretary Wm. H. Sawyer, '13, presided. An interesting talk on photography by Professor W. R. Whitehorne made up the program for the evening. After a short discussion, the meeting adjourned.

Forestry Lecture The third meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was held in Hedge Laboratory, Monday evening, Nov. 4. President F. C. Adams, '13, was in the chair. He introduced Assistant Coach Frank Moody, '02, who gave an interesting talk on Forestry. The meeting adjourned after an informal discussion of the subject.

The New Bates Chapel

On Wednesday afternoon, November 6, the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates chapel was commemorated with appropriate exercises. At two o'clock, a procession made up of the college band, members of the faculty, prominent citizens and the student body, marched from Libby Forum and gathered in a semi-circle around the foundation for the chapel. On a temporary stand near where the stone was to be laid were seated President Chase, Rev. T. H. Stacy, Rev. A. J. Marsh, Rev. James A. Howe, and Professor J. Y. Stanton.

In a small box in the corner stone were placed copies of Bates catalogues, bulletins, and the name of the donor of the chapel, which, by request, has not been made public. The scene was very

impressive and will live long in the memory of all who attended. The program was as follows:

Invocation	Rev. Arba John Marsh
Historical Address	President Chase
Oration	Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, D.D.
Ode	By Miss Mabel S. Merrill, Bates, '91
	Sung by the Students
Laying of the Corner Stone	by President Chase
Prayer of Consecration	Rev. James A. Howe, D.D.
Singing of the College Hymn, Duke Street	
Benediction	Rev. Arba John Marsh

The first annual catalogue of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, has been issued, and a copy may be found in Coram Library. This college was established by the bequest of Amanda Wood Reed, and has several distinctive fundamental features. In some respects it resembles Bates—it emphasizes scholarship and eliminates fraternities. A very efficient faculty has been elected, and the college bids fair to prove successful in the work it has outlined. William Trufant Foster was elected president in June, 1910. President Foster was at that time Professor of English and Argumentation in Bowdoin College, on leave of absence, and Lecturer in Educational Administration at Columbia University. He was Instructor in English at Bates, 1901-3, and Bates should feel a special interest in his work at the head of Reed College.





Notes P. A. Swartz, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited Bates, October 9th.

He addressed the entire student body at the morning Chapel service. The remainder of the day he spent in individual conferences with students, who were interested in making their lives count for the most. At the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting, Mr. Swartz made a strong appeal for men and women to give their lives to the mission work during this strategic period. The women of the college, who were present, were given an opportunity to meet the speaker after the meeting.

Blynn E. Davis, '13, led the meeting October 16th.

The Balkan situation was presented at the meeting October 23d, by Eliopolous, '13, whose home is in the very heart of the disputed country. The personal touch which Mr. Eliopolous gave to his remarks made the meeting one of special interest.

Bible Study About one hundred and fifty men are now studying the Bible in the Y. M. C. A. classes.

Seventeen classes have been organized in all; twelve dormitory classes under the following leaders: Mr. Harms, Mr. Jamison, Sec. Cushman, Wade L. Grindle, '13, Frank Jewett, '13, Leon James, '13, John McDaniel, '13, Joseph Vaughan, '13, E. H. Brunquist, '12, Karl D. Lee, '14, J. Roy Packard, '14, Kenneth Witham, '15.

Five classes for college men have been started in the Sunday Schools of the city, two in Pine Street Congregational Church, one in Bates Street Baptist Church, one in Park Street Methodist Church, and one in Main Street Free Baptist Church.

Eighteen men are now enrolled in the Boys' Leaders Club, which holds weekly meetings.

Saturday and Sunday, October 12 and 13,

Y. W. C. A. Miss Corbett, the Territorial Secretary, was a guest at Rand Hall and made many helpful suggestions in regard to the work of the Y. W. C. A. Saturday, Miss Corbett met the members of the different committees for conferences along the various lines of work. In the afternoon, the young women gave a reception to Miss Corbett in Fiske Room. The affair took the form of a tea, and was enjoyed by all present.

The Bible Study courses offered during the first semester have been organized and offer unusually interesting courses of study. The Seniors are studying "Christian Essentials," with Mrs. Salley as leader. The Juniors are taking up the course, "Introducing Men to Christ," under the leadership of Mrs. Rand. The Sophomores are in two divisions, with Miss Cutts, '13, and Miss Smith, '13, as leaders. The course in both divisions is a study of the Book of Mark. The Freshmen in two divisions are taking the courses, "Jesus the Man of Galilee," and "Parables of Jesus." Miss Fales, '14, and Miss Humiston, '14, are in charge. Many students have volunteered for these courses, and the attendance has been good so far.

Wednesday evening, October 29, Mrs. Woodin, of Auburn, gave an interesting account of the American Board Conference of Missions, which she recently attended in Portland.

October 22, Miss Bessie Atto conducted the meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Twenty-five new members were admitted into the Association.



Bates 27
Fort McKinley 0

The feature of the football season so far has been the unexpected strength shown by Bates in the championship games. Early season form gave no indication of unusual strength; consequently, Bates men went wild when the big Maine team was held on practically even terms. Although the team is out of the running so far as the State championship is concerned, owing to failure to kick a goal from a muddy field, every Bates man feels proud of the fighting spirit which has been shown by the team in every game.

On Oct. 19, Bates defeated Fort McKinley in the last game before the State series, by a score of 27 to 0. Nearly every man in the Bates squad was given a chance to play.

The summary:

BATES.	FT. MCKINLEY.
Danahy, Cobb, l.e.	r.e., Burgnan
Dyer, l.t.	r.t., Linehan
Shepard, l.g.	r.g., Adams
Harding, c.	c., McAuliff
Manuel, c.	c., Russell
	c., Hubbard
Russell, r.g.	l.g., Burgin
Hubbard, r.g.	
Gove, r.t.	l.t., Krumenaker
Stillman, r.t.	
Thompson, r.e.	l.e., Schrim
Talbot, q.b.	q.b., Zimmerman
	q.b., Sherlock
Eldridge, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Mills
McNish, l.h.	
Kennedy, l.h.	
Kennedy, l.h.b.	

Dennis, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., McMillin
	l.h.b., Kersterr
Joyce, f.b.....	f.b., Apple
Bates, f.b.	

Score: Bates, 27. Touchdowns—Danahy, Dennis. Joyce, Manuel. Goals—Lieut. Dyer, Amherst. Referee from touchdowns—Dennis, 3. Umpire—O'Connell, P. A. C. Linesman. McCarty, Niagara University. Time—two 12- and two 10-minute periods.

The first game in the championship series **Bates 6, U. of M. 7** took place on Garcelon Field, Oct. 26. Maine was expected to win, but the up-state team found that a reputation would never win a game from Bates. The Bates team fought for every inch of ground in the first half, outplayed their opponents in the second half, and with a few minutes more to play would have won the game. Only the muddy condition of the field, which made it impossible to kick a goal from a touchdown, gave the victory to Maine. The tackling of the Bates ends, and the punting of Talbot were the features. The summary:

MAINE.	BATES.
Donahue, 1.e.....	r.e., Thompson
Murray, l.t.	r.t., Gove
Sawyer, 1.g.....	r.g., Russell, Stillman, Manuel
Baker, c.....	c., Harding
Gulliver, r.g.....	l.g., Shepard
Bigelow, r.t.....	l.t., Dyer
Bernheisel, re.....	1.e., Danahy
Cobb, Bryant, qb.....	q.b., Talbot
Carlton, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Dennis
Martin, Ruffner, r.h.b. l.h.b., Bates, Joyce, Kennedy	
Shepard, f.b.....	f.b., Eldridge

Score: Maine 7; Bates 6. Touchdowns—Martin, R. Shepard. Goal from touchdown—T. Shepard. Umpire—Murphy, Harvard. Linesman—Dorman, Columbia. Time—15-minute periods.

The Bates-Bowdoin game at Brunswick, Nov. 2, was called by many the best football game they had ever seen. The teams were evenly matched, and both fought hard for the game. Fumbling hurt Bowdoin's chances, while long end runs by Capt. Dennis of Bates put the Garnet in a position for a touchdown. It would be unfair to pick any stars, for every man on both teams played the game of his life.

The summary:

BOWDOIN.	BATES.
L. Brown, Dole, l.e.....	r.e., Thompson
L. Wood, Moulton, l.t.....	r.t., Gove
L. Pratt, l.g.....	r.g., Russell, Manuel
Douglass, Barry, c.....	c., Harding
Lewis, r.g.....	l.g., Shepard
Leadbetter, r.t.....	l.t., Dyer, Stillman
Fitzgerald, Beal, r.e.....	l.e., Danahy
Crosby, q.b.....	q.b., Talbot
Weatherhill, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Dennis
Foster, Faulkner, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Bates, Dyer
Lacasce, f.b.....	f.b., Eldridge

Score: Bates, 7; Bowdoin, 6. Touchdowns—Dyer and Foster. Goal from towndown—Dennis. Referee—E. G.

Cross-Country Trial The trials for the cross-country team were held Monday, Oct. 28, over the Bates course. Parker was an easy winner, covering the course in 22 minutes flat. The record for the course is held by Capt Deering, at 21 min. 9 sec. The many rains had made the course very soggy, which was responsible for the slow time. The first seven men to finish were entered for the Intercollegiate cross-country race, Nov. 2.

The men finished by classes as follows.

1913:

Entry	Position
Kidder	2
Tibbetts	3
Houston	7
Sawyer	8
Totals	20

1914:

Parker	1
Packard	9
Pike	18
Keer	21
Totals	49

1915:

Mansfield	4
Gustin	14
Gerry	16
Baldwin	19
Totals	53

1916:

Syrene	5
Doe	6
Woodman	10
Snow	12
Totals	33

**Cross-Country
Meet**

On Nov. 2 took place the first M. I. A. A. cross-country run, over the Bates course of four and a quarter miles. Maine won easily, taking the first three places. Power, the winner, covered the course in the splendid time of 24 min. 42 sec. This run will be made an annual fall event, held in succession at the four Maine colleges. The result in a few years will be a better bunch of dis-

tance men in the Maine colleges. As a proof of this, we need only observe that Bowdoin and Maine, who for several years have held a monopoly of the mile and two-mile events at the spring meets, are the only two Maine colleges to make much of this kind of work before this year.

The men finished as follows:

MAINE

Power	1
Bell	2
Towner	3
Burgess	5
Morris	9
	—	
Totals	20

BOWDOIN

Hall	4
Emery	6
Tarbox	7
Haskell	13
Bacon	15
	—	
Totals	45

BATES

Parker	8
Syrene	11
Houston	12
Tibbets	14
Doe	17
	—	
Totals	62

COLBY

Rand	10
Hussey	21
Kennedy	22
Dyer	24
King	25
	—	
Totals	102

A mass meeting was held in Hathorn Hall **Bates Enthusiasm** the night before the U. of M. game to arouse the enthusiasm of the student body. The college band furnished music, and members of the faculty, of the team, and several alumni, spoke to the men. The enthusiasm and spirit of the student body certainly helped the team in the hard game of the next day.

The third annual Bates Night was observed Friday evening, November 1, in the gymnasium. Professor W. H. Hartshorn was toast-master and introduced each speaker in an appropriate manner. Among the alumni present, the following were the speakers: Hon. Carl E. Milliken, '97, of Island Falls; Judge O. B. Clason, '77, of Gardiner; Richard B. Stanley, '97, of Boston; Scott Wilson, '92, of Portland; Rev. R. F. Johonnot, '79, of Auburn; and Professor G. M. Chase, '93. Captain Dennis and Coach Lathrop also spoke briefly. Enthusiasm ran high and the speakers were cheered repeatedly. After the last speaker had finished and the cheering and the music had died away, there was not a student present there who did not feel himself a better Bates man for the feeling and spirit shown during the evening.

Tennis In the tennis tournament, Class A, P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, Mass., won the championship by defeating Capt. Woodman in three straight sets. Nickerson played a sound game and deserved to win, although Capt. Woodman was not in his best form. Richardson, '15, won the championship of Class B by defeating Morrison, '13, in an interesting match.

The class A doubles were won by the faculty team, Dr. H. H. Britan and Mr. S. R. Oldham, who defeated Alley, '13, and Nickerson, '13, in the semi-finals and Woodman, '13, and Tomblen, '14, in the finals.

Members of the tennis team hope the faculty will allow them to take a short trip in the spring to have a dual tournament with some other college. Certainly the success of Bates in the M. I. A. A. tournament has earned them recognition.

New Elections At a meeting of the baseball "B" men, Tuesday, Oct. 23, E. H. Griffin, '13, of South Portland, was elected captain of the baseball nine for next spring to succeed Reagan, '14, who did not return to college.

At a business meeting of the Bates Athletic Association, Monday, Oct. 21, T. H. Blanchard, '15, of Gardiner, was elected the second assistant track manager to succeed F. H. Lynch, '15, who has entered Harvard. F. H. Manter, '13, of Whitefield, was elected cheer leader for the football games this fall.

Through subscriptions from the student body, fifteen garnet blankets with black "B's" have been purchased for members of the football team.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

A buzzing June bug, whizzing by,
Barely escaped her hair.
Out of the floor crept centipedes—
She sees too many to care.
Then suddenly a streak of light
Shot straight across the floor.
"A mouse!" she cried, and fled the room,
And will return no more.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever,
We plan to outwit and forestall time.

—*The Acadia Athenaeum.*



1868—President George C. Chase is to be one of the speakers at the Baptist Congress held in Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 12-14. He is a delegate to the Quadrennial Meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held in Chicago early in December.

1874—Rev. C. S. Frost, formerly pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H., has accepted a call to a church in Eden Park, Providence, R. I.

1876—F. E. Emrich, D.D., of Boston, this summer underwent a second critical operation, but is now gaining strength, and after six months' absence will return in November to his work as Secretary of the Congregational Home Mission Work of Massachusetts.

Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, D.D., of Concord, N. H., delivered the address at the laying of the corner stone of the chapel, Nov. 6.

1877—Hon. O. B. Clason, of Gardiner, addressed the men of the college on Bates Night, Nov. 1.

Hon. N. P. Noble, of Phillips, has a son in the Freshman Class at Bowdoin.

1878—F. H. Briggs is Clerk of the Commerce Court in Washington, D. C.

1882—The one hundred and twenty-first session of the New Hampshire yearly meeting of the Free Will Baptists was held recently at Rochester. Rev. O. H. Tracy, D.D., was chosen president of the State Association.

1884—Rev. Aaron McGaffey Beede has been working among the Indians for about ten years, tenting seven months of the year, living on wild game, and following a roving life. He has recently written a book dealing with the folk-lore of the Indians. It "deals with the old Indian idealistic attitude toward Nature and the 'world unseen,' plus the disturbing element which had to come when the Indian was finally at bay before the white man,

with nowhere to flee." Mr. Beede's son Ralph is an engineer on a boat in the Pacific. His daughter Margaret is Assistant Principal of the Rolla High School. His youngest child is a student in the State University of North Dakota.

1891—Miss Mabel S. Merrill has written the ode for the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates chapel.

1892—Hon. W. B. Skelton has been elected President of the Lewiston Chamber of Commerce. J. L. Reade, Esq., Bates, '83, is its Secretary.

1893—Dr. E. C. Perkins of Farmington, N. H., has recently lost his wife, formerly Miss Louise Todd of Lewiston.

George C. Hight, formerly of 1893, has been elected Superintendent of the class district of Island Falls, Sherman, and Crystal.

1897—Richard B. Stanley visited the college recently. He was one of the speakers on Bates Night, November first.

1899—Everett Peacock is principal of Potter Academy, Sebago, Me.

1903—Ralph Leslie Hunt, principal of the Dawson County Free High School, of Glendive, Montana, was married in June to Miss Sadie McCullough, of Calais, Me.

1904—Mr. and Mrs. John David have a son, born sometime during this last summer. Mrs. David will be remembered as Miss Emma A. Bray of 1904.

Perley H. Plant is in the employ of E. H. Rollins & Son, bankers, of Boston.

Dr. F. W. Rounds, Bates, '04, of South Paris, Maine, was married October 1st to Miss Mildred W. Elder of Malden, Mass.

1905—Miss Marion Ethel Mitchell was married on October 12th to Mr. Bernard Lewis Stetson, of Hanover, Mass.

1906—John C. Merrill is Superintendent of Schools, Machias, Me.

On July 16th Miss Jessie Pease was married to Mr. Rodney C. Walker. They are living in Bellows Falls, Vt., at 10 Hapgood Street.

1907—L. N. Wight is teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Charles P. Steward is a teacher at Ashland, Mass.

1907—Rev. and Mrs. Harold I. Frost (Mabel L. Schermerhorn, Bates 1908), Free Baptist missionaries in Khargpur, India, have a little son, born recently.

Ethel J. Davis is teaching in the high school at South Manchester, Conn.

1908—Ellen H. Packard is a teacher in Millburn, N. J., High School, in the departments of Latin and German. Last year she took work in German at Columbia University.

Phebe R. Boole is teaching in Newport, N. H.

The engagement of Miss Frances M. McLain, of Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. George E. Merrill, both of 1908, has recently been announced.

Miss Bertha Lewis is a teacher in Northfield Seminary.

1909—Laura M. Weare was married on October 7th, to Hubert D. Tanner, of Providence, R. I.

Charles L. Harris has entered Harvard Law School.

Corinne M. Brown was married on October 12th to Fred D. Ordway, of Milford, N. H.

Raymond S. Oakes has recently been admitted to practice at the Maine Bar.

Clinton D. Park has begun his second year as a teacher in the Fay School, Southboro, Mass.

1910—Adelina E. Crockett is teaching in Littleton, N. H.

Agnes Boulia is teaching in the High School at Bethlehem, N. H.

Mildred Jones is teaching in Hadley, Mass.

Carmen Taylor and Georgia Hamilton are teaching in the Wells, Me., High School.

1911—Ray M. Huntington is principal of the Unity High School.

Miss Grace Lewis is teaching in the Biddeford High School.

B. O. Stordahl is reading law at the University of Wisconsin. His address is 541 W. Johnson Street, Madison, Wis.

The marriage has been announced of Drusilla Irene Townsend to Arthur Lawrence Smith, of New Vineyard, Me., on October 28th.

Elsie B. Crockett is teaching in West Springfield, Mass.

1912—Walter E. Lane has been elected sub-principal of the Lubec High School.

Albert W. Buck is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



Exchanges

The *Brunonian* is the first of the college magazines to reach Bates this fall. I quote a sentence from the editorial which voices a thought that is good for students of all colleges to remember. "And so while the year is young let us try to remember that our college is the biggest thing here, that our Brown-spirit is the master that we should serve, and that we ourselves, are only worth as much as the good we can do for Brown." "The Little Tin Gods They Served" is a pleasing story which shows the author's keen insight into human nature. Through two amusing incidents the writer shows that those things which are supposed to be pleasures for us may become our burdens, and that after the necessary disappointment is passed, we are happy to be relieved of them.

"The Turning of the Leaves," in the *Holy Cross Purple*, is a well-told story, showing that the thing which brings happiness to one person, may be the emblem of sorrow for another. An artist painted a picture, "The Turning of the Leaves," which in one night brought him fame, while in this same locality, the turning of the same leaves brought the death of an only child, causing anguish and heart-wringing to the mother. The writer knows how to draw out the reader's sympathy, and to make the story seem real.

The *Clark Monthly* has a large supply of entertaining stories.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is always gladly welcomed for its abundant supply of stories and verses. "The Hangman's Rope" shows the tortures that are caused to a priest when he must keep silent about some of the confessions that are said to him. Here we can see the conflict between the priest, as a minister to the people entirely giving up personal interests; and the priest as a man with human desires and impulses.

The *University of Ottawa Review* gives us a beautiful poem, "The Interpreter." The style is of a superior quality, and the thought indicates a deep and far-seeing mind. These last two stanzas of the poem are particularly rich in suggestion and thought.

"And herein lies an image of the poet,
 Who is of earth, but, floating in an air
 Of golden inspiration, quickens to it,
 And, kindled through with light, grows God-aware;
 That so his being, letting light-drench through it,
 Reflects a light to others, and doth share
 With angels, though but dimly, that clear glance
 Which ever sees of Love the countenance.

"Therefore I deem it is the poet's mission
 In this, God's court, to stand interpreter
 'Twixt Him and man, who reads with clouded vision
 The code of Love, and in its law doth err.
 That code is writ for all with clear precision;
 But the Great Master's language, for the slur
 Of mortal sense o'er-fine, needs one to stand
 In touch with heaven and earth on either hand."

SLEEP-SONG OF THE PINES

Dimness and dusky bars
 Drift on the branches' light;
 Dearer than song are stars,
 Dearer than day is night.

Moon-quivers pale and long
 Meet on the mosses gray.
 Dearer is dream than song,
 Dearer is night than day.

—ELIZABETH TOOF in the *Vassar Miscellany*.

Here and There

Heard in Senior English:

If George Borrow, why did Richard Steele?

What did Robert Grant? Ade.

Will Charles Dudley Warner? Zangwill.

If Bulwer-Lytton was Owen Meredith, did he owe Thomas More?

If Charles Reade, can he teach Julia Ward Howe?

What ailed Harriet Beecher Stowe? Bunyan.

If Longfellow were to Hall Caine, would Frances Hodgdon Burnett?

Found on the bulletin board:

Lost: The Human Mechanism. Finder please leave at the library desk.

Query: Are the Freshmen lacking in reverence, or is it due to their ignorance that they enter chapel during the prayer?

Why does a man make his boat fast when he doesn't want it to go at all?

Why does a man run up into the country in the summer time because he runs down in the city in the winter time?

The college athlete—"Yes, Jones is a star football player. I've picked him for our best man next year."

She—"Oh, George, this is so sudden."

Little flunks in Latin,
Little flunks in Math.,
Make the jovial Freshmen
Tread the homeward path.

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VOL. XL LEWISTON, ME., DECEMBER, 1912 No. 10

Entered at the Post Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter

MOONLIGHT IN THE EARLY DAWN

ELAINE CURRIER, '13

Oh, thou moonlight soft and tender,
 Gently gleaming from afar,
Calm and peaceful dost thou render
 All God's world, from star to star.

Thine is not the sun's bright brilliance,
 Thine is not the rainbow's hue,
But thy gentler, softer radiance
 Streams upon my inward view.

Fold me in thy loving beauty,
 Wrap me in thy silvery calm.
Tell me not of strife and duty,
 Fill my soul with all thy balm.

For my heart is sad, is lonely,
 All my faith in truth has fled.
Bring to me God's purpose only,
 Pour His blessing o'er my head.



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B



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THE OUTCAST

MABEL DURGAN, '15

Original part which won first prize for girls in Sophomore prize speaking contest

I ain't cryin'! No, Sir! I ain't cryin'! My eyes is jest as dry. I'm jest mad, that's all, an' I guess you'd be if you knowed. It's all on account of Aunt Maria, an' I hate her, yes I do. I don't care if mother did say, "My darling, you mustn't say such things; it isn't nice." I don't care, I do.

Did you say you wanted to know what the trouble was? Well, I'll tell you jest as soon's I,—No! I ain't cryin'—Mother promised me a new coat, 'n' she said I could wear it to school every day, 'n' I hadn't had a new one for so long, an' I told the fellers about it. An' then that old Aunt Maria came bringing along her old green skirt, to make over into a coat for *me*! Mother said it was nice, almost as good as new; I hated it most as bad as I do Aunt Maria.

'N' I had to wear it to school an' the fellers made fun o' me. 'N' I jest couldn't stan' it. 'N' I took it off an' tore it all to pieces an' throwed the buttons at them. An' one of 'em hit Sissy Smith right in the eye, an' he began to cry an' he went in an' told the teacher, an' she kept me after school an' made me write "The Busy Bee" ten times, 'n' I'd ruther she'd licked me.

When I got home, Aunt Maria's old cat was prowling around the back yard. 'N' I was mad at Aunt Maria, so I took her old cat an' tied a little piece o' paper round every one of her paws. 'N' you'd ought to have seen her run shakin' 'em all at once, just so. Well, she jumped up on the window, an' Aunt Maria saw her, an' she came to the door in a hurry, sayin' something about "that wicked, cruel boy." I thot 'twas about time I was goin'; so I sneaked out 'round the corner of the house, an' stubbed my toe against a piece of board an' fell down an' knocked the skin all off my knees, an' stuck a great long splinter in my thumb.

I didn't dare to go into the house to supper, 'cause I knowed Aunt Maria had told Pa. So I went out back o' the barn an' stay'd until I was all a shivery and my throat felt bad. Then I went into the house and asked Mary—she's the hired girl—for something to eat' an' she said such a wicked boy didn't deserve

any thing. I said I'd tell Ma, an' she said Ma and Pa and Aunt Maria had gone out to spend the evening.

Then I went up stairs to bed; but I couldn't sleep, my throat felt so bad, and my head ached so. 'N' I kept a-twisting an' groaning, an' nobody came a near me—nobody but Mary, an' she said,

"For goodness' sake wan't I goin' to keep still an' let her get a little rest?"

In the mornin' my throat was so sore I couldn't eat any breakfast, an' mother said,

"My precious child, what a cold you have! You must wear your coat to school to-day."

'N' I started right off without it. 'N' father said,

"Thomas, did you hear what your mother said?"

'N' Aunt Maria said,

"For the land's sake, Carrie, ain't you goin' to make that young one mind?"

'N' I said,

"I can't, I've lost it."

'N' Aunt Maria said,

"Well, that's all the thanks any one gets for doin' anything for a young one."

Then I just boiled all over, I did, 'n' I told her what I thot of her. I called her a mean old skinflint, 'n' I told her I wouldn't wear her old coat after the cows, 'n' I'd torn it all up, 'n' I was glad, so there!

'N' mother says,

"Why, my precious child!"

'N' Aunt Maria says,

"Did you ever hear the like?"

'N' father took me out in the shed and give me a thrashing, an' it hurt! Then he sent me up to my room where I've got to stay until I tell Aunt Maria I'm sorry, an' *I won't!* No, sir! 'N' my throat feels all tight, 'n' my eyes is all smarty, 'n' my head aches, 'n' my knees is stiff, 'n' my thumb is sore, an' nobody loves me, an' I'm goin' off and join the circus.

MY DAY COMPLETE

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

I.

Sometimes I watch the sun's red gleams
Climb o'er the eastern hill;
They break upon a world of dreams,
They glint on fields and flowing streams,
And sleeping valleys fill.

II.

At night, I see the golden sun
Sink slowly in the West;
His shining course is nearly run,
His work is ended; day is done,
And all the world may rest.

III.

One thing I lack; (my weary feet
Have journeyed many a mile)
I need, to make my day complete,
To bless my restless heart, my Sweet,
The sunlight of thy smile.

THE RING OF ALLAH

RUTH MILDRED MOREY, '14

Robed in spotless white, for it was the feast of Ramadam, the old Moor sat in the market place. He was bronzed by the sun's piercing rays, and was very dignified, very picturesque, and very shrewd. Around him were displayed his goods—cushions of Morocco leather of different colors, embroidered with bright-colored silks; Moorish swords; daggers of the best steel, with significant Mohammedan characters etched into the steel the length of the blade; slippers without heels; scarfs from Rabat, of gaily colored silk patterns; silken goods from Timbuctoo, brilliant as the plumage of a tropical bird; leathern pouches; and jars fashioned of silver, in curious designs.

Tempted by this alluring collection of merchandise, I approached the old merchant, and immediately a pair of keen eyes looked into mine—an electric spark in a wrinkled parchment case.

"Come," said he, in a whining voice, holding up a gay silken scarf from Rabat, "come, only seven pesetas."

As he raised his hand to display the bit of finery, I noticed an odd silver ring upon his third finger. I pointed to it, and said, "No, no, not the scarf—the ring."

He let the scarf quickly fall, and drew back his hand, looking down upon the ring fondly.

"Let me take it," I urged.

"You not give it back," he objected, but when I slipped two pesetas into his hand, his objections vanished, and he pulled off the ring and handed it to me.

I examined it minutely. It was a curiously-carved affair. The floral design was wrought in solid silver, and the petals on either side were exquisitely entwined. The shrewd old Moor must have noticed the greed for such a possession, shining in my eyes, for he said—

"You want it bad?"

"Most certainly—how many pesetas?" I added.

Without answering my eager question, he rose to his feet, shook out the while folds of his garment, and called sharply to an object lying near him:

"Arusi!"

"Yes, Oh Sid," was the immediate answer.

I was startled, for what had seemed to be a brown bag dropped carelessly on the sand, contained that voice, and two long bones, covered tightly with skin, resolved themselves into legs.

Slowly the dark-skinned son of the desert ambled toward us, rubbing the sand from his eyes as he came. The Moor pointed to the cushion, upon which he had been sitting, and said:

"Arusi! My son! You sell them," and he pointed to his merchandise.

I was bewildered as to the cause of this, when the old man caught at my sleeve, saying,

"You give me back the ring—we will go up yonder, and I will tell you its sad story."

Eagerly I adapted my pace to his, and after a few minutes' walk through the market place, dodging snake charmers, donkey sellers, and vegetable venders, we climbed to a small Spanish graveyard, just back of the market place.

As we entered the enclosure, between two cheaply carved wooden pillars, we heard music and turned in time to see a funeral procession pass. Four men, in advance, were making a noise on a crude, wooden, stringed instrument, and were chanting a most doleful tune. Then followed four more men, bearing in a crate on their shoulders a body covered with straw and wrapped in a piece of cloth. Nearly a dozen men followed. They were going to the next cemetery a little way beyond, so the Moor informed me. The Moors were burying one of their dead.

In order to shut out the pitiable sight, I turned abruptly to my companion, and asked impatiently:

"The story?"

"Yes," said he, squatting on a small plot of grass, and bidding me do the same. He removed the ring from his finger, where he had greedily placed it when I gave it to him, and dropped it in the palm of his right hand, lightly touching it with the index finger of his left.

"Listen," he said, and he huddled down in a stooping position.

"It was here that Allah, bravest of Morocco's sons, first saw

Rahmana. He was riding up that hill on his black Arabian steed"—here the Moor pointed to the hill up which the little procession was toiling, a short distance away. "Rahmana had just risen from her rug, at the summit of the hill, where she awaited the coming of her father. She was the most beautiful woman in all Morocco—and when Allah saw her, he forgot all else. From that time until the faint sickle of the moon told that the feast of Ramadam had begun, no night passed without the secret meeting of Allah and Rahmana."

The story-teller was silent for a few moments, and I leaned against the fence which enclosed the old cemetery. Far below me lay the sea, with the city huddled near, its mosques and minarets shining in the sun. Mountains, purple with haze, raised their heads in the distance. In fancy the Moorish girl appeared to me. I could see her among the orange trees and the oleanders, a scarlet 'kerchief on her unbound hair, her brilliant costume of vari-colored silk tied at the waist with a soft sash, a richly embroidered velvet jacket, wide trousers half revealing silver anklets, with tiny yellow slippers embroidered with red, covering her feet.

The droning voice of the Moor awakened me from my reverie.

"The afternoon is drawing to a close—I must hasten."

He sat erect, and his wrinkled head looked like a mummy, in the dim light.

"Up there," waving his hand in the direction of the hill, "is the house of Mohammed Abd, Rahmana's father. He told his daughter he had promised her in marriage to Sid Ali, son of the pasha at Salée. The sheik had discovered that Allah had seen Rahmana. He was angered, not only because of the tradition of his people, but because of a feud that nothing but blood could wipe out. Mohammed sent for Rahmana, and told her of his will. Cunningly, he withheld his knowledge of her love for Allah.

"'It is well, my father,' she said, 'but let me stay here with you until after the next feast of Ramadam, for I am happy here, with you.'

"Her father, knowing that Allah was in chains—denounced that very day by the great sheik himself as the despoiler of a French vessel—laughed as he granted her wish."

The Moor chuckled softly, and gently fingered the ring. The sun was low in the west, and the rich perfume of flowers, wafted from the gardens over the hill, filled our senses with the very breath of the Orient. The low voice of the Moor took up the story again.

"Time passed. Allah had made his escape from prison, and it was rumored that he was chief of a band of brigands preying on the fat Moors of the city. At last the feasting for the wedding began, and Rahmana resigned herself to the fate awaiting her. The night came when the bridegroom would escort Rahmana to his home. The wedding party would pass through that narrow defile down there."

I looked down at the cliffs, as they almost met over the tiny road.

"As Rahmana and her bridegroom, mounted on mules, reached the bend in the road at the foot of that defile," the Moor continued, "mounted men could be seen on the hills, and there were cries, and many shots, and Rahmana, seeing nothing through her heavy bridal veil, felt strong arms lift her from the mule to the back of an Arab stallion. She heard her beloved Allah's voice whisper in her ear: 'Beloved, I have come for thee,' and she felt a ring being slipped upon her finger.

"Do you see that mountain covered with blue haze?" he pointed south. "The woods are almost impenetrable, but just below the highest point, Allah had built a resting place for Rahmana. In all countries, with all people, the one great thing is love, and so it was with them—a steady flame burning brighter and brighter as the days passed. When Allah was away, Rahmana thought only of him, and when he returned, his arms laden with silks for her, she would push them away, draw his head down to her lap, and croon over him until he slept.

"But there came a time when the forces of the enraged sheik captured Allah, and they slowly tortured him to death. Rahmana, with unseeing eyes, rocked back and forth over the body of Allah. She murmured words of love into his deaf ears.

"They took her to the market-place, but listen"—he put his lips close to my ear, and a hand on either shoulder—"in two days' time, she was gone. Before she went she came at midnight, to

my house, and gave me this ring—the ring of Allah, as she called it,—and made me promise to keep it, and wear it, until danger threatened Morocco. If at any time a plague should threaten the city, I was to sell the ring cheaply to a stranger, going to the West, and the plague would be averted. A plague threatens Morocco—the winds have blown for three days, and then suddenly died away, the camels at rest are uneasy, the sun sets too red—so,” and he took off the ring for the last time, and handed it to me, “it is yours for five pesetas. Pray for the plague to be averted from Morocco.”

I took the ring, slipping the pieces of money into his outstretched palm.

“But listen! Always wear the ring. It will bring you the best of luck, in all your undertakings, and when you look upon it, think of Allah, boldest of the bold, and Rahmana, fairest of the fair.”

The Moor ceased to speak and turned from me. I heard the faint bugle call from the minarets of the city and as the Moor prostrated himself, I turned to watch the sun sink into the sea. A French ship passed; the lights shone out from the distant windows; a shadow fell below on the market place; the Moor had disappeared and upon my finger was the ring of Allah.



"ALL THAT A MAN HATH"

HAZEL A. MITCHELL, '16

Life, that vital spark for which a man will give all that he possesses, that priceless boon for which all things are sacrificed, is, after all, simply what we believe it to be. It is filled with joy and happiness, with discontent and sorrow, just in the proportion which we ourselves determine it shall be. Much is written about the "sunny side" of life in comparison with its so-called "shady side." To me the "sunny side" and the "shady side" represent together the normal life. It is just as natural that joy should follow sadness, as it is that day should follow night. The law of compensation, as inexorable as life itself, promises a rainbow for every shower and a smile for every tear. So it is that life is given to us, the greatest of all gifts, for in it lies the power to make of it a garment worthy of the wearer, a casket fitting for the jewel, a garden gleaming and glowing with the steadfast colors of high resolve, brotherly love, and unselfish purpose.

ON STREETS OF GOLD

CHARLES B. TIBBETTS, '13

The moon shone radiantly over the lake and turned each dancing wave into a silvery flash. With the help of the fresh, cool, sweet, night-breeze it made the surface a glittering expanse broken here and there by an island dark and shadowy. It showed in dim, uncertain outlines against the starlit sky, the huge pyramid of the Ossipee Mountains on the one side and the great wall of the Sandwich range on the other.

Out of the shadow of Ragged Island, swiftly and almost silently, came the Katrina. The only sound she made was the swish of the water as her sharp prow cut through it like a knife, and the hum of her engine as it propelled her over the waves. For the Katrina was a motor-boat.

To-night she had only two occupants. In the stern with his big, athletic frame reclining lazily on one of the side cushions lay Kenneth Merry, the picture of indolence. With his little boat skimming over the bosom of the lake at a twelve-mile clip, the occasional sound of her chime whistle bringing back echoes from the neighboring hills, it would seem as if he had as much reason as any one to be happy. But he was not. He was watching intently the girl who stood at the forward end of the cock-pit with her hands on the steering-wheel. He was in misery. His face was stern and his accustomed good-natured smile was missing. And here was the cause of his misery—this tall, graceful girl, clad in one of his own great Yale sweaters to protect her from the night air. She stood with her body bent slightly forward against the wind which was playing havoc with the stray locks of her fair hair, steering deftly, as the Katrina tore through the waters towards the distant lights of the Centre Harbor wharf. The beauty of the lake in the moonlight was worth going miles to see, but they were all lost on Merry. Not so the girl. She drank them in eagerly and drew long breaths of the fragrant night air that made her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flame. As they passed the lights of Shelter Island the young man arose from his seat and throttled his engine down to half-speed. Then he went forward and sat down by the girl. The boat with her speed greatly diminished, glided smoothly along.

"Why did you throttle the engine?" asked the girl.

"I'm in no great hurry," he replied.

"Then you appreciate the moonlight, too. Isn't it just glorious?" she exclaimed.

"I hadn't noticed," he said with affected indifference. She regarded him silently for a moment, then a girlish laugh rang out over the water.

"O, Kenneth, I believe you're going to propose again. Now, honest, Kenny, aren't you?"

Kenneth laughed in spite of his desire to say something very emphatic. Then quickly serious again he exclaimed:

"That's always the way, whenever I try to be serious, you treat it as a huge joke. Four times in these two years I have

tried to tell you how much I love you and each time you have turned me away with a jest."

Again the girlish laugh rang out.

"Go on," she said. "You're doing beautifully."

Kenneth paid no attention to the interruption but continued:

"Every time I have gone away with a little more experience, a little bigger ache in my heart, but with a determination to try again. I don't need to tell you what is in my mind now, you know as well as I do. But I must have my answer to-night. I shall never ask you again!"

"That's what you said the last time," she replied with a soft laugh.

"O, Phil, you wouldn't laugh if you knew how it hurt me."

"Forgive me, Kenny," she murmured, "I'm sorry if I hurt you. I am thoughtless, I know; but I didn't think you were so serious about it. It isn't like you, you know, to be serious. I do like you as a friend better than any fellow I ever met, but I can't think of getting married at twenty-four. You've been awfully good to me, Kenny dear, and I hope that we can be friends a good while longer."

"Then your answer is 'No?'" he asked quietly.

"What are you going to do if it is?" she inquired with a smile.

"Enlist in the army, or commit suicide, or enter a monastery, or something," he replied grimly.

Her buoyant laugh rang out again.

"Just imagine a Yale fullback in a monastery," she said, "I think I've a picture of it in my mind."

Kenneth repressed a smile and set his teeth with a snap. Was he going to let this girl go on in this way? It was the same old game; a jest, a laugh—and—well, she would never get another chance. He knew that he would never be happy without her, but it was very evident that his chance of winning her was hopeless.

Neither spoke again till they reached the wharf at Centre Harbor. He had an errand up at the hotel, and as she preferred to wait for him in the boat, he strode off up the platform alone, in a very unhappy frame of mind.

The boat was drawn up under the shadow of the wharf and the girl made herself as comfortable as possible and indulged in

some good solid thinking. The hour was late and there was no one around the wharves. The hotel orchestra in the distance sounded weird and lonely. The clouds shut out the moonlight and the lights on the hill seemed far away.

Phyllis began to feel that she had not treated Kenneth right. Ever since she met him two years ago at the Osmonds' house-party, she had regarded him as she would a big, good-natured brother, and imposed upon him about as much. She knew that their first acquaintance had been a complete conquest for her. The symptoms were unmistakable. However, he was such an amiable, jolly fellow that she never thought he was as serious about it as some of her other suitors. There was Tommy Douglass, for example, who had nearly committed suicide because she refused him. He had left his home, taken to drinking, and gone to the bad. But Kenneth would never do anything like that, even though he might think just as much of her as Tommy did. No, he would set his teeth and square his shoulders and do something grand and noble. *That* was like Kenneth. The other fellows had all shown a preference for some other girl after they found that their love was not returned, but Kenneth had always been the same toward her. There was no egotism about him: he was always kind and good-natured, no matter what happened, or how she treated him. She remembered the many things he had done for her in his quiet, unassuming way. What if the girls did call him "slow?" She knew that his college mates called him a "corking good fellow," and her brother Rodney called him "a strong man," and she valued her brother's opinion above that of every one else. Now she remembered that it had always made her happy when he won any honors in college work or on the athletic field. Perhaps she liked him better than she really knew.

As she sat there thinking she realized as she had not before, that during the last two years there had been something added to her life. Though she scarcely appreciated the fact, life had been brighter and happier. Now she knew what it was. It was Kenneth; strong, noble Kenneth. Suppose he should never ask her to marry him again. The thought made her start. She remembered the way he had squared his jaw when she had laughed at

him, and with a contrite little sigh she sank down deeper among the cushions, wishing that he would come back.

Kenneth's errand took him longer than he expected, for he met some of his friends and had to stop to talk, but as soon as he could get away he hurried to the wharf. With an apology for his tardy return he untied the boat and started the engine. The moon came out again in all its glory and the drops of water looked like sparkling gems as the dainty prow of the *Katrina* tossed the spray aside. Phyllis took the wheel and he sat down in the stern. Neither spoke for a while; only the muffled throb of the motor and the ripple of the water broke the stillness.

"Kenneth."

There was something in the tone that made him leap quickly to her side.

"What is it, Phil?"

The eyes that looked up into his were full of tears.

"Kenneth, can you ever forgive me?"

"What? You—you don't mean that you—O you dear!"

The moon went behind a little cloud just then; when it came out again they were standing together in the bow and his strong arms were about her. The *Katrina* left to her own devices, was just completing a half-circle with her nose again pointed toward Centre Harbor. Kenneth discovered the fact, but he did not bother to turn her around; he simply shut down the engine.

So they drifted.

"Why, what a grand night it is," he said. "I hadn't noticed it before."

The wind had almost ceased and the waves lapped gently against the sides of the boat. Low in the western sky, just above the dusky outline of the hills, the moon, shining in unclouded splendor, was reflected on the water in a path of golden light, leading from where they drifted to the distant shore.

Phyllis laughed softly.

"Let's imagine that we are in Heaven, and that this is one of the streets of gold," she said.

He looked tenderly down into the uplifted eyes.

"I am in Heaven," he replied.

Editorial- STUDENT BOARD

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The Spirit of the Christmas time is again upon us. The swift-speeding days and weeks of the passing year have come nearly to their close. Soon the records of the year of 1912 will be folded up and laid away. Soon we shall stand upon the threshold of the New Year, and extend our welcome to the new opportunities opened before us.

With the passing of the year comes the passing of THE BATES STUDENT in its present form as a monthly publication. Plans are being perfected rapidly for the new editorial board to issue a weekly paper. This is something that Bates has come to need, and she is needing it more and more every year. While several of the editorial boards in the past, have attempted to establish such a paper, their plans have always failed to materialize. At the last moment, even, something has always happened to prevent

the accomplishment of their desires. This year, however, the time seems to be ripe, the student body is backing up the venture, and if the alumni will also give it the support that it deserves, the weekly is assured.

The weekly does not do away with the literary features of the paper in its present form. The magazine issue once a month will retain the characteristics of the present monthly, and the paper will be a happy combination of the new and the old. It will retain its alumni department, perhaps under more favorable conditions than at present. The news items, both locals and alumni notes, will have the advantage of being fresh, a feature that will be appreciated both by the students and by the alumni. The new *BATES STUDENT* will deserve and undoubtedly will receive the support of all the friends of the college.

The 1913 Bates Art Calendar has just been issued, and has been distributed among the students. It has been pronounced the most attractive calendar ever issued for the College, and it now compares favorably with the best class of college calendars. It has been having a rapid sale, but several copies are left, and these may be obtained from Charles B. Tibbetts, Roger Williams Hall, for seventy-five cents each, postage prepaid.

TOUCH ME WITH THINE HAND

Touch me with thine hand, dear heart,
Now while silvery gliding hours
Thread my life with lotus flowers
Perfumed with Olympian showers.

When the whitening Harvest calls,
Touch me with thine hand, mine own—
Little hand, like lilies blown—
And the cross shall be the crown.

When the sunset's solemn glow
Creeping, bathes my wearied feet,
Touch me with thine hand, oh, sweet—
Thus shall cease the Fever's heat.

If for me a Paradise
Wait in some celestial sphere,
There (or shall it be but drear)
Touch me with thine hand, my dear.

—*The William and Mary Literary Magazine*



Locals



Household Economy Class

The course in Household Economy under Miss Root is proving of the greatest practical interest to the young women. Two of the most recent excursions have been to Penley's Slaughter House and the Turner Center Creamery, in Auburn. In both establishments methods were carefully explained to the visitors and Miss Root directed the students how to choose meat and dairy products with a view both to purity and economy.

Current Events Club

A Current Events Club has been formed by some of the young women of Rand Hall in an effort to keep in touch with the swiftly making modern history of the United States. The duty of each member is to keep herself well informed on all topics of current interest, and two or three talks on such topics are given at each meeting. The officers of this organization are as follows:

President—Mildred Goudy, '13.

Vice-President—Esther Huckins, '13.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mabel Rackliffe, '13.

Dramatic Club

At the suggestion of Dean Woodhull, a dramatic club has been organized among some of the young women of the college. The club started with only fifteen as charter members, but is rapidly increasing its roll. It is the intention of the young ladies to present comedies and plays of merit at regular intervals, the proceeds of which are to go towards building a fireplace in Fiske Reception Room, Rand Hall. The club has chosen for its name the "Fireplace Club" to signify its laudable design. The officers are as follows:

President—Ethel Cutts, '13.

Vice-President—Hazel Currier, '13.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mabel Durgan, '15.

Chairman Executive Committee—Rachael Sargent, '14.

Walking Club Under the direction of Miss Edna Manship, instructor of Physical Training in the Women's Department, a walking club is being formed. The idea is to take advantage of many of the fine afternoons by a long walk ending at some hospitable farmhouse, where hot stews and other delicious refreshments might be arranged for. Much interest has been displayed, and it is hoped in this way to make the most of the early part of the winter.

Freshman Party On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 16, 1912, the Freshmen young ladies entertained the young men of the Freshman Class, in Fiske Reception Room, Rand Hall. A scene from "King Lear" was presented by those members of the dramatic club belonging to the Class of 1916. Games were played, and the very merriest of evenings was spent. The young ladies were assisted in entertaining by Dean Woodhull, Misses Root, Whitney and Manship, Mr. Harms, Mr. Jamison, and Prof. G. M. Robinson.

1916 Class Meeting At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class, R. D. Stillman, of Saco, was elected temporary president. A committee consisting of Messrs. Buker, Swett, and Littlefield, and Misses Moore and Kane, was elected to draw up a constitution for the class.

Faculty Notes Professors George E. Ramsdell and F. E. Pometoy, and Dr. H. H. Britan, accompanied by Physical Director R. D. Purinton, enjoyed a brief hunting trip during the Thanksgiving recess.

President George Colby Chase attended a Church Conference in Chicago the first two weeks in December.

Professor W. R. Whitehorne gave a talk before the Trinity Men's Club, Nov. 8, on "The Science of Baseball." The talk was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Bates Needle Club The Bates Needle Club was delightfully entertained on Thursday, Nov. 7, in the home of Mrs. Arthur Hertell, of Main Street, Lewiston. Mrs. H. H. Britan gave the ladies an especially interesting account of her experiences while abroad. Miss Rose D. Nealey and Mrs. Lathrop were guests of the club. At the end of the afternoon Mrs. Hertell and Mrs. George M. Chase served ices, tea, and cake.

The Bates Needle Club also spent a very pleasurable afternoon with Dean Woodhull in Fiske Reception Room, on the afternoon of November 21. The room was very attractive in its decorations of evergreens and scarlet berries. Songs and readings by some of the Bates students were much enjoyed by the ladies. It was the pleasure of the club to have with them as guests Miss Rose D. Nealey, Miss Edna Manship, Miss Theodora Root, and Miss Whitney. Miss Woodhull, assisted by several young women of Rand Hall, served refreshments.

The Bates Round Table held its third meeting of the season on the evening of Nov. 23, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby, College Street. Mrs. Addison Small, Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Leonard entertained. Prof. G. M. Robinson presided over the meeting. The principal speaker of the evening was Hon. W. H. Judkins, of Lewiston, who spoke to the assembled members on "Progressiveness in Maine's Legal History." He spoke of the prevalent spirit of unrest among the people as a step forward in the progress of the State, and sketched briefly what the State has done on behalf of the general welfare of the public.

In the discussion following the address, Professor R. N. Gould spoke on "Legislation in Ohio as Compared to Maine," and Hon. H. W. Oakes spoke on "Initiative and Referendum in Maine."

At the close of the evening, ices and cakes were served.

Debate The faculty have put the competition for the Sophomore debating prize upon a purely elective basis. All Sophomores now take part in class-room debates, for which a week of preparation is allowed. About twenty have been chosen to take part in the preliminaries of the prize debate. The prize debate will be held just before the Christmas recess.

Soon after the Christmas recess, the preliminaries for the choosing of the "varsity" debating team will take place. This competition is open to all undergraduate men.

This year Bates will debate Clark College at Lewiston, and Colgate University at Hamilton. The dates have not been settled, but in all probability both debates will occur on one night during the last week of April. It is hoped that it will be expedient to debate the opposite sides of one question, thereby securing all the advantages of a triangular league.

The system of choosing intercollegiate debaters is to undergo a radical change this year. During the past few years, only men taking the advanced course in Argumentation have been eligible to intercollegiate teams. Because of this arbitrary limitation, it has been claimed that teams have not been representative and the student body has lost its interest in debating contests. These claims are not unfounded.

By opening the competition for places on all intercollegiate teams to men from all classes, and by making the selection of each intercollegiate debater dependent upon his ability to handle the question chosen for the intercollegiate contest, it is hoped that Bates may continue to secure those results that have placed her among the leading forensic institutions of the country.

The third regular meeting of The Politics Club was held at Professor Gould's home, October 13. President Cave, '13, read a paper upon "State Control of Cities," and B. L. Dexter, '13, handled the subject of Current Events. After the meeting, appropriate refreshments were served and the members enjoyed selections

upon the Victrola. Professor and Mrs. Gould's interest and kindness are much appreciated by the club.

At a regular meeting held in Libbey Forum, December 3, Hon. William B. Skelton, of Lewiston, spoke upon "The City Council." Mr. Skelton's long service in various offices in the city of Lewiston enabled him to present his subject from the practical standpoint. A live discussion followed.

The remaining meetings of the semester will be devoted to an intensive study of other phases of municipal government. A movement is on foot to affiliate the Politics Club of Bates College with the national organization known as "The Intercollegiate Civic League." Such an affiliation would add a great deal to the prestige of Bates in intercollegiate circles.

**Sophomore
Declamations**
program:

The Sophomore prize declamations were held in Hathorn Hall, Saturday afternoon, November 16th. The following was the pro-

MUSIC, COLLEGE ORCHESTRA	
PRAYER, REV. H. P. WOODIN	
RESPONSE	
1. Tim's Vacation	<i>Anon</i>
Ida Florine Kimball	
2. The Nineteenth of April	<i>Lawton</i>
Leslie Roy Carey	
3. The White Dove	<i>Green</i>
Gladys Amelia Merrill	
4. The Social Value of the College Bred	<i>James</i>
Ernest Leroy Saxton	
MUSIC	
5. The King's Great Victory	<i>Anderson</i>
Edith May Rideout	
6. Extract from "Speech of Acceptance"	<i>Wilson</i>
John Thomas Greenan	
7. Virginia	<i>Macaulay</i>
Elizabeth May Wood	
MUSIC	
8. Extract from the Plea for the Prosecution of William D. Haywood	<i>Borah</i>
Allen William Mansfield	

9. Cicily and the Bears	<i>Anon</i>
	Frances Ellen Bartlett
10. Extract from the Plea for the Defense of William D. Hay-	wood
	<i>Darrow</i>
	Howard Marshall Wight
11. The Outcast	<i>Anon</i>
	Mabel Cushing Durgan
12. Overcome Evil with Good	<i>Van Dyke</i>
	Harold C. Abbott
	MUSIC

The judges, Dana S. Williams, LL.B., Miss Teresa E. Jordan, and Rev. H. P. Woodin, awarded the prize for the girls to Miss Mabel C. Durgan, of Island Falls, and the prize for the men to E. Leroy Saxton, of Meriden, Conn. The committee of arrangements was: Mr. Carey, chairman; Miss Durgan, and Mr. Saxton.

Aroostook Club Banquet The third annual banquet of the Aroostook Club was held at the Atwood hotel, Thursday evening, Nov. 28. A. R. Sullivan, '14, of Houlton, was toast-master. H. R. Nevers, '14, of Houlton; William Manuel, '15, of Houlton; and Kempton Coady, '14, of Patten, were among the speakers. All present were pleased at the enthusiasm displayed and hoped to have an even better banquet next year.

Those present were: A. R. Sullivan, '14, Abner Haggerty, '14, Kempton Coady, '14, Ralph Merrill, '16, Grover Baldwin, '15, William Manuel, '15, Hazen Nevers, '14, L. R. O'Connell, '14, Halliburton Crandlemire, '14, Floyd Redman, '13, Mark Gray, '15.

New Editorial Board The editorial board for the ensuing year of the BATES STUDENT has been announced as follows: James R. Packard, of Monmouth, editor-in-chief; assistant editors, Arthur B. Hussey, of Leominster, Mass.; Philip H. Dow, Gray; Flora M. Lougee, Lewiston; Edith G. Adams, Auburn; and Ruth B. Sylvester, Harrison. The

business manager of the STUDENT who succeeds Mr. Feinberg is Shirley J. Rawson, South Paris.

Plans for a weekly paper for Bates are rapidly being perfected, and it is probable that the first issue will appear in January.

Musical Clubs The Musical Clubs, both the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club, under the leadership of

P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, Mass., and W. D. Small, '14, of Lewiston, respectively, have been putting much time and hard work into rehearsals. Their initial appearance was at the concert given in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Monday evening, Dec. 9. Manager H. W. L. Kidder, '13, of Richmond, has arranged for an unusually extensive trip during the Christmas recess. He announces the dates as follows:

Friday, Dec. 13, South Portland; Dec. 14, Kennebunk; Dec. 16, Haverhill; Dec. 17, Melrose; Dec. 18, Medford; Dec. 19, Chelsea; Dec. 20, Danvers.

Bates Concert On Monday evening, December 9, the annual concert given by the Bates Musical Clubs was held in the Main Street Free Baptist Church.

There was a good attendance, both of the students and of the people in the two cities who are interested in the musical work of the college. Generous applause was given each number, the readings of Mr. Carey and the solos rendered by Charles Hadley being especially well received. After the splendid showing in this first concert, it is expected that the Massachusetts trip starting Friday, December 13, will be a greater success than ever. The program:

Piano Solo—Selected

MR. BARROW, '14

La Spagnola

Di Chiara

GLEE CLUB

Reading—Selected

MR. CAREY, '15

Class Leader	MANDOLIN CLUB	Gustafson
Vocal Solo—Selected Selection	MR. HADLEY, '14 MALE QUARTETTE	
The Meteor	MANDOLIN CLUB	Rice-Odell

PART II.

"Toreador, Hola"	GLEE CLUB	H. Tritere
Reading—Selected Selection	MR. CAREY, '15 MALE QUARTETTE	
Rialto March	MANDOLIN CLUB	
Wot Cher	GLEE CLUB	
Cornet Solo	MR. NICKERSON, '13	
"Alma Mater"	COMBINED CLUBS	

The members of the clubs are as follows:

Glee Club—First Tenors, P. S. Nickerson, '13; A. C. Morrison, '13; F. W. Benvie, '16; S. Keneston, '16; Second Tenors, E. G. Bessey, '13; G. K. Talbot, '15; T. H. Blanchard, '15; L. R. Carey, '15; R. D. Stillman, '16; C. O. Miller, '16; Baritones, J. H. Dickson, '13; C. E. Hadley, '14; J. F. Corcoran, '15; A. F. Thomas, '15; J. L. Meader, '15; Bassos, H. W. L. Kidder, '13; H. A. Woodman, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; R. M. Bonney, '13.

Male Quartette—A. C. Morrison, '13, first tenor; P. S. Nickerson, '13, second tenor; C. E. Hadley, '14, first bass; H. W. L. Kidder, '13, second bass.

Mandolin Club—W. D. Small, '14; H. A. Woodman, '13; P. S. Nickerson, '13; R. M. Bonney, '13; J. H. Dickson, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; W. J. Pennell, '13; F. Smith, '14; T. H. Blanchard, '15; E. F. Pidgeon, '15; L. R. Carey, '15; J. F. Corcoran, '15; G. K. Talbot, '15; E. G. Barrow, '14, accompanist.

FROM THE BATES FUND

New Books Paul Monroe, ed., *Cyclopaedia of Education*,
vol. 3.
Katherine Coman, *Economic Beginnings of the Far West*,
2 vol.

James Bryce, *South America*.
E. A. Powell, *The Last Frontier*.
R. S. Rait, *Life in the Medieval University*.
R. M. Johnston, *The Holy Christian Church*.

FROM THE DIVINITY LIBRARY

F. B. Jevons, *Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion*.
E. G. King, *Early Religious Poetry*.
S. J. Case, *The Historicity of Jesus*.
W. M. Urban, *Valuation*.
J. R. Mott, *The Future Leadership of the Church*.
W. D. Weatherford, *Introducing Men to Christ*.
H. H. Horne, *The Leadership of Bible Study Groups*.
C. S. Cooper, *College Men and the Bible*.

FROM THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

T. J. Parker and W. A. Haswell, *Text-book of Zoölogy*, 2 vol.
A. L. Du Toit, *Physical Geography for South African Schools*.
G. G. Chisholm, *Handbook of Commercial Geography*.

PRESENTED

By E. W. Dana, *Norroena*, R. B. Anderson, ed., 15 vol.
By the Author, *The White Isles*, F. F. Phillips (Bates, '77.)
By Hon. O. N. Hilton (Bates, '71), *Current Law*, 7 vol.
By Miss D. E. P. Stokes, *Roman Portraits*, W. M. F. Petrie.

FROM THE APPROPRIATION

Mary Antin, *The Promised Land*.
W. T. Grenfell, *The Adventure of Life*.
J. E. Harrison, *Themis*.
R. W. Livingstone, *The Greek Genius*.
Theodore Hough and W. T. Sedgwick, *The Human Mechanism*.
John Galsworthy, *The Inn of Tranquility*.
Rand, McNally and Co., *The Library Atlas of the World*. 2 vol.
William James, *Some Problems of Philosophy*.
William McDougall, *Introduction to Social Psychology*.
Boris Sidis, *The Psychology of Suggestion*.
J. R. Angell, *Chapters from Modern Psychology*.



**Y. M. C. A.
Meetings**

"What is a Christian?" was the topic treated in a most interesting and inspiring manner, by Rev. H. P. Woodin, of Auburn, at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., October 30th. Mr. Slade, '13, led the union meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s, November 6th. Mr. Slade told in simple, but effective language, the story of Jesus. The service was well attended.

That the Christian ministry of to-day is calling for the strongest and truest manhood of our country, was clearly shown by Rev. R. B. Mathews, of Ellsworth, at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of November 13th.

The discussion of college betting, which Wade L. Grindle, '13, conducted at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of November 20th, proved to be very successful, for it brought out a large number of representative men who took an active part in the discussion which followed the brief statement of the question by Mr. Grindle. It was admitted by all, even those who saw some good in college betting, that betting among college men was dangerous to their best interests in the future. More such meetings would be helpful to aid the general student body in arriving at definite conclusions with regard to other vital questions of the college life.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. held Wednesday night, Dec. 4, the members had the pleasure of listening to a talk by Arthur Beane, Harvard, '11, of Boston. Mr. Beane's sub-

ject was, "What Harvard Men Are Doing for Boston Along Social Service Lines." After the meeting, Mr. Beane met those who were especially interested in his work.

**Y. W. C. A.
Convention**

ber 9th and 10th. The program for the convention was as follows:

SATURDAY

10.15 A.M.	Bible Hour: The Value of the Church	Rev. Calvin Clark
11.00 A.M.	The Place of the Association in Student Life	Miss Helen Farquhar
11.20 P.M.	The Secret of Interest	Miss Henrietta Roelofs
	The Religious Work: Aim and Method	Miss Farquhar
	Business Methods: Publications	Miss Mary J. Corbett
2.00 P.M.	Bible Hour: The Assurance of Immortality	Rev. Calvin Clark
2.45 P.M.	Plan of Auxiliary Members	Miss Corbett
3.00 P.M.	Address: The Importance of the Church as an Organization	Miss Caroline Colvin
3.30	Committee Group Conferences	
7.30 P.M.	Devotional Service	
8.00 P.M.	Addresses: Phases of Association Work	Miss Roelofs
	Rural Work	Miss Anna Seabury

SUNDAY

9.15 A.M.	Prayer Service	Miss Corbett
10.30	Church Services	
4.00 P.M.	Vesper Service	Miss Katherine Boyd George
7.30 P.M.	Devotional Service	Mr. A. G. Cushman
8.00 P.M.	Addresses	
	Our Foreign Interests	Miss Farquhar
	The World's Student Christian Federation	Miss George

The Associations represented in the Conference were: Bates College, Colby College, Coburn Classical Institute, East Maine

Conference Seminary, Hebron Academy, Higgins Classical Institute, Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Oak Grove Seminary, Parsonsfield Seminary, Ricker Classical Institute, Sanborn Seminary.

Y. W. C. A. Party Saturday evening, November 16, the Y. W. C. A. gave an enjoyable party in the gymnasium in Rand Hall. The Seniors were costumed as "grandmas," the Juniors as "aunts," the Sophomores as "nurses," and the Freshmen as "the children." A short program was given by the "children," and, after playing several juvenile games, refreshments were served.

TO THE EVENING STAR

Oh thou much hymned of bards, whom now I see
 Kindling thy beacon-flame in the grey west,
 Hast thou a motive in thy constancy
 Such as of old those signal-fires possessed
 That brought the vessels safely to the bay?
 Bright beauty-star! thou and thy fellow-fires
 Of earth's most gloomy night make Heaven's day.
 This is thy service, rendered faithfully:
 Above the hell-broth of unclean desires
 To keep truth's torch, and beauty's, calm and free,
 Unquenched and undefiled eternally.

—DURAND HALSEY VAN DOREN,
Williams Literary Monthly, Feb., 1912.

The tender word unspoken,
 The letter never sent,
 The long-forgotten messages,
 The wealth of love unspent;
 For those some hearts are breaking,
 For these some loved ones wait;
 Show them that you care for them
 Before it is too late.

—GEORGE B. GRIFFITH in *The Collegian*.

Athletics

Interclass Track Meet

On Thursday, Nov. 7, starting at 4.30, the annual interclass track meet was begun. Owing to rain, only half the meet was run off, at the end of which the Seniors led by $12\frac{1}{2}$ points. The Class of 1916 made a good showing.

The results:

120-YARD HURDLES

Won by Woodman, '13; Coady, '14, second; Tomblen, '14, third; Mansfield, '15, fourth. Time, $17\frac{1}{2}$ s.

100-YARD DASH

Won by Nevers, '14; Nash, '15, second; Small, '15, third; Murphy, '16, fourth. Time, $10\frac{1}{2}$ s.

440-YARD DASH

Won by Houston, '13; Pike, '14, second; Snow, '16, third; Sawyer, '13, fourth. Time, 56 3-5s.

MILE RUN

Won by Deering, '13; Parker, '14, second; Syrene, '16, third; Mansfield, '15, fourth. Time, 4m. 53s.

SHOT PUT

Won by Shepard, '13; Leavitt, '14, second; Gove, '13, third; Dyer, '14, fourth. Distance, 38 ft.

POLE VAULT

Won by Drew, '16; Tucker, '16, second; Woodman, '13, third; Crandlemire, '14, and Moulton, '15, tied for fourth. Height, 9 ft.

HIGH JUMP

Won by Kempton '13; Woodman, '13, second; Peterson, '16, third; Gibbs, '16, fourth. Height 5 ft. 4 1-4 inches.

	1913	1914	1915	1916
High Hurdles	5	5	1	0
100-Yard Dash	0	5	5	1
440-Yard Dash	6	3	0	2
Mile Run	5	3	1	2
Shot Put	7	4	0	0
Pole Vault	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	8
High Jump	8	0	0	3
Totals	—	33	$20\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
				—
				16

Coach Lathrop will return after the Christmas recess to train the men for the B. A. A. meet in February. A large squad of men are expected to report, and prospects for a fast relay team are good.

Football Bates suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of Colby at Waterville, Saturday, Nov. 9. The long runs by the fast Colby backs helped swell the total score. The line-up:

BATES	COLBY
Danahy, l.e.	r.e., Stanwood, Royal
Dyer, Stillman, l.t.	r.t., Ladd, Murchir
Shepard, l.g.	r.g. Dacey, Dresser
Harding, c.	c., Bowker
Manuel, Hubbard, r.g.	l.g., Soule
Gove, r.t.	l.t., Robbins, Keppel
Thompson, r.e.	l.e. Crossman
Talbot, q.b.	q.b., Ayer
Bates, McNish, Dyer, Griffin, l.h.b...r.h.b., Lowney	
Dennis, r.h.b.	
l.h.b., Frazer, Merrill Read, Pratt, Goldthwaite	
Eldridge f.b.	f.b., Taylor
Score: Colby 35, Bates 6.	

Touchdowns—Frazer 2, Ayer, Lowney, Taylor, Dennis. Goal from touchdown—Keppel 2. Goal from field—Frazer. Referee—Murphy of Harvard. Umpire—Dorman of Columbia. Linesman—Jones of Haverford. Time—15-minute periods.

The football men broke training at the football banquet held at Hotel Atwood the Saturday night after the Colby game. Among the speakers were Coaches Purinton and Moody, and players Gove, '13, Shepard, '13, Thompson, '13, and Capt. Dennis, '13. Those present at the banquet were: Capt. Dennis, Harding, Danahy, Thompson, Stillman, Russell, Gove, Eldridge, Bates, Shepard, Talbot, Manuel, Hubbard, Clifford, Cobb, Walsh, A. Haggerty, Drumm, Tabor, De Lano, Small, Lovely, Hill, Baldwin, Manager Plumstead, Coach Purinton, and Coach Moody.

Elections The Bates Athletic Advisory Board met Monday evening and awarded football "B's" to the following men: Carleton A. Dennis, '13,

Worcester, Mass.; Guy H. Gove, '13, Dexter; C. R. Thompson, '13, Lewiston; J. H. Danahy, '14, Everett, Mass.; C. A. Dyer, '14, South Portland; Rich P. Eldridge, '14, Gardiner; Russell T. Bates, '15, Quincy, Mass.; Earl A. Harding, '15, Pittsfield; W. F. Manuel, '15, Houlton; George K. Talbot, '15, Gardiner; R. D. Stillman, '16, Saco. James F. McNish, '13, of Ansonia, Conn., was given a "B" for faithful work.

At a meeting of the football "B" men November 21, John H. Danahy, '14, of Everett, Mass., was unanimously elected captain for the season of 1913. Danahy is considered one of the best ends in the State and should make a splendid leader.

On November 21 also, E. M. Drumm, of Thomaston, Conn., was elected football manager for next fall. His assistants will be G. B. Moulton, '15, of Mechanic Falls, and C. S. Fuller, '15, of North Turner.

Halliburton Crandlemire, '14, of Millinocket, was elected assistant baseball manager to succeed Eugene Ellis, formerly of '14, who is now a student at the University of Vermont.

Baseball Schedule Manager Frank H. Jewett of the baseball team has announced the following excellent schedule:

April 19—University of Maine at Lewiston (exhibition).
April 26—Maine Centrals at Lewiston (pending).

April 29—Harvard at Cambridge.
April 30—N. H. State College at Durham, N. H.
May 3—University of Maine at Orono.
May 7—Colby at Lewiston.
May 14—University of Maine at Lewiston.
May 17—Colby at Waterville.
May 24—Maine Centrals at Portland.
May 27—N. H. State College at Lewiston.
May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
May 31—Bowdoin at Portland (exhibition).
June 6—Bowdoin at Brunswick.

Baseball practice will be started in the cage soon after the Christmas recess under the direction of Capt. Griffin and Coach Purinton.

BOOK REVIEW

Intercollegiate Debates. Edited by Egbert Ray Nichols, professor of English Composition and Public Speaking, Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin. Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City. Price, \$1.50.

This book is a careful compilation of debates both affirmative and negative, on many of the important questions of the day, as they have been debated in several of our leading colleges. The debates bear evidence of a careful choice, and are finished productions, which show much painstaking work on the part of the men who produced them. They were used in the intercollegiate debates, and are arranged in logical order. Taken as a whole, the book is one that would prove of great value to an intercollegiate debater, and one which he could not well do without. They furnish information of a nature, at once accurate and to the point, and in a form that may be easily found and understood.



1868—Professor Oliver Clinton Wendell died on November 6 at the home of his son, Charles, in Belmont, Mass. Since 1898, Professor Wendell had held the chair of Assistant Professor of Astronomy in Harvard University.

He has been engaged in astronomical work in the Harvard Observatory since February, 1879. For the last twenty-five years he has had charge of the Great Telescope, made all the observations with it, and superintended the reduction of these. He took a large part in measuring with the first Meridian Photometer the light of 4,260 stars, and in reducing the more than 94,000 observations required. The results, which fill Volume 14 of the Observatory Annals, give the magnitudes of all stars visible to the naked eye, from the North Pole down to 35 degrees below the equator. In addition to this, he made many more observations with the second and larger Meridian Photometer. Besides this, he has made all the observations of eclipses since 1903, and a large part of the observations previous to that time. He discovered several variable stars, and one of his specialties was comets and meteors.

Professor Wendell was a graduate of Bates in the Class of 1868, and has always retained a warm love for his college. He was a poet, as well as an astronomer, and years never dulled the romance of his wedded life or lessened the charm of his dearest companionship. In college he was a thorough student, and accomplished with credit whatever he undertook. He was an earnest, consistent, and active Christian. His whole career was one of marked achievement and honor. He established for himself a wide reputation, and was a member of many scientific societies. He was in every sense a man of whom Bates may well be proud.

1879—Rodney F. Johonnot is pastor of the Universalist Church in Auburn, Maine.

Frank P. Otis is a successful lawyer and prominent citizen at Sonora, California.

Walter E. Ranger is State Superintendent of Schools of the state of Rhode Island. His address is Providence. He has his office in the State House.

Willard E. Lane is a successful druggist in Cambridge, Mass.

A. E. Tuttle, principal of the High School at Bellows Falls, Vermont, has been elected president of the Vermont Teachers' Association.

M. C. Smart, after having many important positions as an educator in Vermont, retired to a farm in Yarmouth, Me., about a year ago, on account of poor health. Trap rock was recently discovered on his farm and he has sold it for a large price. Until January 1, his address will be Yarmouth, Me.

F. W. Baker is station agent and telegraph operator of the Boston & Maine Railroad at Wells Depot, Me.

T. N. Lombard is a farmer in Auburn, Me. His address is Minot Avenue.

E. W. Given is principal of Newark Academy, Newark, N. J. He has held this position for over twenty-five years.

Dr. E. A. McCollister some two years since, moved his family to Dalton, Alberta, Canada.

Edgar M. Briggs is a successful lawyer in Lewiston.

1883—Clifford J. Atwater is an attorney-at-law in Seymour, Conn.

Rev. W. H. Barbour is pastor of a church in Glassport, Pa.

Dr. O. L. Bartlett is an eye and ear specialist in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. E. S. Franklin, formerly a missionary to India, is now at Old Orchard, Maine. Mrs. Franklin will be remembered as Miss Susie E. Bickford, of '83.

Mrs. Nellie B. Little Clark lives in Exeter, N. H.

Professor F. E. Foss has a position in Cooper Institute, New York.

Oliver L. Frisbee has retired, and lives in Portsmouth, N. H.

Lee B. Hunt is a merchant at Gray, Me.

Frederick E. Manson is editor of the *Pennsylvania Grit*, Williamsport, Pa.

A. E. Millett is a furniture dealer in Adrian, Mich.

R. W. Nutter is a teacher in Malden, Mass.

John L. Reade is a lawyer in Lewiston, Me.

C. E. Sargent is a teacher in New Haven, Conn.

Hoyt H. Tucker is a teacher in the Newark, N. J., High School. His address is South Orange, N. J.

1893—Dr. John Sturgis, of Auburn, recently attended the Clinical Conference of Surgeons of North America, held in New York City.

1895—Nathan R. Smith, principal of the Ware, Mass., High School, has been elected president of the Hampshire, Mass., County Teachers' Association.

1897—A. W. Bailey, Esq., of New York City, has a little daughter, Beryl, born November 9th.

1899—Mrs. Blanche W. Roberts, the Bates Librarian, attended a meeting of the Eastern College Librarians in New York City, on Nov. 30th.

1903—Mrs. Warren Freeman, formerly Lucy Freeman, is in North Windham, Maine.

Jeanne Towle is teaching in the Paris High School, Paris, Maine.

Susie Kendrick is also teaching in the Paris High School.

Clara Williams is in Dedham, Mass., teaching Science in the high school.

Dr. John Solon is located in Solon, Maine.

1905—On October 12th, Marion Ethel Mitchell was married to Bernard Lewis Stetson.

1907—Caroline W. Chase, Assistant Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, acted as clerk during the meetings of the Commission at the Quadrennial of the Federal Council of Churches, held in Chicago, December 4-9.

1909—Miss Helen W. Adams died at St. Mary's General Hospital, Lewiston, November 9th, after an operation for appendicitis, which, although successful, was followed by inflammation around the heart. Miss Adams has been teaching in North Stratford, N. H.

Miss Florence M. Dunn is teaching in North Stratford, N. H.

Mary Hardie is first assistant in the Easton, Maine, High School.

Louis Woodward is studying in the Harvard Law School.

1911—Leroi Harris, formerly of 1911, was married on November 28th to Miss Morna Louise Nugent, of Windham, Maine.

J. Garfield Bishop has an excellent position in the Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon, Kentucky.

Alvin S. Morse is principal of the High School at Marlboro, N. H.

The engagement of William F. Remmert, Bates '11, to Miss Laura Doris McAusland of Lewiston, is announced.

Warren N. Watson is employed as Chief Chemist at The Lewiston Bleachery and Dye Works.

Fred Hillman has a position in Lyndonville, Vt.

Because of ill health, Lela Little is not to return to her position in Presque Isle after this term.

1912—Maude Astle is a student at the Curry School of Expression, in Boston.

Carlton Bly has a position with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Clinton Bonney is teacher of Latin and History in Chaffin University, Orangeburg, South Carolina. It is a Negro college with about 700 students.

Ethel Downing is assistant in the high school at Easton, Me.

Earl D. Merrill is principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, Maine.

Beatrice Neal is assistant in the high school at New Gloucester.

Frank A. Nevers is a teacher in the Hartford, Conn., Public High School, where he is one of 80 teachers.

Alice Richards is at her home in East Livermore.

Harry Rowe is not in Y. M. C. A. work, as stated in the September STUDENT, but is traveling Field Secretary for the Christian Endeavor Society of Maine.

Leonard Smith has a position in Chicago.

J. R. Tucker is assistant instructor in the High School at Barberton, Ohio.

Clair Turner is taking graduate work in Biology at Harvard.

Howard Welch is studying in Newton Theological Institute, Newton Centre, Mass.

Wheatie Whitman was married in August to George H. Barron, of Lewiston.

Grace French is teaching in the High School at Thomaston.

F. P. Jecusco is principal of Kingfield High School.

Annabel Jones is at her home in South China.

Abigail Kincaid is at her home in South Portland, where she substitutes in the High School.

Francena Quimby is teaching in the Franklin, Mass., High School.

Jessie W. Alley is teaching in Conway, N. H., in the High School.

George E. Brunner teaches music in Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.

Clair V. Chesley has a position with the National Shoe and Leather Bank, Auburn, Maine.

Charles T. Doe is employed in Boston by the United States Felt Co.

Florence Gray is teaching in Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Maine.

William H. Hooper teaches in a High School in Tacoma, Washington.

Jesse J. Lamorey is teaching in the Rockland Military Academy, Rockland, N. H.

Alvin S. Morse was married on July 20 to Miss Angie Mildred Berry, of Carthage.

Roscoe C. Bassett is teaching in Hampstead Academy, Hampstead, N. H.

George F. Conklin is employed in the U. S. Chemical Works, Elizabeth, N. J.





The *Sibyl*, from Elmira College, ever offers a pleasing variety of prose and verse. "The Confidences of Bab" is a series of letters which show a realistic picture of college life and of the experiences of a college girl who is teaching her first school. They have a very natural touch. "Across the Way" is a story from which we not only derive pleasure in reading, but also one from which we can draw a practical lesson. The essence of the story can be expressed in the lines,

"Little hand stretching for the Pot of Gold,
Be careful lest you drop the treasure you already hold."

Youth, in its eagerness for glitter and dash, is only too apt to underestimate the sterling qualities of character and be attracted by the glamour of outside show; and this little story may show some of the students who read it that they themselves have been mistaking artificial worth for real worth.

The Buff and Blue, from Gallaudet College, has a splendid oration, "Books," from which we quote a passage which will speak for itself.

"Held in memory, the poets in their various moods and fancies become our musicians, who strike upon the chords of the mind and heart, and send vibrating through us the harmony of the world. Night enshrouded in her velvety darkness with the moon and stars as her gleaming jewels, awakens our soul to the "Music of the Spheres."

The Sequoia, from Leland Stanford University, California, gives us a most amusing story, "Bill Crockett Entertains." The action is somewhat improbable, but the characters are cleverly drawn. The writer has a keen sense of humor, and keeps us laughing all through the story. When the burglar was amusing a baby with his bunch of keys he remarked.

"Who'd a thought them keys ud a-come in handy here?
Babies and safes are sure different. Keys opens one and shuts
up the other."

THE WATERFALL

Down the sunny glade 'neath the trees' cool shade
There splashed the waterfall;
It bounded gay in showers of spray
Which caught up every diamond ray
From the sunbeams sent by their lord to stray
Through the leaves and branches all.
And the stream's blue waters rippled past,
Flowing 'round rock and stones so fast;
And the sun was bright and the air was keen
And the sky was blue and the grass was green
Where splashed the waterfall.

—ALLAN L. LANGLEY in *The Brunonian*.

THE CLOUD

I saw a cloud go sailing by,
And it was made of gold;
" 'Tis for the king, I'm sure," said I,—
But I had not been told.

And when the lovely golden cloud
Stood just above my head,
It whisper'd me, not very loud:
"I'm all for you," it said.

—GEORGE BOAS in the *Brunonian*.



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